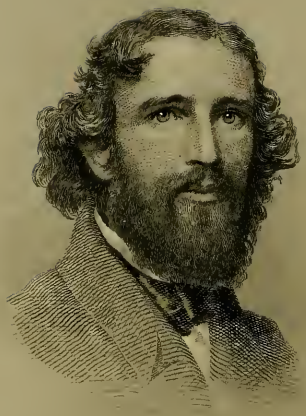


Engraved by Johnson, Fry & Co.

Yours, very truly,
Hugh J. McQuinney

DUGANNE'S

POETICAL WORKS.



AUTOGRAPH EDITION.

Seventy-five Copies.

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PS1555
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1865

TO

My Dear Wife,

THE

Loving Companion and Devoted Friend,

THIS BOOK,

Is affectionately inscribed.

To Miss Phebe Barnett

from her friend

P. E. C.

June 14th 1870.

A World beyond.

How fair the earth, and life how sweet
When Pleasure leads our dancing feet;
When birds attune the rosy morn,
And sunshine crowns the golden corn;
When fragrant odors lull the sense,
And music charms the soul's suspense;
When friends are true, and Love is fond:-
But -- there's a Better World beyond!

How dark the earth, and Life how sore,
When Pleasure leads the dance no more;
When Sorrow saps, and pain consumes,
And sunshine fades, and twilight glooms;
When o'er our joys the willow waves,
And gardens we forsake, for graves;
When Love and Friendship break their bond:-
But -- there's a Happier World beyond!

A. F. H. L'Engarne

A WORD, FROM A FRIEND,

TO THE AUTHOR.

It is, of a Truth, too common that the World hath little Care of its chiefeſt Treaſures, whereby too often it hath loſt divers Pearls, and, indeed, firſt-water Gems, that had been well coveted by the lordlieſt Wiſhes. I ſpeak not, ſimply, of earthly Treaſures, but of Jewels more precious and of greater Worth than kingly Ranſoms,—none other than the goodly Thoughts and Imaginations of Genius, writ for the Lovers of Truth and Beauty, and ſinking, plummet-deep, into the People's Hearts, there, peradventure, to beget other fair Images, and gentle Thoughts. Nor ſhould this, haply, give Cauſe for ſpecial Wonder: inaſmuch as moſt Men are wont to cloſe their

their Eyes to natural Beauties which lie at their own Doors, journeying far to praiſe the Rarities of other Lands, though theſe be in no Reſpect fairer or richer than their own. It were a kindly Purpoſe to correct this Hollowneſs of Judgment, and to ſeek to give fair Setting to our native Gems, that the public Eye may diſcern aright their intrinſic Excellence. For this Reason I have deemed it Shame, that one ſo notably worthy as yourſelf ſhould go unremembered—one whoſe Verſes are welcomed gladly into Men's Souls—whoſe noble Lyrics have been the timely Movers of Governmental Reforms — whoſe "Iron Lyre" hath ſtruck reſponſive Chord in the Breaſt of the Man of Labor, teaching him the divine Dignity of his Calling—whoſe ſtirring Strains have cheered the ſtruggling Patriot in the Van of European Freedom, and whoſe tenderer Harp has ever

ever been touched for the Moving of pure Thoughts and loving Impulſes. And if, as HORACE felicitouſly expreſſeth it in his DE ARTE POETICA, the true Poet

> "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
> "Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo,"

then, surely, your own Claims may neither be set aside wantonly nor heedleſſly overlooked. And if Aught elſe were wanting (apart from its deſerving Qualities) to quicken my Deſire to behold your Verſe, in ſynthetic Garb, winning the Recognition of all true Hearts, this were largely ſupplied by the earneſt Wiſh of Friends (albeit to you unknown) to poſſeſs a full Collection of thoſe ſcattered Songs which, marked by real Saxon Breadth and Sturdineſs, prove that there lives at leaſt one native Bard, who quaffs "the Well of Engliſh undefiled."

I pray you, then, as a Courteſy growing

growing out of our long-time Friendſhip, that you do a like Juſtice to yourſelf and to your Friends, by allowing me to put forth in fitting Guiſe a complete Book of your Poeſy. For, as the wiſe Bacon ſaith: "How many Things are "there which a Man cannot, with any "Face or Comelineſs, ſay or do himſelf! "A Man can ſcarce allege his own "Merits with Modeſty, much leſs extol "them; a Man cannot ſometimes brook "to ſupplicate or beg; and a Number "of the like: but all theſe things are "graceful in a Friend's Mouth, which "are bluſhing in a Man's own."

And I ſhall not reſt, therefore, till the good Works of my Friend ſhall gain from the World the ſame Meed of Praiſe, which myſelf would fain beſtow; ſtamping his Deſerts with that appoſite Quotation from Cervantes, (in his never-to-be-

be-too-much-admired work, the Adventures of DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA):

"La dulciſſima Poeſia
"En dulciſſimos Concetos
"Altos, graves, y diſcretos."

Quite happy I ſhall be to have ſpeedy Answer:

Meanwhile,
My dear Author,
I remain,
Moſt ſincerely,
Your friend,

JAMES LESLEY, JR.

IRONCROFT, HIGH-STREET,
Phila., Jan., 1855.

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

TO HIS FRIEND.

Was it all a Fable, my Friend, the Exiſtence of Florida's Fountain, whence old Ponce de Leon ſought to drink perpetual Youth? As I now here lie toſſing upon my Sick-bed, your welcome Miſſive comes to wile me into Oblivion of Suffering. May not, then, the Well-ſprings of Friendſhip yield a Draught ſtrengthening as the Elixir of Liſe itſelf? For your Wiſh regarding my humble "Works," it is granted as ſoon as aſked; and, believe me, there is no one to whoſe Keeping I would more gladly confide my good Name in Life, or my poſthumous Fame, ſhould I ſoon follow the dear ones whoſe Departure leaves me very lonely in the World. And to you,

who

who know that it is my Wont ever to "take Arms againſt a Siege of Troubles, and by oppoſing end them," I deem it no Shame to own that were it not for ſuch friendly Hearts as your own and a few we both love, I ſhould find little elſe to cheer my Muse but the ſtern Requirements of Duty.

I.

Strong-ſwimming, with his over-weary Breaſt
The rough Wave battling,—while his outſtretched Hand
Slow ſtruggles toward the Land,—
The ſtorm-beat Seaman nears the wreck-ſtrewn Strand:

II.

Caſt ſeaward, by the Breakers' billowy Creſt,
His Strength o'er wreſtled, and his Heart beat back
Into the Midnight black,
With dying Cry he ſinks amid the Wrack!

III.

So toiling, wreſtling through the billowy Waſte,
His lifted Harp out-reaching to the World,—
So, ſeaward hurl'd,—
The ſtruggling Bard to unknown Doom is whirl'd:

IV.

Save, only, when by friendly Hand embraced,
Upheld o'er Death by Brother-graſp like thine,
He ſpurns the ſtormy Brine,
And makes his Heart his Harp—as I do mine.

x

That your Taſte will ſecure the Preſentation of my "Muſe" in a "fitting Guiſe" I have no doubt, and if ſhe find that Favor with the World which your Friendſhip would anticipate, I shall, I am ſure, have no Reaſon to complain.

I remain,

My dear Lesley,

Faithfully yours,

The Author.

The Mission of Intellect.

To Those Who Labor

INTELLECTUALLY AND MORALLY

For the Good of Humanity,

THIS POEM

IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

The Mission of Intellect.

PART FIRST.

THE VISION.



WAS a student in the schools of earth—
I was a wrestler in the strife for gain—
Until a Voice, which was not of myself,
Out-led my soul from life. My refluent thought,
Upon the electric wires of wondrous sleep,
Had compassed the immeasurable Past,
And journeyed with the Ages! I had trod
The ice-tesselated temples whose dread shrines
Are the upthrown vitals of extinct volcanoes;
Whose columns are gnarléd clouds,—whose awful arch
Springs through the mazy stars—its architraves
The garnered winds—its visionless capitals
The footstools of that unseen deity
Whom men call Science—
And my soul had sunk—
Even from those wildering deserts it had sunk,
Sounding a measureless deepness, through the sweep
Of whirlpools that ingulf the Northern seas,
Down to the interminable caves of Ocean!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

I trod the unfathomed waters,—where the forms
Of vasty snakes like islands lie entombed—
I passed the innumerable host of Dead,
Marshaled like armies, where attraction wanes,
And bodies have no weight. I climbed the hills
Of long-forgotten treasures—heaps of gold,
And piles of gorgeous merchandry, that years
And ages have collected, in the marts
Of that dead empire Ocean—whence again
No caravan shall bear them—whence not one
Of all the uncounted fleets that in the ports
Of sunless silence ride in endless lines,
Shall voyage forth—beneath the flag of Mammon.

Cold Science—throned upon her awful snows!
And Mammon—reigning o'er the withered wrecks
Of a dead ocean!—these my soul surveyed,
Like one who lifts the mantle of his fate,
And seeth perdition.—These had been my quest!
Science I wooed—to freeze in her embrace;
And Mammon conquered—to be Mammon's slave.
Too late I learned it, as in agony
My spirit moaned aloud.—"Behold!" I cried—
"The Heritage of Science cannot bless—
The Power of Mammon cannot save mankind!
Tell me, O angel of my dreams! reveal
The glorious talisman which shall illume
Mine Intellect and glorify my Life!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Then answered me the Voice of Dreams, and said
Strange words which were of my own life long past;
As though my whole existence had been glassed
Within some wizard disc, whereon I read
All that I was or might have been—the vast
Minutiæ of all deeds, from first to last,
Of my unnoted being—each small thread
Of that strange woof which from my very birth had led.

As on a panorama I did look,
Wherein depicted were my thought and deed;
Not as I erst had reckoned them, but freed
From gloss and mist of earth—or like a book,
In which, beneath the context, I might read
The marginals by which the sense was keyed.
Fain had I now been blind—for scarce could brook
Mine eyes to thus behold what shades my being took.

For in that scroll of knowledge, which nor veil
Nor coloring had, I did Myself behold,
And saw each secret of my life unrolled;
Like some degraded knight, whose trenchant mail,
Albeit of proven steel or studded gold,
Is hacked from off his body, fold by fold;
Until quite naked, shivering, and pale,
He stands all stripped and weak, at every wind to quail.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Therein I saw the virtues which I prized
As mine own honor, were but dust and dross;
Therein I found each fancied gain but loss;
And saw black deeds in shining garb disguised;
And marked how evil thoughts bore holy gloss—
Like a dark atheist who wears a cross.
Each sin I knew, and felt like one despised,
Who, seeking Jordan's wave, in Dead Sea is baptized.

Like one aroused from a dreamsome state
By rattling thunders in continuous clash,
The while beneath him rolls an earthquake's crash;
Who, fleeing wildly from his toppling gate,
Beholdeth by the fitful lightning's flash,
A lurid lake pursue, with sullen plash,
Wherein the goodly mansions, his so late,
Devoured by scoriac waves, sink darkly to their fate.

Thus on the sum of all that I had lost
My fearful memory dwelt—the wasted hours
In which I danced unknowing o'er crush'd flowers;
And jewels to the wind like ashes tost;
And builded what had seemed defiant towers,
That now were mist—and planted rosy bowers
That now were arid sands,—O God! the cost
Of these, which was a LIFE-TIME, now my vision cross'd.

Then did this Voice of Truth, with whispers low,
Like drip of hidden waters, fill mine ears
With knowledge of myself, until with tears,
That rained out of each heart-throb faint and slow,
I bowed me down, oppressed with chilling fears;
As some great criminal his sentence hears,
And while his blood hath half forgot to flow,
Attempts to grasp in thought the vastness of his wo.

Nathless the Voice spake not to wound or pain,
Save as 'twas meet that it severely should,
E'en for my soul's behoof and endless good;
Like as the reverend leech must ope a vein,
Or probe a wound, albeit with cautery rude.
So, as the leech, with soothing power imbued,
Was this low Voice of Dreams, whose gentle strain
Was healing while it hurt my heavy heart and brain.

And I uprose, when that the Voice had ceased,
Like paralytic from Bethesda's pool;
Or, as arose Naaman, fresh and cool,
From Jordan's waters,—with a life new leased,
It seemed, from God's own hand—and with a rule
Of life to guide me; as from Heaven's school
A teacher in my breast—a blesséd priest
Of the Most High—to give my soul a holy feast.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

The Voice went out before me, as a wind,
And drew my weeping soul! Night followed night,
And days fled swiftly on the rolling wheels
Of golden suns; and seasons, like swift steeds,
Burdened with wealth, and driven by ancient Time,
Rushed past my sight, and vanished. On, and on—
My soul moved, trembling, through the deeps of space:
Cherubim brushed it with their snowy wings,
And radiant angels of the mercy-seat
Breathed Eden's odors, as they earthward passed,
Drying my tears with their celestial smiles.
On, through the deeps of space—a million worlds,
Dazzling in hazy glory, crossed my sight;
Myriads of stars stretched gleaming from my gaze,
And countless suns in bright effulgence burned.

Then fell my soul into a wildering trance
Of mystic silence. Solitude seemed bowed
By the awful weight of an eternal hush:
There was no atmosphere—no pulse, to thrill
With subtlest whisper:—vision was no more,
For light was absent. All was darksome void,
Where matter and its attributes were not—
Where Chaos yet was viewless!—
And there pressed
A weight upon my brain, as if a cloud
Of madness were approaching—and I cried,
That this was Death—and that there was no God!

Then answered me the Voice of Truth: "Behold!
Thus is Life dead—thus Godless is the world—
When Intellect bows down at Mammon's feet."

Then suddenly, as with electric flame,
A light fell all around me, and a sound,
As of a thousand pinions, rocked my soul!
The immensity of visible space revealed
Itself before me,—and the stars fled back,
And systems melted into mist—and suns
Dissolved in ambient radiance,—until space
All space—was peopled by my soul alone!—

My vision swept the untenanted universe,
And from the dimness of Infinity
I heard the whisper of the Uncreate,
And bowed my listening spirit. Then arose,
Slowly, and like a phantom shape, from out
The invisible Beyond, a shadowy globe;—
And my soul knew it was—the EARTH!
An atmosphere of congelated tears
Covered her brow as with a hoary frost,
And the deep stirred around her—as with sighs.

Once more the awful accents of that Voice
Controlled my heart. "Now shalt thou mark the earth!
And, from the Universe of thy Intellect,
Behold Humanity even as it is!"

Then, with a measureless reach, as if one blind
Should strain for sight, my soul looked trembling down,
And saw where, stretched athwart the boreal snows,
An old man, tossed with a tempestuous grief,
Lay writhing—while above, in midway light,
Rose, like a sorrowing god before mine eyes,
The Angel of the Wretched. He was crowned
With thorns, that gleamed amid the light like gems;
His brow was rigid, as with conquered grief,
And his bright eyes glittered with unwept tears!
I trembled as his sorrowing glance met mine,
And my soul bowed like MARY at the tomb,
When the angel talked with her.

And then I knew,
That the old man, wrestling with his mighty grief,
Like JACOB with the Evangel of the Lord,
Was the great mass of crushed HUMANITY—
The bound Prometheus of a suffering world—
Chained to the earth with shackles, which the kings
And great ones of all time have forged from swords
And spears, in the dread furnace of red War—
Whose fires are fanned by mortals' dying breaths,
And fed by slavery's hecatombs of lives!

Then, like the waters of the deep, updrawn
By the pale moon, my tears gushed thickly forth
Beneath the angel's glance; and stretching out

Mine arms, the while my bosom heaved and tossed
Like a stirred sea,—I lifted up my voice,
As SAMUEL 'mid the Holies: "Here am I—
Speak: LORD! thy servant heareth!"

And that Voice
Which had out-led me from the world, and showed
The desert throne of Science, and the dead,
Unsentient realm of Mammon,—now spake low,
In a strange whisper, as if all the waves
Of space were breathing lips; and the wide sound,
Circling infinitude with a subtile reach,
Thrilled through my swaying soul—"Arise, and work—
While the day lasteth—for, behold! the Night
Cometh, when no man worketh."

Lo! that Voice
Troubled the waters of mine unbelief,
And healed mine ignorance!—"Behold!" I cried—
"Behold Humanity is crushed to earth—
Mankind is cursed through toil." Then answered me
A sound as of the tread of marching orbs,
Rending the heavens!—and it said once more,
"ARISE, AND WORK!" I trembled, and obeyed.
Even from those infinite heights I sank to Earth,
And stood beside HUMANITY!

APOSTROPHE.

O, EARTH! O beautiful and wondrous earth!
Jewelled with souls, and warm with generous hearts!
The morning stars sang gladly at thy birth!
And all God's sons, through Heaven's unmeasured girth,
Shouted with joy! Lo! when thy life departs,
All things created shall surcease, and thou—
Girt with great Nature's wrecks—shalt proudly bow,
And with the crumbling stars bedeck thy dying brow.

O bounteous earth! Thy fresh and teeming breast
Hath nourishment for all the tribes of men!
God is still with thee, and thy womb is blest!
Still with abundant good thou travailest!
And thy dead Ages fructify again,
With a new increase! Yet, O Earth! behold—
Millions are perishing with pangs untold!
Thy children faint, O Earth, for bread reluctant doled!

Mysterious Earth! Thou hast within thy deeps
The boundless stores of science! The immense
Arcanum of all glorious knowledge sleeps
Within thine arms, and awful Nature keeps
Watch o'er the treasuries of Omnipotence!
O mother Earth! why are thy golden plains
Made fields of torture, and thine iron veins
O'er-wrought for weary war, and forged to cruel chains?

PILGRIMAGE.

Thus murmured I, as in the lonely night
I wandered from the city's sights and sounds—
Where passion's variant moods, in endless rounds,
Were racing with the hours—where false delight,
And hollow joy, and folly without bounds,
And reckless riot which the soul astounds,
Were but the usual objects of my sight,
And grown so thick with life as seldom to affright.

I left behind the crowded thoroughfares,
Where streams of laughing folly dashed along!
I passed the theatres, where sin and song
Were mingled—turned me from the brilliant squares—
And reached the darksome avenues, among
The bleak abodes of poverty and wrong;
Where wretched outcasts crouch within their lairs,
And God's fair workmanship a demon's impress bears!

And, as with hurried feet I nearer drew
To narrow streets, where Wo and Shame and Want
Were task-masters, and Hunger, grim and gaunt,
Wolf-like clutched human throats, and overthrew
The souls of men,—there came, in garment scant,
A woman to my side, whose gait aslant,
And swaying steps, seemed of her sin the clue—
That most unhappy sin which all the good must rue!

With tangled hair, and bloodshot, stormy eyes,
And hands clenched nervously across her breast,
As to her heart some treasure she had prest;
With swinging motion, and strange, gasping cries,
As if of some lost thing she was in quest—
Like a wild bird when foes have robbed its nest,—
This woman came to me, and with low sighs
Sank prostrate at my feet, and gasped like one who dies.

And over her I bent, and raised her brow
Beneath the yellow moonbeams, and beheld
How all its blood was from her face dispelled;
And how the furrows deep which sorrows plough,
Were graven on cheek and brow in many a weld;
But Grief, and not Intemperance, had quelled
Her hapless brain, and she, in truth, was now
A maniac woman, doomed to gibber and to mow.

And this poor being fixed on me the glare
Of her glassed eyes, while on her lips the froth
Of a wild spasm gathered—and, as loth,
Even in her madness, stranger looks to bear,
Struggled within my grasp, and waxing wroth,
Rent with her nervous hand the tattered cloth
That hid, but shielded not, her breast, and there—
Slumbering in peace, I saw—an infant wondrous fair!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

There is nought holier than an infant's sleep!
For the sanctification of its innocence
Enshrines its soul—a shelter and defence;
Like crystal wave, unfathomably deep,
That guards some blessed island, and prevents
The unhallowed entrance of all dark intents:
Or like the viewless cherubim that keep
Watch over Eden's gates, lest sin within should creep.

And cherubim there are—though visionless—
Who fold the infant with their heavenly wings,
And soothe its slumber with soft whisperings
Of the eternal Love and Holiness
Of God! O, radiant beautiful things—
Glimpses of glory! bright imaginings
Of Eden—must they be, which oft impress
An infant's lips with smiles whose meaning none may guess.

And this fair child, which now in slumber lay
Upon its mother's bosom, like a rose
That on a lightning-blasted cedar grows;
This child—which seemed a cherubic Estray—
Awoke not from that innocent repose,
Though its frame shook with the convulsive throes
Which rent the mother, as, with maniac sway,
She struggled to her feet, and flung my grasp away.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Unscared the infant slumbered, while below
Its roseate cheek throbbed that wild woman's heart,
As from its seat it would in madness start;
Even as fair Virtue on the breast of Wo
Calmly reclines, with life and soul apart
From all the raging thoughts that fiercly dart
Their arrowy flames beneath it, to and fro!
The child slept on, nor guilt nor madness could it know.

But yearnings in my heart, that seemed to plead
For the mad woman's babe, forbade my feet
To turn, till, haply, I might soothe the heat
Of its wild mother's passion, and outlead
The frenzy from her mind, that throbbed and beat
Like smothered flame within the burning seat
Of her poor brain;—for madness, like a reed,
Is swayed as ye may will—if ye its humors heed.

So I no longer wrestled with the rage
That swelled her heart—but fixed on her my gaze;
Like one who tenderly some grief surveys,
Which he with gentle act would fain assuage;
And as she marked, with wonder scarce concealed,
The unusual pity which my looks revealed—
Pity that words in vain might strive to speak—
I bent once more my head—and kissed her baby's cheek.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Behold! at once the darksome street grew bright
With golden beams, whose lustre pure and mild
Fell o'er the mother's form, and wrapped the child!
I turned—and, clad in robes of clustering light,
Dazzling as those in heavenly courts that beam,
I saw the radiant Angel of my Dream;
And heard the VOICE—but now with sweeter sound—
"O INTELLECT! thou hast thy MISSION found!

ORDINATION.

"Go forth, and find amid the world thy field:
And such as THESE shall teach thee how to live!
Go forth, and mark the sorrows of thy race,
And soothe the madness of their ignorance!
Go forth, and preach that earth is cursed by toil,
Because that toil is linked with want and wo!
Be this thy Mission—to exalt the doom,
By patient virtue and by watchful love!
Be thine to teach that man is kin to man!—
That stars may glimmer through the darkest night,
And flowerets bloom amid the rankest weeds;
That in God's plan there is no evil thing
Which may not yet take hold on purity!"

Silent the Voice: but I, with quivering lips,
Implored the Angel's name.—Then answered me
Those flutelike tones, o'erswaying all my heart,
And said, "Behold—I am thy Comforter!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

By me the rocky fountains of hard hearts
Are touched, as with the prophet's wand, and gush
In holiest streams; by me the stone of grief
Is rolled from off the mourner's sepulchre,
And CHRIST ariseth 'mid its gloom; by me
Are souls made free from error's leprosy,
As NAAMAN in Jordan; at my touch
The bolts and shackles of misfortune's prison
Fall, as fell PETER'S, when the angel came!
I am the calmer of life's raging waves!
To me men cry, when sinking—Help! we perish!
Blesséd are they who have my power confessed—
And they who love me—they are truly blest!"

Thy name! I cried—as bent my trembling knee—
Thy NAME! The Angel answered, "CHARITY!"
The Vision passed—but I remained enwrapt,
Like him of Tarsus, when the awful light
Shone round about him. But my soul had learned
Its mission among mankind, and it burned
To speak the exalted truth to kindred mind—
That INTELLECT is steward for mankind!
That mental life is more than mental dreaming,
That earth is still no sham—and heaven no seeming;
That untaught souls will find an untrue God:
For ignorance will worship still its clod!
That sacred fire may flame on various shrines;
For LOVE is bound by no sectarian lines!

PART SECOND.

EXORDIUM.

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
Ye who wield the mighty Pen,
Scanning souls with angel-ken!
Ye who mould our human-kind
In the matrix of your thought,—
Why have ye for ages wrought—
(Moral miracle and wonder!)—
Still asunder—still asunder?

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
Could the electric fire of Soul
Fuse ye in one glowing whole,—
Could the immortal flame, enshrined
In each stranger heart and brain,
Flash from one tremendous fane!—
Then might all the world awaken—
Then would Earth with joy be shaken!

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
Ye are stewards of your Lord—
Ye are treasurers of his word!
Whatsoe'er on earth ye bind,
Lo! it shall be bound in heaven!
What by you on earth is riven
Shall in heaven be loosed and broken—
Lo! the Eternal Voice hath spoken!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Men of mind! O, men of mind!
Flash your million souls in one—
Let the stars become the sun!
Be ye as your God designed!
Then shall Error withering fall—
Then shall perish Wrong and Thrall!
Then shall Freedom's Anthem rise—
Earth's eternal Sacrifice!

INVOCATION.

I.

Hearts of love and souls of daring, in the world's high field of action—
Ye who cherish God's commandments, bending not to rank or faction:
Ye whose lives in slothful pleasure never sink nor idly stagnate—
Ye who wield the scales of Justice, weighing peasant-man with magnate,—
Lo! the Voice of Benediction falls upon you from on High:
Ye are chosen—ye are missioned—ye are watched by Heaven's Eye!

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

II.

Ye have voices, thoughts and feelings—they were given
by God to bless you:
Pour them forth, till Wrong shall hear you—till it fear
you, and redress you!
Ye have friends in all God's servants—friends in
Heaven, with power supernal—
Friends in all who worship justice, all who fear the
great ETERNAL:
Raise your voices from the Forum—challenge Wrong
upon its throne—
Let your avalanchine warnings sweep the earth from
zone to zone!

III.

Speak ye boldly! pause not—fear not! God is reign-
ing still above you:
Pour the truth, like light, o'er mankind, if they hate
or if they love you!
Like the Swiss, like Arnold Winkelried(1)—his valorous
watchword crying—
Ye may "make a path for liberty!"—though in it ye
lie dying!
Like old Decius, white-robed warrior—priest and vic-
tim(2)—ride ye on:
Matters not if ye shall perish, so the glorious Cause be
won!

IV.

Though ye bleed as John the Baptist—though ye suffer as St. Stephen—
Pause not! fear not! hurl your warnings o'er the earth like gleaming levin!
Lo! your fall shall raise up witnesses, your death shall prove your mission,
And your murderers will bedew your dust with tears of sad contrition:
Cry aloud amid life's desert—'mid the wilderness of earth—
And "prepare the way!" like him who first announced the SAVIOUR'S birth!

V.

Trust in heaven, though ye be lowly! weak and lowly were those preachers,
Who, from fishermen of Galilee, became Creation's teachers:
Pause ye not, though musty learning hath not doled its scanty morsels—
For the flaming tongues of knowledge filled with fire the Twelve Apostles!
Truth will shame the crafty schoolmen—fill the hoary scribes with awe—
Like the youthful CHRIST, expounding at Jerusalem the law!

VI.

INTELLECT hath VOICE forever! Let that Voice be firm, unquavering—
As the dauntless THREE of Israel, in the furnace still unwavering!
Lift your prayers like ancient Daniel—praising God amid the lions:
Smite the priests of cruel Dagons—crush the shrines of gilded Dians—
Preach ye now like him of Tarsus, when the hill of Mars he trod:
Words of virtues long forgotten—tidings of the UNKNOWN GOD![3]

VII.

Speak ye boldly! from your temple-tops, Muezzin-like, give warning![4]
Bid your brother's eyes turn sun-ward—bid him hail the Future's morning.
Point where Truth hath reared her Kaaba[5]—point the Mecca of salvation—
Till, like Moslems at the minaret-call, shall sink in prayer each nation!—
Pause not, shrink not in your Mission!—Flash the sunlight of your thought,
Like the blaze of God's first mandate, that revealed what He had wrought![6]

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

VIII.

Speak to kings, as PAUL to FESTUS—till they own the truths ye teach them—
Speak to men like CHRIST to LAZARUS—till the breath of life shall reach them—
Though ye lie in chains, like PETER—angel hands shall ope your prison:
Though ye die, as died the Prophets—trust ye still your prayers have risen!
Shrink not—pause not in your Mission!—ye must lead the Future's van:
For JEHOVAH gives to INTELLECT the stewardship of MAN!

ASPIRATION.

I AM looking from my heart through cloudy skies and stormy years,
While the dim, uncertain Present vails me in a mist of tears;
And a low, mysterious murmuring my sinking spirit hears:

Like the sad and solemn shivering of the trembling forest leaves,
When the muttered breath of thunder through the rocking darkness heaves,
Ere the bolt of fiery levin 'mid the crashing heaven cleaves.

And a mighty THOUGHT, like sultriness, o'ersways me, as a wing—
Even as blended wings of cherubim, while fearfully I sing,
And most fearfully, like SAMUEL, to the altar-foot I cling;—

To the foot of that great Darkness, lifting high its awful head—
While the clouds, in rolling billows, over its bosom widely spread—
Like the darkness round the Stygian shores—the darkness of the Dead.

At the foot of this dread Altar kneel I now with claspéd hands,
And my bosom smites the Darkness, as a billow beats the sands—
When the Ocean, all behind it, drives it madly on the strands.

Thus the Ocean of my longings forces on my surging heart—
Till the Darkness seems to crumble—crumble heavily apart;
And beyond it—as from Chaos—golden paradises start.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

Lo! the mountain THOUGHT falls from me—falls from
off my heaving soul—
As if Earth from Titan Atlas should with silent motion
roll:
And, behold! it belts the heavens, in a wondrous,
flaming scroll,—

As if all the hurrying thunderbolts, in viewless fingers
held,
Whilst they burned upon the azure, were to mortal
language quelled—
Straightway now all human Error from my spirit is
dispelled!

And I know that towering Altar is JEHOVAH'S Throne
on Earth—
And the billowy clouds around it hide the FUTURE'S
mighty birth—
This I read amid the flaming THOUGHT, that spans the
heavens' girth.

Lo! that Thought is Man's REDEMPTION—Man's en-
franchisement from wrong—
When the Earth to all God's children shall in brother-
hood belong—
And the Weak shall rest securely on the bosom of the
Strong.

MISSION OF INTELLECT.

When the ploughshare's peaceful furrows shall efface
the battle scar,
And the golden sheaves of Harvest in battalia shine
afar,
And the children gather roses to enchain the hand of
War.

Like an endless fire, consumeless, burns that THOUGHT
before mine eyes:
And my soul's electric flashes would eternally uprise—
Rise and mingle with the PROPHECY that belts the
FUTURE'S skies!

NOTES

TO

The Mission of Intellect.

(1) *Like the Swiss—like Arnold Winkelried—*

Arnold Winkelried, of Unterwulden, one of the Swiss Cantons, fell at the battle of Sempach, A. D. 1386. Throwing himself amid the Austrian ranks, he cried to his countrymen—"I make a path for liberty." They followed, and won the day.

(2) *Like old Decius—white-robed warrior—priest and victim—*

Decius was a Roman consul, who, in a battle with the Sabines, (558 B. C.) arrayed himself in priestly vestments, and, devoting his life to the gods Manes, rode unarmed into the ranks of the enemy, invoking victory to his troops as a recompense for the sacrifice.

(3) *To the Unknown God—*

"For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar, with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." *Paul to the Athenians.*

(4) *Muezzin-like, give warning—*

No church-bells are used in Mohammedan countries, but, instead, the muezzin, or priest, ascends to the minarets of a mosque, and, in a loud voice, cries out, "Allah Acbar," which means "God is great;" on hearing which every good Mussulman immediately prostrates himself, turning his face toward Mecca, the city of the Prophet.

(5) *Point where truth hath reared her Kaaba—*

The kaaba, a holy stone of Mecca, is an object of great devotion to all Mohammedan pilgrims, as having been pressed by their prophet's feet just before he was taken up into heaven.

(6) *God's first mandate—that revealed what He had wrought.*

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."—*Genesis.*

MDCCCXLVIII.

The Year of the People.

Duganne.

TO

The Heroes of '48 and the Martyrs of '49,

THESE

LYRICS OF LIBERTY:

In Memoriam.

MDCCCXLVIII.

The Year of the People.

INVOCATION.



An Ancient Harper, mournfully beholding the servile Estate of Europe, at the Close of the Year 1847, awaketh to the Sound of Freedom's Trumpet at the Opening of 1848—The Year of the People. He seizeth his forgotten Harp, and summoneth the Nations.

MEN of noble souls, whose vision
Pierceth through the Future's curtain;
Ye who scorn the world's derision—
Ye whose trust hath still been certain:
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Lo! now comes your toil's fruition—
Labors now the pregnant crisis:
Man renews his faith to Isis—([1])
Chronos([2]) fills his glorious mission:
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Duganne.

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In the long-enslavéd nations
Throbs with joy each freeman's bosom;
Ye who waited long with patience,
Now behold your hopes in blossom:
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

In each old Sclavonic forest—
In each fair Italian valley—
Bide the time when ye may rally,
Ye who long have suffered sorest:
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Polander and iron German—
Serfs of Austria and Hungaria—
Slaves of knout, ukase, or firman—
Trodden Jew, and outcast Pariah—
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

Patriots! scattered o'er creation!
Souls of thought, and hearts of daring!—
Be ye now no more despairing:
Soon shall end your long probation.
Look aloft! your hope is sunward—
Look abroad! your course is onward!

YEAR OF THE PEOPLE.

I.

THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR 1848.

The Ancient Harper breaketh forth in a Song of Thanksgiving at the Advent of the People's Triumph.

THANK God, that through the world
The electric thoughts of glorious souls are gleaming!
Thank God, that now, through Christendom unfurled,
The banners of Man's Cause are proudly streaming!

Thank God, that Earth hath still
Some lofty sons, whose deeds shall gild her story—
With flame from Heaven those noble souls shall fill,
Like old Prometheus, this world with glory.

Old Rome hath now, thank God!
The keys that shall unlock her gates of heaven—(*)
And necks shall rise that have to earth been trod,
And chains that yoked the soul shall now be riven!

And MAN—thank God for that—
O'er all the earth asserts his natal franchise,
And boldly now, at King and Autocrat,
His words of fiery hope the vassal launches!

Thank God that Right is Might—
That souls are deathless and that wrong is mortal—
That Darkness is the handmaid of the Light,
And Death is but of Life the clouded portal!

II.

THE GIANT.

The Ancient Bard describeth the Rule of Kingcraft in France under the Type of a Vulture brooding over a slumbering Giant.

THERE was a weary Giant
Stretched by the solemn Rhine!
And his huge limbs, all slack and pliant,
Heavily did recline;
And his hands made no sign:
Though in the air above, with cloudy wing,
Brooded a horrible Thing—
A Vulture, with the face of crownéd King!

And there were serpents, bred from the miasma
Of that crown'd Vulture's breath,
Gleaming, as on they crept, like strange phantasma:
These wound, in chains beneath,
While, wrapp'd in sleep like death,
The Giant, which was FRANCE, nor moved nor stirred,
Till, with a rush unheard,
Swooped down, like Night, the shadowy, unclean bird.

And the bright serpents, round the Giant wreathing,
Wove their encumbering chain;
While the blood-sucking Vulture, softly breathing
Into his heart and brain,
Deadened the sense of pain:
Back and forth glided still those serpent bands,
Like DÉLILAH'S soft hands
Binding shorn SAMSON, at his foes' commands!

But, God in Heaven be praised! the slumbering Giant
Out of his trance awakes!
Flings his broad arms aloft, and shouts defiant;
Like as 't were flax, he breaks
The chain of wreathing snakes;
And, in the exuberance of his strength, tears down
The royal Vulture's crown!
And the crushed serpents vanish at his frown!

III.

REGENERATION.

The Old Harper exulteth in the Triumph of the French People.

I HEARD a Voice of millions singing!
I saw a forest of waving arms,
And a world of flashing eyes!
I heard the sounding psalms
Of freemen—glorious freemen—loudly ringing
To the skies.

And I said within my heart, O this is France!
It is France!
From their slavery her millions now advance!
She hath spoken,
And her sceptres now are broken,
And her fetters lie in rust,
And her diadems are trampled in the dust!

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Who hath done it?
What hath won it?
What hath won this boon of freedom for our France?
Tell me, citizen and neighbor,
Was it cannon—was it sabre?
Did the guillotine achieve it—or the lance?

Not the cannon nor the sabre—
Not the guillotine nor lance:
It was LABOR—*glorious LABOR—*
That emancipated France!

Through the pilgrimage of years,
Ever weeping bloody tears—
By their masters' fetters bound,
With their eyes upon the ground;
While their voices dared not utter
What their woful hearts would mutter,—
Thus, in despotism's trance,
Were the Workingmen of France!

But those hearts were bended bows,
And their agonizing throes
Were as arrows to be hurl'd among their foes!
And behold!—
Like the Nazarite of old,(4)
In the glory of their liberty the Workingmen arose.

YEAR OF THE PEOPLE.

Ye saw when Orleans fell!
When the crown and throne were shivered:
Tell me, neighbors, was it well
That our France was thus delivered?
If ye sanctify the deed,
Give ye then its glorious meed—

Not to cannon—not to sabre—
Not to guillotine nor lance!
But to LABOR—*glorious LABOR—*
That emancipated France!

No Rollin nor Cavaignac—
And no Lamartine we trust—
No Napoleon shall drag us back
To Empire's bloody dust.
Lo! ye traffickers in blood,
And ye worshippers of gold,
We, whose necks ye long have trod—
We—the PEOPLE—bid ye hold!
For no longer will the Workingmen be sold!
But their rights they will maintain
With the heart and with the brain,
Until Liberty—Equality—Fraternity—they gain:
Crown and chain
Alike are vain—
Power and gold
Shall be controlled,
And no longer shall the Workingmen be sold!

For the iron hath been driven
To the very soul of Man!
Now he rises, and—by Heaven!
Let them stay his course who can.
Lo! his manacles are riven,
And in Freedom's battle van,
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the sod,
He will stand—or die, a martyr,
For his children and his God!

IV.

FRANCE TO IRELAND.(5)

The Bard portrayeth France as calling unto Erin to cast off the Saxon Yoke.

IRELAND! Ireland! wake—advance!
We are calling you from FRANCE:
We are free, O suffering sister!
And we cry aloud to thee,
In the name of God! BE FREE!
Wake! arise!—the bloody chalice
Ye have drained in silent wo,
Once again shall overflow:
Ye shall fill that cup afresh,
With the Eucharist of Freedom,
Holy Freedom's blood and flesh!

Lo! we once were slaves in Gaul—
Slaves and dupes to royal thrall:
Herod-like, the kings of earth
Sought to crush our Freedom's birth—

Sought to slay the soul of Freedom,
Born, like Christ, among the poor!
Ay! they crucified our Freedom—
Thus to make their triumph sure.
But, like Christ from out his tomb—
From a new sepulchral womb,
With a quaking, rending spasm,
Leapt our Freedom from its plasm—
'Neath the blow of rugged LABOR
Leapt, like Pallas, armèd Right![6]
From the dust, where, long quiescent,
Human hearts lay dead, petrescent,
Rise they now, with fire renascent—
Rise, with Phœnix glories bright!
Each true soul is God's own Æon—
And the world a grand Panthéon,
Where we battle with the Titans,[7]
And o'ercome their giant might;
With the diadem'd marauders,
With the purple-robed defrauders—
With the tyrants who would impiously
Escale the throne of Light!
Men of Ireland! Rise! be free!
Hurl your bosoms like a sea—
Like a tempest-freighted sea—
Over sceptre, crown, and chain;
As your stormy Irish Ocean
Rolls its thunders to the Main.

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Ireland! Ireland! wake—arise!
Make a whirlwind of your sighs—
That shall blast your chains to weapons,
In the furnace of your wrath:
Let the blows your tyrants dealt you
Roll an earthquake in their path!
By the blood of Drogheda—
And by Wexford's fatal fray![8]
By your woes, your shames, your sufferings!
By your thousand patriot offerings!
By the rack, the axe, the scaffold,
Which have oft your freedom baffled!
By the martyrdom of Emmett,
And the glory of Boiroimh![8]
Rise, and strike the Saxon from you—
Rise! and to your blood be true!
Wake! arise! as France has risen,
From the grave-mould of her prison!
Brand each Irishman with treason
  Who shall brook a stranger's thongs:
Raise your emerald banners o'er you!
Let your wild harp crash before you!—
If they DARE deny you *Freedom*,
  Which, of right, to man belongs—
Rise ye, then, and grapple *vengeance:*
  Claim ye RACK-RENT[9] for your wrongs!

V.

PRAYER OF ERIN.

Erin, in answer to the Call of France, invoketh her Sons to free her.

With spirit burning,
For action yearning,
The noble summons of France we hear!
While woes and curses
Each heart rehearses,
And weeps forever the bloody tear:
Our brave men dying,
Our maidens sighing,
Our orphans crying, great God! to Thee!
While foes insulting,
O'er all exulting,
In shackles bind us who once were free!

O Power Supernal
Whose heart eternal
Inclines from heaven when the ravens cry;
Whose arm protects us,
Whose word directs us—
O God of Justice! look from on High!
Behold a Nation
In tribulation:
In supplication we bend the knee—
In the name of Jesus,
O God! release us!
From cruel tyrants, O set us free!

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O Christian brothers!
If ye have mothers—
If ye have sisters or children dear,
Should Famine blight them,
Should Plague affright them—
Would ye not call on the world to hear?
O would ye falter
At Freedom's altar,
When axe and halter your eyes might see—
Or cast behind you
The chains that bind you,
And swear, by Heaven—that ye would be free?

Ye men of Ireland,
Behold your sireland!
Arise! arise! from your bloody dust:
No longer single,
Let freemen mingle—
Let Green and Orange in union trust!
With hands upraising,
With bosoms blazing,
Jehovah praising for Liberty—
Once more in grandeur,
Through death and danger,
Your glorious Island arise and free!

VI.

FREEDOM BAFFLED.

The Bard angrily rebuketh the Cowardice of Erin's Children.

WORSE than vain to pray for freedom,
When to bigots ye would preach;
Worse than vain, with bold exhortings,
Slavish minds ye seek to reach.
Ireland wants nor arms nor armor—
Needs no strength her rights to win;
But her bitterest foes are TRAITORS,
And her slavery is WITHIN!

Would ye rescue hapless Ireland—
Would ye lift her drooping head?
Would ye clothe her naked multitudes,
And give her paupers bread?
O waste not words in sympathy,
Nor shed your useless tears,
But arouse her from her slavishness
Of twice two hundred years.

Give her not your pikes and rifles—
They'll be forged to galling bands;
For a coward priesthood rules her,
Curbs her heart, and checks her hands.
Give her not your golden harvests,
Though for bread she shall implore—
If ye do, she'll kneel for ages,
Like a beggar, at your door.

But if ye would rescue Ireland,
Give her spades, and give her plows!
Let the sweat of honest labor
Gild her happy farmers' brows!
Let her patriots drain her marshes—
Let them hurl their iron blows
On the fastnesses of fevers—
Worse than even British foes.

If ye'd raise in Ireland armies,
Make them warriors of Toil!
Let their weapons strike her meadows,
Let them cleanse her teeming soil.
Give her WORK, ye sympathizers,
And for work bestow REWARD!
Work is better far than charity,
And stronger than the sword!

Pauper minds are worse than traitors,
Bigots shrink from Freedom's goal:
Would ye break the body's fetters,
First must ye unlock the soul.
Ireland wants nor arms nor armor,
Lacks no strength her rights to win;
But her bitterest foe is PRIESTCRAFT—
IGNORANCE her deadliest sin.

VII.

STRUGGLE OF THE PEOPLE.

EUROPE was BONDAGE! where, in stupor sunken,
The Ancient Harper rehearseth the Struggle of the Nations.
Labored sad Israel, by her Pharaohs crushed!
Shackled her limbs, her spirit weak and shrunken,
Dumb was her voice—her harp, despairing, hushed.

Europe was EXODUS! From shame emerging,
Lo! how the Slave became at once the MAN!
While o'er his tyrants Freedom's ocean, surging
High as man's hopes, in billowy glory ran.

Europe is SINAI! and her dread confusions
Are but the workings of the ETERNAL'S might!
Lo! from the Burning Bush of Revolutions
Cometh the Decalogue of Human Right!

VIII.

AVATAR AND FLIGHT.

OUT of deep sleep where visions moved before me,
The Bard likeneth the Birth of Freedom to the Avatar of OUR LORD.
Rises my 'wildered soul:
Starless and dark the heavens are frowning o'er me;
And underneath me roll
The billows of an Unknown Sea, whose surge
Is as an endless dirge.
Lo! in my dreams I saw the Arisen Man—
The unbound Prometheus, grand with conquered pain,

Trampling his shattered chain!
Then, with a mighty joy that overran
The utterance of my heart, I clasp'd my lyre,
And sang aloud with prophet-ire,
Sang with exuberant voice—
"O Earth! rejoice! rejoice!"

I saw young Freedom born—a Saviour-child—
And sages came from far,
Led by the radiant star
That o'er his manger gloriously smiled;
And I stood with shepherds who watched by night,
Till mine eyes were bathed with a wondrous light,
Till I heard the song of an angel throng,
With manifold love and with peace o'erfraught,
Swaying my listening thought.

But Herod the murderer heard—
Herod the Tyrant of Nations:
There swept by his palace a mystical word,
And the heart of the people with wonderment stirred,
In the dust of its desolations.
A star in the midnight sky—
A gleam of the Orient morn:
Behold! that word swept flashing by—
The Name of the Child new-born!
Over the broad world flashing high—
The Name of the Child new-born!

The Sword, O nations of the earth! ye saw
Your trembling tyrants draw.
The Hand, O nations! ye beheld, that slew
The Innocent and True!
But Freedom LIVES!
The Almighty hath the Child outled—
Egypt her shelter gives!
With strength and wisdom shall his youth be fed,
Till in man's stature, 'mid his fellow-men,
Freedom—the Saviour!—shall return again!

The Lord God mightily reigneth—
And in the breath of his nostrils thrones dissolve,
Like glittering vapor, and no trace remaineth!
Light out of darkness shall His word evolve—
Order from chaos—and from the womb of might
The Eternal Soul of Right!

IX.

HUNGARY.

BEHOLD! when first before my vision whirled
The Ancient Bard addresseth Kossuth, prophesying of the People.
The exulting pageantry of nations freed:
When, from their crumbling thrones in terror hurled,
Monarchs, with white lips, read the People's creed;
While rose that PEOPLE, in their blood and sweat,
Moved by the might of Freedom's new revealing;
And thou, KOSSUTH, amid thy people set—
High on Hungaria's glorious GILBOA kneeling—

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Lifted thine arms in agony to heaven;
Then—by the breath of Hope within me, driven—
Behold! I named thee Moses of the World!

What, though ALONE
Thou battledst for the common Rights of Man!
What, though no kindred hand upheld thine own—
No nation followed in Hungaria's track,
When for the world her genius led the van:
Though slavish Gaul held back—
Though Albion faltered, and tho' (shame of shames!)
Columbia tamely looked upon her fate—
Yet, by the memory of our fathers' names,
Kossuth!—despair not yet!

By German Steuben and De Kalb! despair not!
By Erin's slain Montgomery! despair not!
By Poland's child, Pulaski! still despair not!—
By Lafayette! by Washington!—despair not!

Kossuth! behold!—
Thy People journey through the desert still—
Even through the desert ZIN:
While round them press the Spoilers as of old,—
But by our LORD JEHOVAH'S power and will
The Promised Land they yet shall enter in.
And though, like MOSES, thou mayst bless thine eyes
With but a glimpse of freedom's heritage

Still shall the Nations rise—
The enfranchised Nations of a future age—
And bless their MOSES who on Gilboa's height
Prayed to the LORD through Freedom's darkest night!

X.

ROME.

The Bard singeth to Rome as to the central Abiding-place of Freedom's hopes.

O ROME! I sing to thee!
I cry aloud to thee! BE FREE! BE FREE!
Behold! my heart rose up
Like a rous'd ocean, when upon mine ear
Broke thy high summoning trumpet, loud and clear,
Calling dead Freedom from her shameful bier!—
O Rome! the deadly cup
Of all thy woes, which tyrants filled for thee,
And Holy Fathers bless'd in Papal Palace—
Calling the death-bowl Heaven's anointed chalice:
This cup thou didst dash boldly from thy lips—
Dash'd it to earth!——Thus may God crush the malice
Which would with shameful lies thy valiant deed eclipse!

ROME THE REPUBLIC! From thy Seven Hills
Flash'd the red beacon-fires of Liberty.
Lo! how the blaze, wide-spreading, flaming, fills
The o'er-arching Past with glory! Thou wert free!
Rome of RIENZI! Rome of DECIUS! ROME!
The name—the NAME of ROME—shall hallow thee
As Freedom's Home!

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O, my heart never could believe that men
Born in the Coliseum's shadow—nursed
Amid the tombs of earth's tremendous giants—
Could even sleep so long! Thank God! again
Ye awoke, and stood erect, and burst
Your shackles, and hurled back, in proud defiance,
The gauntlet of your faith at slavery's brow!
It were a lifetime worth to be a Roman NOW!

Fear ye yon crown'd Usurper, who hath flung
The cap of Liberty from Gallia's brow,
And the fool's bells around her temples hung?
What though your walls beneath his cannon bow,
And his armed robbers march your shrines among,—
Rome is still FREE! Her buried soul revives!
Her children, that were dead, have now up-sprung,
And Freedom's EUCHARIST gives them countless lives.

Poor Imbecile of France! Lo! he would guide
The Phœbus-chariot of a nation's will,(10)
And rein the steeds of Freedom! In his pride
He would o'erleap his nature, and deride
The elements that raised him, and that still
Are surging round him in an angry tide!
He cresting them, as floats some glittering toy
Upon the bosom of an ocean wide!
Laugh, O my soul! This proud, assumptious boy

Would with our goddess Freedom dalliance hold,
Tempting her love with his betraying gold!
Laugh, O my soul! laugh loud in new-born joy—
"The gods first madden whom they would destroy!"

I sang in joy when France,
With the brown hand of Labor, cast her chains
And sceptres in the path of barricades:
I sang as I beheld her sons advance,
Grasping their unstained blades,
That bore the lightning of their hearts and brains!—
I sang aloud the anthem of the free,
And on my bending knee
Prayed for the glorious cause of Liberty!

But France hath stooped to shame,
Selling her birthright for a tyrant's name,
And Rome must now do battle for the world—
Rome, the great Heart of Nations, by whose throes
The tide of Freedom's life-blood must be hurled
Through Europe's arteried corpse, until it glows
With life to feel and to avenge its woes!

Once, with the wondering patriots of all earth—
Hailing your Freedom's birth—
Ye bless'd the Pope of Rome!
Ye bless'd him, that, with vision free and earnest,
He had looked forward to the coming light;

Ye hailed him as the holiest and sternest
Of all man's champions battling for the Right—
Battling against old Europe's kingly might.

But soon ye tore from off his brow its screening,
And saw the *monarch* in your worship'd Pope!
His *human* words ye found with *royal* meaning—
Truth to the *ear* but falsehood to the *hope!*
Then, with the strength that had been crush'd so long,
Ye rose and smote your wrong!

Men of old Rome! still be your souls undaunted!
Still to the world fling out your proud example!
Lo! the eternal seed which ye have planted,
Banyan-like shall arise, and top the skies,
And in its awful pride, shall arch with branches wide,
The desert earth—that kings now madly trample.

XI.

THE TRANCE.

The Minstrel, sinking into a Trance, becometh a Seer of new Wars, and speaketh soothly of Things to come.

I SLEEP on the bosom of Night,
But mantle my couch with her stars!
For, blazing in red, like a flame overhead,
Still swingeth the wild planet MARS!
I hear an awakening sound,
That sweeps through the vasty profound;
I see a dread Angel—a glorious Angel—
With beauty enrobed and with righteousness crowned!

YEAR OF THE PEOPLE.

A Voice through Creation is hurled;
The breath of Elohim is rocking the world!
And the spirit of God o'er the face of the waters
Is brooding in wonderful glory—
In dark and mysterious glory!
Arise ye, my sons! O awake ye, my daughters!
Behold!——on the wings of the morning behold!—
How the Angel of Prophecy flieth from Heaven,
With power from Elohim, the Mighty One, given,
The Future of Earth to unfold!

There are curses and sore tribulations,
That crouch in the lap of the Past:
There is blood-guiltiness on the skirts of the nations;
And shadows from heaven are cast—
Yea, shadows unearthly and vast,—
Brooding over mankind,
Who are blind—who are blind—
Who have plucked out the eyes of their mind!

It comes—oh! it comes!——I hear it again!
I hear it afar:
That murderous tread o'er the living and dead—
The march of old merciless war!
It comes—oh! it comes—
The whirlwind of men!—
The Princes and Leaders,
With banners and trumpets and drums.
They tower like old Lebanon's cedars,

But bow to the breath of the storm—
Yea, bend to the hurricane's breath!
They rush to the Valley of Death!
Yet they swarm!
Like black battle-vultures they swarm and they cluster—
In countless and terrible muster,
In crimson and murderous lustre.
They come—oh! they come!
And my spirit is dumb—
The armies of men! they are swarming again:
They are swarming once more,
On sea and on shore—
The food and the fuel of horrible war!

From Muscovy—Mother of Slaves!—
To their graves:
To their graves on the banks of the Rhine,—
The serfs of the Autocrat pour;
And their blood shall new-nurture the vine!
From Danube's red shore—
From Dneiper and Don—
Shall gather the barbaric hordes;
The Tartar and Hun,
Whose laws are their swords;
From desert and border
Each thirsty marauder
Shall haste to the land of the vine,
To mingle his blood with its wine!

From Britain—from Britain—
The flame shall arise
To the pitiless skies!
'Tis written—'tis written—
'Tis plain to mine eyes.
And her merchants, afar off, lamenting and yearning,
Shall witness the smoke of her burning!

Even so!
She must taste of the wo:
In hut and in palace, she'll drink of the chalice,
And pour out her heart in libation—
To wash out her mighty transgression.
For, lo!
The blood of the innocent cries—
The blood of the martyrs whom Britain hath slain,
Shall fall on her forehead in terrible rain!

And Gaul shall be drunken with blood,
Drunk with the blood of the North:
Drunk with the blood of the Islands and Main—
Drunk with the suicide flood,
That once and again
From her own cloven heart shall gush forth;
Ere the riddle of Samson lies open to earth—
And, from Royal Brutes slaughtered, the Hive shall have birth.

MDCCCXLVIII.

It rolls—oh! it rolls—
The voice of the thunder that striketh men's souls:
It bends—it descends—
The bolt that old earth from her centre up-rends—
'Tis the battle's wild roar—'tis the bolt of red war—
The sea it upheaveth—it rocketh the shore;
It shaketh the zones!——And monarchs and thrones
Shall wrestle with Freedom—but conquer no more!

XII.

UNCONQUERED.

At the last, the Ancient Harper biddeth the People to be of good Faith.

I AM near to you, ye suffering men,
Wherever on earth ye dwell:
My heart's best tongue is mine iron pen—
Mine iron thoughts to tell!
O would to God that the living fire
Which glows within that heart,
Might reach ye, through my flashing lyre,
And all its flame impart!

Jehovah spake, in the olden time,
Through Israel's glorious seers,
Till the haughty spirit of royal crime
Was bent with craven fears:
And Jehovah speaketh, in this our day,
Wherever, on land or sea,
A brave, true heart shall sing or pray,
That its brethren may be free!

YEAR OF THE PEOPLE.

I tell you, brothers of every clime!
Ye children of every soil!
That the Saviors of Freedom, throughout all time,
Have sprung from the ranks of toil!
I charge ye all, who suffer and wait,
Who live by sweat of brow,
That ye keep good watch at your city's gate—
For the MASTER cometh *now!*

Ay, NOW,—when the foot of royal might
Is trampling the olden world—
When the radiant banners of human right
In darkness have been furled—
Ay, NOW,—when kings in their festal hall
Deride the human soul,
Ye shall mark a HAND, as it scores the wall
With Freedom's judgment-scroll

There is never a Night for the People's cause
That is not yet thick with stars,
And Freedom's sleep is but breathing-pause
For strength to burst her bars!
For the Day alone hath come the Ill—
For the Day it hath sufficed:
And the gloom that closed o'er Calvary's hill,
Shall break—with the RISEN CHRIST!

NOTES

TO

The Year of the People.

(1) *Man renews his faith to Isis.*

Isis, in the Egyptian Mythology, is the type of Nature.

(2) *Chronos fills his glorious mission.*

Chronos—the Greek God of Time.

(3) *Old Rome hath now, thank God!*
The keys that shall unlock her gates of Heaven.

In allusion to the accession of Pius IX. to the pontifical chair and his subsequent reforms, which inspired the friends of liberty throughout the world with hopes too soon to be blasted.

(4) ——— *the Nazarite of old.*

Samson.

(5) *France to Ireland.*

The Provisional Government of the French Republic gave strong assurances of sympathy to the Irish Depatations.

(6) *'Neath the blow of rugged Labor, leapt*
Like Pallas, armèd Right.

Vulcan, according to the myth, gave birth to panoplied Minerva, by cleaving with his sledge the laboring brow of Jove.

(7) *Where we battle with the Titans.*

The Æons or Demi-gods, assisted the Immortals in their great battle against the Titans.

(8) *By the blood of Drogheda*
And by Wexford's fatal fray.

These two places are celebrated as the scenes of massacre and defeat of Irish Insurgents.

——— *By the glory of Boiroimh.*

Brian Boiroimh, (pronounced *Boru,*) King of Munster in 1027, celebrated for his bravery. He fell in the battle of Clcantarf.

(9) ——— *rack-rent for your wrongs.*

Rack-rent is the technical term for arrears claimed by landlords and middlemen from the Irish peasantry.

(10) *The Phœbus-chariot of a nation's will.*

In allusion to the foolish daring through which Phæton lost his life, by attempting to control the steeds of his father, Phœbus.

The Gospel of Labor.

Duganne.

TO

The True Laborer,

(WHETHER HE WIELD THE PEN OR THE SLEDGE,)

THESE

"Good Tidings"

ARE DELIVERED.

The Gospel of Labor.

PRELUDE.



ROTHERS! be ye whom ye may—
Sons of men, I bid you—PRAY:
Pray unceasing—pray with might:
Pray in darkness—pray in light!
Life hath still no hours to spare,—
Life is toil—and Toil is Prayer!

Life is toil! and all that lives
Sacrifice of LABOR gives.
Water, fire, and air, and earth
Rest not, pause not, from their birth.
Seed, within the fruitful ground,
Insects, in the seas profound,
Bird and bee, and tree and flower,
Each hath Labor for its dower—
Each the mark of toil must wear,—
Toil ye, then!—for work is prayer!

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

STUDENT! in thy searching mind
Lo! the key of heaven thou'lt find:
Trim thy lamp, and burn thine oil—
Through the midnight watches toil—
Lay the soul's great secrets bare,—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

PATRIOT! toiling for thy kind,
Thou shalt break the chains that bind!
Shape thy thought and mould thy plan:
Toil for freedom! toil for man!
Sagely think, and boldly dare,—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer!

CHRISTIAN! round thee brothers stand—
Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand:
Raise the downcast—nerve the weak!
Toil for good—for virtue speak!
Let thy brethren be thy care,—
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Pray ye all!—the night draws near.
Toil, while yet the sky is clear;
Toil, while evil round ye springs;
Toil, while wrong its shadow flings;
Pray in hope, and ne'er despair,—
Toil ye! toil ye!—work is prayer!

THE CURSE AND THE BLESSING.

Oh! dark the day!—oh! desolate the hour,
When, driven from Eden's desecrated bower,
The stricken Pair in sadness wandered forth,
Alone—amid the wilderness of earth!
Before them gloomed the Future, cold and dim,—
Behind them flamed the swords of cherubim.
Oh! sad the earth!—oh! desolate its guise!
Yet there, in sooth, remained their Paradise!
Oh, bosomed there, beneath the darksome mould,
Were nestling Eden's flowers of blue and gold:
There clustered Eden's amber fruits, and there,
In wondrous sunlight, through the branches fair,
Dear Eden's wingéd songs made musical the air.

But viewless Nature's glories—mute her tones—
To him the lord of all those boundless zones!
In vain her beckoning fingers wooed his glance
Where gentle meadows rolled their calm expanse;
Where sunny waters slept in silvery sheen,
And shadows darkened through the woodland green.
In vain with luring love the landscape greets:
A beauteous maze—a wilderness of sweets;
In vain with Eden joys the world is fraught,—
'Tis Adam's curse—that he beholds them not!

Though king of earth, unconscious of his throne;
Though owning all, regardless of his own,—
He only gazes back—with oft-complaining moan.

Oh! blind the sense that Hope has ne'er illumed,
And dead the heart to Unbelieving doomed!
The soft wind wantons with the trembling trees:
Despairing ADAM trembles as he sees;
The streamlet murmurs in the vale profound:
And fearful ADAM pauses at the sound.
The Future threat'ning, while the Past appalls,
Prone to the earth his glance incurious falls.
Not his the faith that rules to blesséd calm,
Nor sorrowing love that lends the spirit balm;
Not his the holy joy with suffering blent,
Nor sacred strength to mortal trials lent
Unused to earthly light his Eden eyes,
Through tears alone must shine their Paradise;
Through tears alone—such tears as mortals shed
O'er cradled living and o'er coffin'd dead;
Such tears as from the bosom's fountains flow,
When Love's soft fingers press the brow of wo.

THE MYSTERY.

"By sweat of brow shalt thou eat bread!" The Doom
Went forth, and clothed the Future with its gloom:
The earth was shrouded unto ADAM's gaze—
Each step a pitfall and each path a maze.

For him no flowers—for him no verdant soil;
All, all were blasted by the CURSE of TOIL.
Oh! blinded sense!—oh! doubting heart of Man:
In love conceived, behold the Eternal plan!—
Foretaste of earth, the Eden-dream was given
That man might note the blameless life of heaven:
In Eden's bower his soul could haply learn
The heaven which he through mortal toil might earn.
Then from its gate the FATHER led him forth,
To win that heaven from the unknown earth.

The CURSE of TOIL! Oh! rather the ovation
Of Man's true soul, whose life must be creation.
The Curse? Oh! BLESSING—in mysterious guise!
Without it, Man were cursed in Paradise!
Where Sloth exposed him to the Tempter's art,
And Pleasure enervated brain and heart.
Man *lived* not, till he crossed fair Eden's portal:
The doom of death first made his soul immortal.
The death of ease was but the birth of power;
He lost the Past—but gained the Future's dower.
Behind him scarce had closed the flaming gate,
When Man—the creature—godlike, could create!
He smote the rocks, and crystal waves outstreamed;
He struck the plains—the plains with harvest teemed;
He clove the mines—the mines their treasures gave;
He grasped the sea—the sea became his slave!

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

Oh! when did Eden's golden sunshine fade?
Ah! when were Eden's bowers to dust decayed?
It was—when Man his sacred birthright gave
For pottage, and became his brother's slave!
It was—when, thriftless of the blessing Toil,
He sold his title to the teeming soil!
It was—when, paralyzed and servile grown,
He knelt and sued for that which was his own;
That which was given and ne'er reclaimed by God,—
The inalienable birthright—of the sod!

THE HOPE.

Freedom and Labor are forever one!
In man's true life their course is jointly run.
Behold they have descended
Through ages and through centuries,
Since Moses 'mid the sundered seas
Out-led his ransomed Israelites,
And taught the Tribes, in one great nation blended,
The Decalogue of Human Rights!
Through weary pilgrimage of Forty Years—
The Cloud by day—the Pillared Fire by night—
Still beaconing their sight,—
On, to the goal of all their hopes and fears—
On, to their Eden bright—the Promised Land—
In faith and wonder walked that chosen band.

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

The Land—the Earth!—O this the glorious goal,
Which gleamed upon each soul!
The LAND that God had given them for their own,
Which they through toil should win,—
This was the mighty heritage that alone
Led them through desert Zin.
Those Hebrew multitudes were led
Through cloven waters—they were fed
With heaven's unstinted bread:
And not for one, but ALL, the loving feast was spread:
Priest—Levite—yea! or Publican—
It mattered not—'Twas bread for MAN.

THE PARABLE.

That pilgrimage is parable for the world!
Let tyrants read it, when from empire hurled!—
Let slaves behold the Sinai flame of God—
And tread the dust in which they once were trod!
That pilgrimage is gospel for the poor:
Teaching heaven's holiest mandate—to endure;—
Proving God's promise infinitely sure.
That pilgrimage is prophecy for all time!
Thus, through all ages, and in every clime,
The PEOPLE have been wandering, toiling on;—
But, ah! not yet the Promised Land is won!
Not yet—and not till light hath conquered night;
Shall Canaan's borders bless the People's sight!

TYRANNY THE CURSE.

A vision of the PAST hath been with me,
Like a weird Presence. Over time's dark sea,
Upon whose crumbling shores the sullen waves
Break o'er their countless landmarks—human graves;
My disembodied soul, upon the wings
Of Thought, glides forth among long-perished things.

The awful spell of History exhumes
The tribes of men from their centennial tombs:
The mouldered dust of cycles and of ages,
Garbed in the forms of warriors, priests, and sages.
I hear a solemn murmur, like the low,
Sad cadence of a world's despairing wo;—
As of a myriad brains with madness throbbing—
As of a myriad hearts through fetters sobbing—
As of a myriad dead and buried men,
Striving to burst their shrouds and live again.

Those brains and hearts—those dead men half-reviving,
And with their awful shackles vainly striving—
Striving through all the past and striving yet,—
Are they who eat bread in their forehead's sweat;—
Whose life is labor—whose reward, a crust.
Their works immortal, and their memory—dust!

THE BOOK OF RUINS.

Lo! when Truth's hand reverses History's urn,
And Ruin's monumental leaves we turn,—
Behold, on cloven shrine and shivered column,
How iron Toil hath graven its legends solemn!
Behold the eloquent lesson of Decay:
If ye preserve not MAN, man's WORK will pass away!

How the cold ruins mock us as we tread,
With trembling steps, each city of the dead—
How in their marble scorn do they deride,
The poor, short-sighted compass of our pride;
That pride which rears the temple and the shaft,
As glorious tokens of man's handicraft;
And then, in suicide madness, sacrifices
The life of MAN, which all earth's life comprises.

Lo! where the wise Chaldean's chariot wide
Rolled o'er Euphrates' bridged and conquered tide;
Lo! Babylon, where, on the Assyrian's soul,
Flashed the red language of his judgment-scroll,—
Where are they now!
Behold yon rolling cloud
Of simoom sand—it is Assyria's shroud.
Behold yon smoke from Kurdish wigwams rise—
There the Chaldean's gaze explored the skies!—
Where deserts stretch and wild marauders wander,
Ye may behold Time's giant wrecks—and ponder!

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

Fearfully do we tread
The Alpine masonry of Pyramids;
And shudderingly our feet are led
Thro' Egypt's populous tombs—the echoless Catacombs,
Beneath whose rocky lids
Slumber a nation's dead!—
With awe we mark the pillars overthrown
Of what was once the Athenian's Parthenon—
With fear we scan the crumbling stone
Of Rome's dread Coliseum: her pride—her mausoleum!
We dream not that those wrecks of old
A pregnant lesson may unfold:
Our blinded thoughts have never spanned
What Ruin's damp and mildewed hand
Hath writ upon each mouldering wall:—
A lesson like the scroll in doomed Belshazzar's hall!

THE LESSON.

Ye piles! whose very ruin overwhelms
Our senses with your vastness—whose dread forms,
Clad in the hoar of centuries, shake the storms
Like dew-drops from your mailéd breasts! Ye realms
Of shadow! where Decay hath fixed her throne,
And thence foredooms the Present with the fate
Of all the Past!—Ye tongues of Toil! make known
The dread significance of your fallen state!—
Why live ye even in dust, and why for dust were ye
create?

Those ruins *answer* us! They speak amid
The shadowy years, like Samuel unto Saul:
Each stone hath voice—as if within the wall
A multitude of prisoned souls were hid;
Behold! they cry—behold! these crumbling piles
Are Tomb-stones of the Living! of the slaves—
The PEOPLE! by whose sweat and bloody toils
All were upreared—walls, bases, architraves!—
These are the monuments of those who have no graves!

Those ruins *teach* us! Kings have writ their names
Upon the crushed entablatures, and deemed
Their memory deathless as each column seemed;
Why is it that nor king nor vassal claims
The homage which their awful works inspire?—
Why is it that we gaze—perchance admire—
Yet reck not of the long-forgotten builder,
Whose handiwork, even in ruins, can bewilder?

It is because the soul which was in him
Who built, was crushed into his work.—It is
Because the immortal life, which had been his,
Was trodden out by kings from soul and limb,—
That with it they might build these monuments
To their own glory.—Human soul and sense
Were sacrificed to matter—and STONES became,
Instead of MEN, the altars of a nation's fame.

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

Myriads of lives were moulded into brass
For Rhodes' Colossus—millions crushed to clay,
That Thebes might dazzle thro' her short-lived day.
Oh! had these hecatombs of souls—this mass
Of living LABOR—been together welded!—
Had one great mental monument been builded,—
Then had that rescued and united WHOLE
Templed Creation—with a deathless Human Soul.

THE FATE OF DESPOTISM.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome! how vain
The trophies which of all your power remain!
How shadowy is the fame ye sought to span,
By piling stones upon the soul of man!
Your gold corrodes—your adamant is rotten:
Art hath no name when Nature is forgotten;
It lives thro' toil and dies with toil's subjection—
Only through MAN redeemed comes ART's true resurrection!

Did Egypt build the pyramids, and baptize
Their walls with half a nation's sacrifice?—
Behold! self-immolated, Egypt dies!
Was Greece thro' Helot toil made half-divine?
Lo! the Necropolis is her last sad shrine.
Did Rome o'er trampled men aspire to power?
Her life departed in her triumph hour.

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

No work—no nation—can exist, which rears
Its sinful fame on servile toil and tears.
If Labor's sinewy frame be shackled down
By law or custom—fetter, scourge, or frown,—
If it be not, as God's great laws decree,
And Nature teaches,—if it be not FREE—
Then is ALL toil a doom—a plague—a curse—
Than which the human soul can dream no worse!

THE GOSPEL REVEALED.

Spurn not, O Priest! these tidings unto Toil!
Turn thee, O King! no more thy race despoil!
Claim ye, O Slaves! your birthright to the soil!
For this great GOSPEL, through which men are free,
Burned upon laborers' lips, in Galilee,
And flash'd above the Mount of Calvary!
Toil was evangelized by the glorious thought
Of JOSEPH'S SON, who with his father wrought.
Labor was deified, when, through jibes and scorn,
The ponderous Cross was by its Victim borne:
The GOSPEL OF THE POOR was sent from Him
Whose ministers are the tireless cherubim!

Behold we trace it in the changing skies—
And from the laboring earth its teachings rise;
We hear it in the ocean—and its form
Is mirrored in the drapery of the storm.

THE MYSTERY OF CREATION.

My soul hath sought this Gospel, and upsoared
Through wondrous space, until its glance explored
The wilderness of worlds, that, ever in motion,
Gleam through the starry sky, like Phosphor's light
in ocean!

Light rayed itself from out my heart, like wings,
Bearing me upward; and the mist, which clings
Around all human knowledge, was dispelled:
The works of God I saw—the UNIVERSE beheld!

Each atom—of that illimitable Thought,
Which men call Universe; where God hath wrought
The eternal fabric of which Lives are shreds;
And woven the mystic woof of which our Souls are
threads.

O, ye may measure stars—ye may engirth,
With your wise subtleties, this mortal earth!—
Ye may compute the breadth of zones, and number
The cycles man shall live, ere yet the earth he cumber.

But can ye bound Infinitude? or term
Eternity?——Our trembling sense infirm
Faints with the awful idea of that Being,
Alpha and Omega—Omnipotent! All-seeing!

And—throned upon Infinity—GOD creates:
Never—through all Eternity—abates
The working of His brain; and ceaseless rolls
Out from His boundless heart the ocean of men's souls!

And, in each soul-created, God renews
The likeness of Himself, and re-imbues
Unsentient matter with the eternal sense:
Thus is He multiplied through Nature's elements!

And Man, through all his being, duplicates
The life which God hath given him—he CREATES
In every thought, word, action of his life!
All are immortal—all with good or evil rife.

Thought is the soul of mind—words intermingle
A thousand souls, which once in mind were single;—
But DEEDS are *rivets*, on the mighty chain
Of God with Man, or *blows*, which sunder it in twain.

Create, O MAN! thy heaven! The Eternal MAKER
Invites thee still with Him to be partaker.
Fore-measuring all things, all things He ordains—
And yet no thought, no deed, of thine restrains.

Free actor, thou, O, MAN! The Almighty CAUSE
Projected Nature, and confirmed Her laws:
Thee, then, he called, and, faithful to his Plan,
Made Nature's self subservient unto Man!

GOSPEL OF LABOR.

All elements are thine—all agents render
Their skill to thee—to thee their forces tender.
The Earth thou tread'st,—thy curb is on the Sea:
The Air is chained—the Fire is yoked—for thee!

And thou, O MAN!—free-souled, free-acting still—
Thy Maker formed thee—yields thee to thy will:
O'er-watchful, then, He marks thy changing fate,
But leaves thee, still, ITS CHANGES to create!

The True Republic.

TO

YOUNG AMERICA,

"Garde Mobile"

OF

Liberty's Temple,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

The True Republic.



NOT mine to rule the poet's realms of light—
Not mine to sway the golden tides of song;
Nor may my fingers sweep the chords
That once their stormy music flung,
When Homer trod the Chian strand;
Or rained celestial strains, when sung
Another sightless one in Albion's land.
Oh! not for me the deep, melodious words
That only to those raptured bards belong,
Who, blind to earth, saw heaven with saintly sight,
And spake its language with seraphic tongue.
I may not strike immortal Dante's lyre,
Nor dare the organ-swell of Avon's choir,
Nor thrill with Harold's grand and gloomy fire!

Yet, haply I, with reach of high desire,
May lift my song to greet the orient breaks
Of freedom—as old Memnon hailed the sun;

And fling my numbers to the aspiring wind
That swells exultant with the voice of man,
Singing the birth-song of his dawning hopes;—
Even I, out-looking from my yearning soul,
May chant with answering joy the sounding strain
That mounts impetuous from each patriot's heart—
Crying to all the world, that Freedom lives!

Oh! when can Freedom die? When summer suns
No longer glow upon man's lifted brow,
Nor warm his grateful breast; when Ocean's wave
No more shall roll beneath the changing stars,
But stagnant lie—in desolate repose;
When winds forget their solemn symphonies,
And thunders break not from the gathered clouds;
When Nature shall grow weary of her life,
And thriftless of her stores—and dull Decay
O'erbrood the dying earth,—then, only then,
May human souls despair of Liberty!

Be thou, O WASHINGTON! the witness—thou
Whose memory, moonlike, sits amid our stars,
And rules their brightness with its steadier light!
Whose spirit fills the temple of our love,
And from its portals moves through all the earth;
Whose life is patriotism's chart—whose name
A Pharos burns, o'er all the future's gloom,

To guide the world to its enfranchisement.
Thee! WASHINGTON! I now invoke! Thee, Sire
And Savior of my own—my native land!

Shall it not come?—shall not the hallowed strife,
Of living Man with the dead nightmare shape
Of kingly craft, soon shake the orient world?
Shall not that cruel Moloch, at whose shrine
(Girt with the tyrants of all time) the Earth
Too long hath bowed, and offered up her best
And bravest children in sad hecatombs,—
Oh! shall not this false idol, Royalty,
Be hurled forever from its bloody seat,
And Man, the Patriot, own but God—the Sire?

Command it, Heaven! assert it, Earth! O pray,
Ye suffering millions! that the Hope, so long
Nourished in secret—wildly uttered forth—
Wounded too oft in vainly-daring strife,
But never wholly crushed,—may yet find tongue,
And arm, and soul, to gauge its awful strength,
And clothe it grandly in immortal Deeds!

But thou, my country! land of birth and love!
Delphos of Nations! at whose gate
Their countless multitudes await
The oracle that, thundering from above,
Interprets Freedom's fate!—

TRUE REPUBLIC.

Mecca of Ages! at whose shrine
The pilgrim centuries recline,
And look to thee—to THEE!
For that great sequel to their noblest deeds;
For that broad harvest of their scattered seeds;
For that dear bounty to their sorest needs,—
The PROOF of liberty!

The old world throbs with turbulent unrest!.
Her nations crowd to war—
And, hark! with dreadful jar
The temple-gates of Janus they unbar!
Her monarchs mad with empire's quest—
Her peoples sore opprest—
Await the strife of Sultan and of Czar!
But, throned serenely in the West—
Where struggling Man beholds his freedom-star—
One Great Republic watches from afar!

ONE GREAT REPUBLIC!—great in generous souls!
Supremely great—that she herself controls,
Nor yokes her power to Havoc's car,
To swell the Orient war!
Great in her storied Past!
Whose mighty deeds are mankind's Runnymedes—
Whereby its freedom-charter, broad and vast,
Each yearning nation reads!

TRUE REPUBLIC.

Great in her Present, while her flag, unfurled,
In neutral calmness challenges the world!—
But yet more gloriously great
That she can cast her awful power
In Virtue's shining van:
That she may all the future dower
With blessings unto Man!

No armies fright her vales!
No battle-din assails!
No hireling guards around her portal stand!
But when a stranger nation, starving, cries
For succor at her hand;
O then, in marshalled lines,
Each ripening harvest shines,
And glittering sheaves of golden corn arise—
To conquer and o'er-run the foreign land!

One Great Republic! lo! she towers sublime!
The Hope of Nations, and the Goal of Time!
The van of empire and the throne of mind!
Like that dread Angel who at last shall stand,
With foot upon the sea and land,—
With power from God to loose and bind
The myriads of mankind!

TRUE REPUBLIC.

O, Memories of the Past! ye come
With trumpet blast and roll of drum:
Around me like a bannered host ye are!
I hear the awful signal gun
From BUNKERS' HEIGHT and LEXINGTON,
And MOULTRIE'S cannon thundering from afar!
On every hill—through every glen—
From every mountain-gorge—
I hear the tread of MINUTE-MEN!
I hear their mingling battle-cries
From TRENTON'S glorious field arise,
And sink in VALLEY FORGE;
But still a clarion voice goes forth
And cries, amid the wintry snows:
No East—no West—no South—no North
The Revolution knows!

O ye immortal and heroic souls,
Whose visioned glory rolls
Triumphant through the wondrous Past—Ye men
Of SEVENTY-SIX! who wielded sword and pen!
Ye twins of eloquence, whose burning will
First drew the electric flame of freedom forth—
The Southern HENRY—ADAMS of the North!—
Ye martyred twain,
The Northern WARREN and the Southern HAYNE!
Oh! ye are with us still!

Your awful phantoms walk the viewless air!
On every wind ye glide!
And cry aloud—"Not here—not there:
"On EVERY plain your fathers died—
"Their battle-field the UNION wide;—
"No border claims a separate share!
"And palsied be the patricide
"Who would your heritage divide!"

In History is God—no state may rise—
No nation flourishes—no empire dies—
But hath its lesson writ by Him whose Will
Evoked the Universe, and rules it still.
Not Israel's tribes alone beheld His hand:
In Fire and Cloud He leads through every land!
His Sinai altar flames on every shore;
And nations move but when HE moves before!

Land of my birth! O land of WASHINGTON!
For thee, the Past its mightiest work hath done!
For thee, God's finger shines o'er History's page—
For thee, in solemn words Age answers Age!
Land of each freeman's heart and home and love!
High-throned among the nations! Oh! by thee
May God out-lead the world and free
The expectant tribes of men! Even now, above
The surging waters of their troublous life,
Thou sittest calm, unmingling in the strife!—

TRUE REPUBLIC.

Yet, evermore, as heaves the billowy sea
Of Europe's revolutions—evermore,
As freedom's surges break from shore to shore,—
Behold! each struggling patriot, from the crest
Of some huge wave, looks, yearning, to the West,
And, dying, smiles with but a glimpse of thee!

O proud AMERICA! exalted clime!
Thy soil enriched with heroes' blood:
And every vale, and every crag,
And every field and flood
With freedom beautiful—with strength sublime!
Whilst, over all, thy Flag
Streams from its towering battle-tent,
With heaven's own shimmering ensigns blent,
And marks, where'er the foot of freedom falls,
One beacon more upon the Future's walls—
One other star in Glory's firmament!

THE TRUE REPUBLIC! Wouldst thou, then, enroll
Thy name—the noblest upon Empire's scroll?
Be still thy soil the refuge of th' oppressed!—
Be still thy navies first in danger's quest!
Be still thy succoring hand the first to save!—
Be still thy power the shelter of the brave!
But, evermore, upon thy starlit gate,
HIS words inscribe who taught thee to be great—

Who—first in peace, in war, in patriot hearts—
One peril saw—THE CURSE OF FOREIGN ARTS!

Where threats the danger? lo! in yonder SCHOOL;
Where bigot zeal usurps a separate rule:
In yonder CHURCH, where Labor's scanty mite
Uprears cathedral domes—to shame the light,
Whilst ermined Priestcraft sweeps the marble floors,
And—pauper thousands grovel at the doors!
In yonder CROWD, with jesuit listener nigh;
In yonder HOME—where lurks a foreign spy!
In crafty shepherd and in slavish flocks—
In Freedom's councils, and—her BALLOT-BOX.
'Tis SUPERSTITION! child of deepest night,—
We fear—and IGNORANCE! its kindred blight.
'Tis these we combat—these we would repel
Back from our Temple, to their native hell!
O, marvel not that, when our sorrowing eyes
Behold the storm-portending clouds arise,
We cry aloud, with Monticello's sire:
"O that the Atlantic were a WALL OF FIRE!"

A Wall of Fire! 'Tis ours to thus engirth
This land of refuge for the tribes of earth.
A Wall of Fire—the tyrant's power to brave!
A Sea of Flame—to purify the slave!—
To purge his ignorance—his servile shame—
And make him worthy of a Patriot's name!

TRUE REPUBLIC.

Who would be free must suffer and aspire:
Our LAWS should make for us this Wall of Fire!

Nations are built of MEN—the mighty frame
Of that huge skeleton—a state—
Govern we it with priest or potentate,
Is evermore the same:
Bones, sinews, flesh and blood of human kind:
Moulded together, and made one,
By that tremendous charm—the mind!
And ruled (if ruin it would shun)
By one great bond of Brotherhood,
Swayed for one object—Human Good!

But if the MIND be perished—if the HEART
OF BROTHERHOOD, from which alone
All the life-blood of Liberty must start,—
If this be trampled down,—
Then sinks a nation, from its living state,
Back to the mouldering skeleton!
Such has been—such will be its fate
As Israel's prophet looked upon:
A Valley filled with Human Bones—
Dry, senseless, soulless, as the stones!

Only the breath of true-born Liberty
Can bid such crumbling bones arise—
Only the voice which through all nature cries:
"Man is by birthright free!"

TRUE REPUBLIC.

Only the spirit which ennobles Toil,
And makes the Anvil equal to the Sword;
And makes the peasant, while he delves the soil,
A compeer with the lord,—
So long as mind shall dignify his brain,
And love for human kind within his heart remain.

This, then, the TRUE REPUBLIC!—where true souls
Shall write their actions on its deathless scrolls!
Where Labor with his burden proudly smiles,
And Men are reared, instead of marble piles!
Where willing toils embrace the yielding sod,
And millions kneel in prayer—but pray alone to God!

SHALL THIS BE OUR REPUBLIC? Ay! though guile
And wrong may lift their threat'ning front a while;
Though leaders falter, and defenders fail;
Though statesmen may betray, and champions quail,—
Be sure, (though leprous spots have scarred it o'er,)
The PEOPLE'S HEART is sound within its core!
Above the din of battling Politics
The People's Heart still throbs—with SEVENTY-SIX!

GOD BLESS THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE! It meaneth
Eternally well—and it hateth all wrong:
And ever to goodness and nobleness leaneth;
And hopeth in heaven, though long
It hath suffered from shackle and thong.

TRUE REPUBLIC.

'Tis the Heart of the People first throbbeth indignant,
When despots would rivet their fetters accurst:
And fronts with bold bosom the tyrant malignant—
And swells, till with glorious burst,
Out gushes the flame it hath nursed.

'Tis the Heart of the People—in mighty ovation—
Flings chaplets of fame in the patriot's path:
Or grapples with fraud on his mountainous station,
And showeth what terrors it hath,
When wrong shall awaken its wrath!

'Tis the Heart of the People that lovingly weepeth,
When famishing nations cry wildly for bread;
And forth from that Heart, how its sympathy leapeth,
Till banquets for hunger are spread;
And the living arise from the dead!

Then, God bless the Heart of the People! and arm it
With boldness, and goodness, and vigor and light;
Till Force shall not frighten, till Fraud shall not charm it;
And, shaken by sinews of Right,
Shall crumble the idols of Might!

Oh! then shall the Heart of the People—an ocean
Of rivers, commingling, each spirit a wave—
Roll on in one choral, harmonic devotion,
The Throne of the FATHER to lave:
One Heaven, one Hope—as one Grave.

The Iron Harp.

TO

The Beloved Ones.

O, YE who round the Cross of Suffering cluster!
Fair souls, whose inward love rays out in light,—
Lo! in my heart hath fallen that holy lustre,
Chasing the shadows of my starless night:
Ye have revealed Heaven's brightness to my sight.

Valiant and high-souled MAN and glorious WOMAN!
Such as once walked with God in Paradise;
Such as have loved with hearts all soft and human;
Such as have lived like saints in mortal guise,—
These, such as these, before my soul arise.

Ye are around me, like bright angels, ever;
Breathing sweet prayers, like music, in mine ears:
Prompting each valorous thought—each high endeavor;
Soothing my heart when mocked by phantom fears,—
And with warm love-looks drying all my tears.

Ye who have lived and loved 'mid earthly suffering—
Ye who now chant in Heaven's eternal choir!
Lo! I would crown your tombs with this, mine offering:
Thoughts I have moulded in my bosom's fire—
Voices of Hope, within mine IRON LYRE.

The Iron Harp.

THE SONG OF TOIL.

LET him who will, rehearse the song
Of gentle love and bright Romance!
Let him who will, with tripping tongue,
Lead gleaming thoughts to Fancy's dance;
But let ME strike mine Iron Harp,—
As Northern harps were struck of old!
And let its music, clear and sharp,
Arouse the free and bold!

My hands that IRON HARP shall sweep,
Till from each stroke new strains recoil;
And forth the sounding echoes leap,
To join the arousing SONG OF TOIL:
Till men of mind their thoughts outspeak,
And thoughts awake in kindred mind;
And stirring words shall nerve the weak,
And fetters cease to bind!

IRON HARP.

And, crashing soon o'er soul and sense,
That glorious harp, whose iron strings
Are LABOR'S mighty instruments,
Shall shake the thrones of mortal kings:
And ring of axe—and anvil-note;
And rush of plough through yielding soil;
And laboring engine's vocal throat,—
Shall swell the SONG OF TOIL!

THE POET'S TASK.

WHAT is the Poet's task?
To tear the grave-clothes from the buried ages—
To lift the mighty curtain of the Past!—
And, 'mid the war that old Opinion wages,
Deal out his warnings like a trumpet-blast:—
This is the Poet's task!

Thank God for Light!
Praised be the Source of mortal might and being,
That he hath stripped the veil from off our eyes!
Now, in the blessed consciousness of seeing,
Man may gaze upward, to the glorious skies,
With a strong sight!

IRON HARP.

Labor hath raised its voice![1]
The strong right arm—the mighty limbs of iron—
The hand embrowned by grappling with its toil:
The eyes which, on the perils that environ,
Gaze from the honest soul that wears no soil;—
These are its silent voice!—

Silent—but, oh! how deep!—
Rousing the world to wrestle with its curses—
Speaking the hope of Freedom to the earth:
Vulcan-like stand again those iron nurses,
To give the panoplied MINERVA birth,
From her long, death-like sleep!

Read me, ye schoolmen, now—
Read me the riddle which our SAMSON showeth:
Out of the Strong comes Sweetness[2] once again!
Lo! from the brute how strength'ning honey floweth—
Meat for the suffering souls of famished men!
'Tis the world's riddle now!

Forth shall the nations start
Labor is calling on the heart and spirit—
Labor is casting all its gyves away,—
Labor the garland and the sheaf shall merit;—
Break thou upon my sight, O glorious day!
Bless thou the Poet's heart!

THE POET AND THE PEOPLE.

SPOKE well the Grecian, when he said that poems
Were the high laws that swayed a nation's mind—
Voices that live on echoes—
Brief and prophetic proems,
Opening the great heart-book of human kind!

Songs are a nation's pulses, which discover
If the great body be as nature willed;
Songs are the spasms of soul,
Telling us when men suffer:
Dead is the nation's heart whose songs are stilled.

Lo! the firm poet is the Truth's dispenser—
Standing, like Heaven's high-priest, before its shrine;
And his high thoughts, like incense,
From his soul's golden censer,
Rise to God's throne—a sacrifice divine!

Stands he like SAMUEL, darkly prophesying—
Threats he, like NATHAN, humbling Judah's king—
Comes he as JOHN THE BAPTIST,
'Mid the wild desert crying,—
Still from his soul the impatient voice must spring.

Speaks he to senseless tyrants, who with scourges
Would curb the ocean of the human heart!—
Over their whips and fetters,
Rush his bold songs, like surges:
Forth from the caverns of deep thought they start.

Still for the PEOPLE—still for Man and Freedom—
Boldly his Titan words the bard must speak;
Till his too long-lost birthright
Shall be regained by EDOM(3)—
Till, to restore that right, JACOB shall ESAU seek!

THE POET TO THE PEOPLE.

LIST! ye stern, hard-handed toilers!
Ye who suffer—ye who strive!
Time has been when your despoilers
Gave ye lash, and task, and gyve:
Time has been when each low murmur
Brought the scourge upon your flesh;
When each struggle fixed ye firmer
In your tyrants' cunning mesh!

Ye were then the bond and vassal,
And your master's will obeyed—
Though ye built his lordly castle,
And his arms and armor made:

Even the chains with which he galled you,
Your own fingers did create;
And the very power which thralled you,
From yourselves was delegate!

Thus ye suffered—still unknowing;
Still in doubt and darkness toiled;
Still your sweat and blood were flowing—
Still your tyrants wronged and spoiled!
For ye thought that ye were minions,
And that lords were nobler things—
And your faith was old Opinion's,
And the holy right of kings.

But one bold and firm endeavor
Broke your chains like threads of flax—
And a shield was raised forever
'Gainst the Wronger's fell attacks!
Now ye feel that glorious labors
Stain not man's immortal soul:
Iron ploughs must rule the sabres,
Sledges must the crowns control.

Still ye raise the shaft to heaven—
Still ye force each mighty toil:
Still by you the waves are riven—
Still by you is rent the soil;—

But ye feel that ye no longer
Are the slaves which once ye were;
Feel that ye are purer—stronger;
Feel that ye can wait—and bear!

THE CHAMPIONS OF MANKIND.

HOW gloriously, from out the gloom of Ages,
Flash the true beacon-lights of lofty souls:
Gleaming still brighter, as Life's tempest rages—
Gilding the tide that to Oblivion rolls!

GRACCHUS! first martyr (*) to the cause of reason—
Still shall thy thought each patriot's heart inflame;
Valiant WAT TYLER!—if *thine* acts were treason,
Then may *such* treason gild each freeman's name!

CROMWELL, thou tyrant-queller! slaves may hate thee;
Courtiers may all thy lofty traits deny:
Courtiers and slaves did not, *could not*, create thee!
Thou wert of Mankind's CAUSE—which shall not die.

LO! there are GRACCHI even now among us—
TYLERS, and CROMWELLS, in the People's van:
LO! there are beacons, which the Past has flung us,
Flaming upon the throbbing heart of man!

IRON HARP.

We have beheld an awful Hand, inscribing
JEHOVAH'S sentence on the walls of Wrong!
Passed is the hour for mirth, and scorn, and gibing—
Heaven's balance weighs the JUST against the STRONG.

THE ARTISAN.

LIFT up thine iron hand—
Thou of the stalwart arm and fearless eye!
Lift proudly, now, thine iron hand on high—
Firm and undaunted stand!

No need hast thou of gems,
To deck the temple of thy glorious thought:
Thou hast the jewels which thy mind enwrought—
Richer than diadems!

Thou art our God's high-priest!
Standing before great Nature's mighty shrine;
For the whole world the glorious task is thine,
To spread the eternal feast.

Even like the Hebrew chief,
Strikest thou on the rock, and, from its deep,
Mysterious heart—the living waters leap,
To give the earth relief.

IRON HARP.

Mighty among thy kind,
Standest thou, man of iron toil! midway
Between the earth and heaven, all things to sway
By thy high-working mind!

Thou canst delve in the earth,
And from its mighty caves bring forth pure gold;
Thou canst unwrap the clouds in heaven rolled,
And give the lightnings birth.

Thou hast the stormy sea
Chained to thy chariot-wheels, and the wild winds
Obey the o'er-ruling intellect that binds
Their rushing wings to thee.

Thou canst bid Thought go forth
Upon the electric pinions of the air,
And through the opposeless ether thou canst bear
Thy words from South to North.

Thou canst new lands create,
Where the wild-rolling wave no mastery owns;
And the vast distance of opposing zones
Canst thou annihilate!

Thou know'st heaven's ordinances—
And their dominion in the earth thou seest!
And the floods hear thee, in their shrouds of mist,
And bring their fruitfulness!

IRON HARP.

Lift, then, thy hand to heaven!
Spread thy toil-sceptre o'er the sea and land:
Thou hast the world intrusted to thy hand—
Earth to thy charge is given!

MEN OF THOUGHT.

MEN who ponder, list to me!
In the depths of all your hearts,
Something lives and something starts:
It would mount—it would be free—
Chain it not, I counsel ye!

Men who in the furrow tread,
Sowing seed within the earth—
Trusting in its future birth,—
Lo! within your HEARTS lies dead
Seed that may be future bread!

Men whose lives with toil are fraught—
Ye who o'er the anvil bow,—
In your SOULS, O gaze ye now:
There abides the anvil, THOUGHT—
There may mighty deeds be wrought!

IRON HARP.

Acorns blossom to the oak—
Drops of rain to oceans swell:
Dare not ye your thoughts to quell!
Never yet was truth outspoke,
That hath not an echo woke!

Dare not ye your thoughts to hide!
On the waters cast your bread:
Prophets were by ravens fed.
If to speak it hath not tried,
Then is Thought a suicide!

Speak ye, men of thought! speak out—
Trust ye still response to find!
Thoughts will wake in kindred mind;
Even as the arousing shout
Starts reply from caverns deep.
Echoes, till ye speak, will sleep.

'Patch not ancient lies with new!
Moths will seek their old abode:
Build on sand a marble road,
And 'twill sink its basis through.
Rivets in a rotten shield
Will but make it sooner yield.

Duganne.

IRON HARP.

What though ye be weak and few?
What though never a sunbeam smiles?
Insects build the coral isles—
Insects pierce the ocean through:
Ye are MEN—and will ye quail,
When the *insect* did not fail?

Clothed with nightshade thrive the oaks:
Truth, though bound in shackles, thrives;
Error forgeth her own gyves,
As itself the nightshade chokes.
Stars, and flowers, and all things bright,
Work through darkness into light.

Speak ye, then, to echoing souls,
Till the eternal concave sound—
Till around Creation roll
Voices from the vast profound:
Even like the glorious shouts that rang,
When morning stars together sang.

WORDS OF HOPE.

DREAMERS! wake ye from your revery—
Sleepers! rouse ye from your sleep!
Wrong and vice, in virtue's livery,
Round ye like the serpents creep

IRON HARP.

Men are drops, and God the ocean:
Lives are streams that flow to heaven:
Ye must act in mingling motion,
Else to vapors ye are driven!

Fix your glances on futurity:
Lo! where beams the day-spring bright!
Ye may yet know joy and purity—
Darkness may be changed to light!

God sleeps not, though sleeps humanity;
Still he moves in fire and cloud:
Heaven is not a vast inanity—
Earth is more than mankind's shroud!

Good is in our race, though hidden—
Peace is mightier far than strife:
Earth may yet be made an Eden,
Heaven be reached in mortal life!

There is naught so high and holy,
As the hope which conquers pain:
In yourselves, ye crushed and lowly,
Lives the power to rise again!

Trust not that which startles reason—
Good can ne'er be gained by ill;
All that chains, or clouds, is treason—
Naught is powerful, but "I WILL!"

Duganne.

IRON HARP.

Would ye read the Eternal's mystery?
Like blind Bartiméus pray!
Eyes that best discern God's history,
Were anointed first with clay.

Gaze from well-deeps into heaven,
And ye see the stars at noon;
Thus to lowly sense is given
Reason's best and richest boon!

Not one grain of earth's material
Ever was or shall be lost:—
And shall Man's great soul ethereal
Be to dark oblivion tost?

Boldly speak—reluctant lisper!
Truth's appeal will mount on high:
Each brave word—each feeble whisper—
Once breathed out, can never die!

LIFE'S ODYSSEY.

BROTHERS mine! we are on life's ocean—
Stout our bark and the wind astern;
Hearts wound up to a brave devotion:
We shall suffer—we shall learn!

Brothers mine! now the blue wave kisses,
Greets our prow with its lips of foam:
We are bound, like the bold Ulysses,
Onward, onward—wandering home.

Helmsmau! grasp the obedient tiller!
Yonder swells the arising deep;
Here's Charybdis, and there is Scylla—
Storm and wreck between them sleep.

List ye not to the Sirens' wooing—
Speed ye on o'er the mystic wave:
Slothful rest is the soul's undoing—
Pleasure's couch is Virtue's grave.

Brothers mine! to the struggle bend you—
Ply your oars with an earnest strength!
Labor on till the gods befriend you:
Home shall bless your hearts at length.

PAST——PRESENT——FUTURE.

GHOST of the buried Past!
Lo! we invoke thee from the shroud of Ages—
Even from the awful shroud of withered Time!
Come, with the lore of prophets and of sages!
Come, with thy mystic truths, and thoughts sublime,
Like raiment round thee cast!

IRON HARP.

Clad in his iron mail,
Yet trembling in the shadowy light uncertain,
Standeth the Present, like the monarch SAUL;
To lift the darksome Future's mighty curtain,
Calling dead SAMUEL from his mystic pall—
Dead SAMUEL, cold and pale!

A weak and frail old man,
And bowed beneath the weight of thy foretelling,
Art thou, O phantom of the buried years!
Lo! as we bend, like SAUL, with bosoms swelling,
Scarce (through the cloudy mantle of thy tears)
May we thy features scan.

Even like that twain of old,
To speak and hear the solemn words of warning,—
Prophet and King, the Past and Present stand:
This, as a corpse—no gems nor crown adorning—
And this, with crested brow and sceptred hand,
A monarch stern and bold!

List we the Prophet's cry—
The Past, the Present, and the Future's story:
SAMUEL, and SAUL, and DAVID, live once more;
Soon shall the new-born light beam forth in glory—
Soon shall the darkness of our world be o'er:
The Future draweth nigh!

Read we the parable—
No more the living dead our earth shall cumber!
The mighty strife of human hearts shall cease!
The dying PRESENT with the PAST shall slumber—
And Man awake to hail the FUTURE'S peace!
Read we the lesson well!

THE LAMENT OF PAN.

LISTEN to the heart of old PAN (5)—how it sobbeth
For MAN: how it swelleth with sorrow, and throbbeth
With horror, and river-like poureth its tears—
And with agony scoreth the column of years!

Listen to the wail of old PAN—how he groaneth
For MAN—how he striveth in terror, and moaneth,
While Error her serpents would throw on his life—
Like the old LAOCÓÖN in terrible strife!

Listen to the prayer of old PAN—while he bleedeth
For MAN! how, beneath each dread curse, he yet pleadeth
For mercy—for saviors, to free us from blight—
For some new PROMETHÉUS to bring heaven's light!

IRON HARP.

Listen to the story of PAN—how he speaketh
For MAN: how, with holy endeavor, he seeketh
Forever on Man to bestow a fair fame—
And, like SHEM with old NOAH, concealeth his shame.

Listen to the hope of old PAN—how prophetic
For MAN: how, though darkly he gropeth, ecstatic
He hopeth for succor from Heaven at length;
When that time shall have given the Nazarite strength.

Listen to the words of old PAN—and be ruthful
To MAN: blessed PSYCHE, be loving and truthful;
And, proving forever thy mission on earth,
Let thy holy contrition give happiness birth!

LIVE THEM DOWN.

BROTHER! art thou poor and lowly,
Toiling, drudging day by day,
Journeying painfully and slowly,
On thy dark and desert way?
Pause not—though the proud ones frown!
Sink not, fear not!—Live them down!

Though to Vice thou shalt not pander,
Though to Virtue thou mayst kneel,

IRON HARP.

Yet thou shalt escape not slander;
Jibe and lie thy soul must feel;
Jest of witling—curse of clown:
Heed not either!—Live them down!

Hate may wield her scourges horrid;
Malice may thy woes deride;
Scorn may bind with thorns thy forehead;
Envy's spear may pierce thy side!
Lo! through Cross shall come the Crown!
Fear not foemen!—Live them down!

THE ANGELS.

ANGEL OF HOPE:

I HEAR thy wings, my sister,
Though the night is dark around thee—
Oh, those wings are drooping heavily,
As if the tempest bound thee.
Tell me, sister—whither now?
Whence and wherefore journeyest thou?

ANGEL OF SUFFERING:

I come—Oh, I come,
From the hapless realms,
Where souls are dumb,
Where wrong o'erwhelms;

IRON HARP.

From the land where the Famine hath been—
Hath been and will be again;
And wring the hearts of desperate men
With slow, consuming pain,—
Till souls that once were free from sin
Are black as the soul of CAIN!
Famishing mothers, and famishing sires,
And sons with hearts of hate;
Lighting their terrible signal-fires,
Piling their hovels in funeral pyres—
Lying in wait,
With hearts of hate,
At the cruel tyrant's gate!
Earth is mighty, and earth hath room
For millions of souls unborn;
Harvests smile, and orchards bloom,
And fields are heavy with corn!
And yet there cometh the Famine's doom,
And the livid Plague's despairing gloom,
O'er Erin's land forlorn!

ANGEL OF HOPE:

Heaven helpeth—Heaven helpeth—
Though the clouds may darkly frown:
Heaven lifts the poor and wretched—
Heaven brings the haughty down!
Trust in heaven, suffering Angel:—
Sorrow seals the true evangel!

IRON HARP.

ANGEL OF SUFFERING:

I have been to the darksome mine,
Where ALBION'S infant slaves
In wretchedness toil—in hopelessness pine,
From birth to earth;—
Nor joy nor mirth
From cradles unto graves!
Children with withered hearts,
And maidens with never a maiden's shame,—
Toiling and toiling till life departs,
Living and dying without a name;
Living forever to labor and labor,
Cursing their lords,
With horrible words,—
Wrestling with brother, and struggling with neighbor.

ANGEL OF HOPE:

Heaven is mighty! and God is good!
Little of love is understood!
Yet cometh the hour
Of Beauty and Power—
Cometh the glorious day—
When Right shall be Might,
And Darkness Light,
And Wrong be swept away.

THE WORLD'S LIE.

I LOOKED from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon-cell—
And I saw the Life-tide rolling,
With a sullen, angry swell;
And the battle-ships were riding
Like leviathans in pride—
While their cannon-shot were raining
On the stormy human tide.
Then my soul in anguish wept,
Sending forth a wailing cry:
Said the World, "This comes from heaven!"
Said my soul, "IT IS A LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon-cell—
And a sound of mortal moaning
On my reeling senses fell;
And I heard the fall of lashes,
And the clank of iron chains,
And I saw where Men were writhing
Under Slavery's cruel pains.
Then my soul looked up to God,
With a wo-beclouded eye:
Said the World, "This comes from heaven!"
Said my soul, "IT IS A LIE!"

IRON HARP.

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon-cell—
And I heard the solemn tolling
Of a malefactor's knell;
And I saw the frowning gallows
Reared aloft in awful gloom,
While a thousand eyes were gloating
O'er a felon's horrid doom.
And a shout of heartless mirth
On the wind was rushing by:
Said the World, "This comes from heaven!"
Said my soul, "IT IS A LIE!"

I looked from out the grating
Of my spirit's dungeon-cell—
Where the harvest-wealth was blooming
Over smiling plain and dell;
And I saw a million paupers
With their foreheads in the dust—
And I saw a million workers
Slay each other for a crust!
And I cried, "O God above!
Shall thy People always die?"
Said the World, "This comes from heaven!"
Said my soul, "IT IS A LIE!"

MEN OF MY COUNTRY.

MEN of my country! Earth is wide—
And souls are kindred still!
Tyrants with hate men's hearts divide—
Freedom with love will thrill!
Oh! not enough—oh! not enough,
That ye nor rob nor kill;
Your brethren ye must nerve and guide
With your own glorious will.

Men of my country! lo! your keels
Are ploughing every sea:
Still, wheresoe'er the bright sun wheels,
There in your might are ye!
Yet not enough—oh! not enough,
That ye yourselves are free—
Still wheresoe'er a patriot kneels
There must your mission be!

Men of my country! lo! our God
Your destiny hath planned:
Where'er a tyrant lifts his rod,
There must ye stay his hand!
Oh! not enough—oh! not enough,
That heaven hath blessed our land—
Where'er the soul of man is trod,
There must ye make your stand.

HOPE YE ALWAY.

YOUNG hearts! hope ever!
There's no time for repining while work is undone—
There's no harvesting time save when shineth the sun.
O repine ye, then, never!

True heart! sink never!
Though darkly the clouds overshadow thy sky,
Yet the sun will beam forth, when the shadows roll by;
Darkness lasteth not ever!

Fond heart! faint never!
Though Eros may journey full many a mile,
There's an Anteros(6) *somewhere*, with welcoming smile:
Love endureth forever!

THE SMITHY.

THE night is dark—the road is blind—
The traveller's heart is dreary:
Fogs rise before, rain falls behind;
Both man and steed are weary.

The floods pour fast on either side,
The ground beneath half crumbles;
The panting horse, with nostrils wide,
Neighs, starts, and wildly stumbles.

IRON HARP.

But hark! kling, klang! a hammer-sound—
Stout hammer-blows on iron;
And now a bright blaze gleams around
The shadows that environ.

"Now, God be praised!" the traveller cries—
"The road no more is dreary!
"For there the smith his anvil plies—
"There burns his forge so cheery.

"Kling, klang! the music glads mine ear—
"The blaze my path enlightens;
"There shines it brightly far and near:
"Stream, road, and hill it brightens."

The traveller spurred his steed once more—
The steed pressed onward lightly;
Till soon before the smithy door
Was drawn his bridle tightly.

Thus said the traveller to the smith—
"Strike on, strike on, my master!
"Our God is still thy labors with:
"Strike on, then, fast and faster!

"And let thy forge-blaze brighter gleam—
"Thy hammer-strokes ring louder:
"Kling-klang thy blows! for well I deem
"No task than thine is prouder!

"For Labor's blows shall wake mankind
"With strokes of toil Titanic—
"And forge-like shine the Toiler's mind!—
"Strike on, then, brave MECHANIC!"

THE PAUPER'S PLACE.

WHY art thou sad, O father? why is thy brow o'ercast?
Thus I spake a sorrowing man
Whom I oft passed:

Sitting alone by the wayside, begging his daily bread—
Blind he was, and snows of age
Whitened his head.

"Grieving I am," he answered—"grieving I well may be;
"There's no place in burial grouud
For such as me."

Truly, (I said,) my father—buried thou'lt be, I ween:
Charity will bestow thee place
In churchyard green.

Answered to me that old man, sorrowful answered he:
"Poor-house bed and surgeon's board
Are place for me!"

THE POOR.

THE storm is out upon the air—
I hear its hollow sound,
As, seated in my elbow-chair,
In silent thought profound,
I listen to the dropping rain,
That patters on each pane.

Now, shrieking through the stormy night,
The wind is rushing wild;
And far above in heaven's height
The murky clouds are piled:
And not a single star looks down
To smile away the frown.

The signs are creaking in the street,
The vanes are whirling fast;
And drearily the driving sleet
Is borne upon the blast;
And gusty rain, and icy hail,
The close-barred doors assail!

The watchman shrinketh in his box,
As fast the chill rain falls,
And with the clanging city clocks
His solemn warning calls—

Or, closer in his mantle wound,
Reluctant stalks his round!

But wandering up and down the streets,
Amid the chilly mist,
Oh! many hapless ones he meets
Upon his round, I wist;
The child of shame, of want, of wo,
Who wanders to and fro.

Ah me! how many houseless ones
Are sinking on the ground—
The outcast, whom the proud one shuns—
Who pity never found,—
The friendless and the orphan child,
Amid the storm so wild.

Creeping away through alleys old,
Before the tempest drear;
With hunger cramped—benumbed with cold,
And shivering with fear,—
The sad one bendeth down his form,
Before the midnight storm.

Oh! there are LITTLE CHILDREN there,
With lean and shrunken limbs,
Within whose eye the tear of care
The light of childhood dims—

Duganne.

IRON HARP.

Pale lips they have, and cheeks so white—
Oh! 'tis a fearful sight!

Hear ye the wind that whistles by—
O thoughtless sons of pride?
On it was borne *their* broken sigh
Who in the streets abide.
Ye on your beds of down will sleep—
They on the stones must weep.

Feel ye the glowing flame that warms
Your luxury-lapp'd couch?—
Oh! could ye mark the wasted forms
Along the streets that crouch,—
Ye might perchance a moment feel
Your blood, like theirs, congeal!

O! that I had what ye in mirth,
Or worse than mirth, expend!—
I'd buy the noblest name on earth—
"The wretched outcast's friend!"
And treasure up—as incense pure—
The blessings of the Poor.

THE POET.

LIKE the wandering camp of ISRAEL, in the wilderness of ZIN,
Is the mighty world we dwell in, with its turmoil and its din;
And the Poet, like old MOSES, when his thoughts to God aspire,
Holdeth commune with high Heaven, on his spirit's Mount of Fire.

From the camp of old opinions, and the strife of earthly things,
To the SINAI of his spirit, lo! the trusting Poet springs:
And the glorious words of Genius, by Jehovah's fingers wrought,
Like the tablets of high teachings, are engraven on his thought.

Then, with ardent hopes and longings, to the camp of men he turns,
While the reflex of God's splendor on his lofty forehead burns:
Lo! they kneel before an idol—lo! they worship senseless gold,
Like the wilderness idolaters, before the calf of old!

Can ye blame the lofty Poet that he turns in scorn
away
From the grovelling souls around him that are moulded
in the clay?
Can ye blame him, if, despairing, he shall dash his
thoughts to earth:—
Break the tablets of his genius, that in God have had
their birth?

HOPE ON.

HOPE on!
Even when thy heaven is clouded,
Seest thou not,
Where the dark night is shrouded,
Stars look out?
Though they are *hidden*, still they shine—
Soon shalt thou see their light divine!

Hope on!
Often the dark shadow falleth
Over thy soul:
O'er thee the storm that appalleth
Often must roll:
Yet but remember, *light* must be,
Else were the *shadow* unseen by thee!

THE TOILER'S HOPE.

ON this old and glorious earth,
Toiling all their lifetime through,
Millions live who from their birth
Still have bowed them to the few:
They have bent, and groaned, and striven,
By the lash of misery driven,—
What hath God to these men given?

Toiling, toiling, still they bear—
Still to toil the master urges;
If a murmuring word they dare,
Straight 'tis hushed by tyrant scourges.
Yet these men have deathless spirits;
Life from God each heart inherits,—
Tell me, then, if *death* it merits!

Gold hath made these mortals slaves;
Gold hath bowed their suppliant hands;
From their birthdays to their graves,
Chained are they with cruel bands:
They have suffered—they have waited—
They have been as outcasts rated:
Say—were they by God thus fated?

IRON HARP.

God will give these bondmen friends—
  Friends of thought, and friends of action:
Thoughts that shape out glorious ends—
  Acts that are not ruled by faction.
And these friends, in truth and reason,
(Holding noble deeds no treason,)
Soon will crush the bondman's prison.

EARTH-SHARING.

LISTEN, workers! listen!
Ye who all your lives are toiling,
In the field and workshop moiling,—
Lo! your serpent-wrongs are coiling
  Closer round you. Listen!

Ponder, workers! ponder!
While ye poise your iron sledges,
While ye fix your rending wedges,—
Lo! your strength and skill are pledges
  Of your manhood. Ponder!

Listen, workers! listen!
Sledges may crush else than matter:
Wedges may your curses scatter,—
Toilers once again may batter
  Moral Bastiles. Listen!

IRON HARP.

Ponder, workers! ponder!
God gave equal earth to mortals,
Ere they crossed fair Eden's portals:—
Where's the ancient law that foretells
Mortal slavery? Ponder!

Answer, workers! answer!
Have the woes which ye are bearing,
Have the chains your limbs are wearing,
Palsied all the hope and daring
Of your spirits? Answer!

Listen, workers! listen!
Earth is yours—the broad, wide guerdon
Given to man with life's first burden;—
God hath set his seal and word on
Man's true title. Listen!

Ponder, workers! ponder!
Hold this truth within your keeping,
Till the harvest you are reaping:—
God is landlord, and unsleeping
Watches o'er you. Ponder!

HEART AND SOUL.

O HUMAN heart! by weary sorrow withered—
O soul! in darkness to oblivion groping;—
Why are ye now no longer bravely hoping?
Why is the mighty will so chained and tethered?
Answer me, Heart and Soul.

Alas! we dare not with our curses wrestle,
Each abject thought in willing slavery crouches:
Alas! men sleep while woes among them nestle—
Nestle, like snakes, within their very couches.

O human heart! these woes are not forever—
O human soul! gird on thy holy armor:
Ye may dissolve the spell and foil the charmer;
Ye may at once each rusted shackle sever.
Why weep, then, Heart and Soul?

'Tis that the sons of men in crime are suckled—
Infants in years are dotards in deceiving:
Sorrows, like leeches, to men's hearts are cleaving—
Want, like a slave-chain, on the soul is buckled.

O human heart! to thee hath HOPE been given;
O human soul! thy purpose ne'er should falter:
Trust that the flame of Love shall fall from Heaven—
Fall and illume Truth's long-benighted altar!
Hope ye still, Heart and Soul!

TRUST IN GOD.

FATHER in heaven! my spirit knew Thee not!
But when the fearful storm, that wrecked my heart,
Beat round the fortress of my life, and wrought
My brain to madness—and the poisoned dart
Of hopeless grief (uncured, unreached by art)
Was rusting in my soul,—my maddened thought,
Concentrate, burst its bonds, and its CREATOR sought.

Thee, God! I saw. My spirit-eyes looked out,
And (through the cloud-veil of the world) beheld
The throned and radiant Conqueror of Doubt:
The mists of human passion were dispelled—
My soul shook off the terror that had quelled
The life within it, and, in joy devout,
Echoed the seraph-song, and swelled the triumph-shout.

Mysterious God! my spirit looked on Thee!
Thee—the Eternal! High! Unchangeable!
Back, through the vista of eternity.—
All that the soul's imaginings might tell
I saw, and leaped, rejoicing, from the spell
That bound me in my mortal destiny.—
My soul forsook its chains, in its CREATOR free!

GOD AND MAN.

LET nature judge! Are all things right?
Or is the Present wrong?
Why are there wo, and shame, and blight,
To paralyze my song?

My soul would wind itself in love
Around all human things!—
For struggling man to mount above,
My songs should be as wings!

Why do the outcast crowd my path,
And fasten on my heart?
Why do the vicious wake my wrath,
Or cause my tears to start?

It is not right! I ask ye all,—
As God is just and wise,—
Why vice still holds mankind in thrall?
Why virtue, struggling, dies?

Man on his brother's heart hath trod—
Man is man's mortal foe;
Man is antagonist to God!—
This only do I know.

God help us! we have threescore years
And ten, at most, to live—
And yet we scatter griefs and tears!—
We pray—yet ne'er forgive!

OUR MOTHER EARTH.

WHENCE arise the springs that nourish
All Creation from its birth?
Whence spring up the oaks, and flourish?—
From the Earth—our mother Earth!
Where are gems and crystals hidden?
Where are ores of wondrous worth?
Whence are fire and heat upbidden?—
From the Earth—our mother Earth!

Whence arise the green oases,
In the desert's sandy dearth?
What is life's support and basis?
'Tis the Earth—our mother Earth!
Bread, and fire, and crystal water—
All within our being's girth:
Gold and gems, to those who sought her,—
Hath she given—mother Earth!

She is Mankind's nurse and servant—
Still our mother and our slave:
Still the same, in labor fervent,
From our birth-day to our grave!
Never yet hath God ordained her
To be trodden by the few!
Grasping lords have but profaned her;
And their crime they yet shall rue!

Like the seed within her bosom,
Sleeps a future, yet, of Right!—
Man shall see his hopes in blossom!
Man shall yet reveal his might!
Then, no *one*, above another,
Shall assert his nobler birth;
But each man shall share his mother—
Share his glorious mother—Earth!

THE UNSOLD LANDS.

A BILLION of acres of unsold land(7)
Are lying in grievous dearth;
And millions of men in the image of God
Are starving—all over the earth!
Oh! tell me, ye sons of America!
How much men's lives are worth!

Ten hundred millions of acres good,
That never knew spade nor plough;—
And a million of souls, in our goodly land,
Are pining in want, I trow:
And orphans are crying for bread this day,
And widows in misery bow!

To whom do these acres of land belong?
And why do they thriftless lie?
And why is the widow's lament unheard—
And stifled the orphan's cry?
And why are the poor-house and jail so full—
And the gallows-tree built high?

Those millions of acres belong to Man!
And his claim is—that he NEEDS!
And his title is sealed by the hand of God—
Our God! who the raven feeds:
And the starving soul of each famished man
At the throne of justice pleads!

Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,
Whose hearts as rocks are cold!—
But the time will come when the fiat of God
In thunder shall be told!
For the voice of the great I AM hath said,
That "the land shall not be sold!"

EPIGRAM.

"God help me!" cried the Poor Man:
And the Rich Man said, "Amen!"
And the Poor Man died at the Rich Man's door:—
God *helped* the Poor Man then!

THE LANDLESS.

THE landless! the landless!
The wrestlers for a crust—
Behold to outer darkness
These wretched men are thrust.
I hear their sullen moanings;
Their curses low and deep;
And I see their bodies writhing
Like a maniac in his sleep!
Will no lightning rend their fetters?
Will no sunbeam pierce their eyes?—
In the name of truth and manhood,
Will they never—never rise?

The landless! the landless!
They have no household gods:
Their father's graves are trampled—
For strangers own the sods.
They have no home nor country—
No roof nor household hearth,—
Though all around them blossometh
The beautiful glad earth!
They fight a stranger's battles,
And they build a stranger's dome—
But the landless!—the landless!
God help them!—have no home!

HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

HOMES for the homeless!
Our prayers still rise:
Justice is faithful—
And Truth never dies.
Roses for nettles,
And plenty for dearth;
Homes for the homeless,
On God's free earth.

Homes for the orphan—
The widow forlorn;
Homes for the exile—
Where'er he was born.
Give us, O country!
Our right to the soil:—
Earth shall be gladsome
With generous toil.

Homes for the homeless—
Who famish for bread—
Earth for the living,
And earth for the dead.
Give us our birthright,
O tyrannous gold!
The *land* is our CHARTER—
It shall not be sold!

THE ACRES AND THE HANDS.

"*THE* earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,"
Said God's most holy word:—
The water hath fish, and the land hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth,
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres—
While millions of acres want hands!

Sunlight, and breezes, and gladsome flowers,
Are over the earth spread wide;
And the good God gave these gifts to men—
To men who on earth abide:
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,—
While millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands!
Oh! millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

IRON HARP.

'Tis writ, that "ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn!"
But behold! ye shackle the poor man's hands,
That have all earth's burdens borne!
The LAND is the gift of a bounteous God—
And TO LABOR his word commands,—
Yet millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

Who hath ordained that the Few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold?—
And rob the earth of its fruits and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,—
When millions of hands want acres—
And millions of acres want hands!

'Tis a glaring LIE on the face of day—
This robbery of men's rights!
'Tis a lie, that the word of the Lord disowns—
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight till the people rise,
And swear, while they break their bands—
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands!

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE—
That the earth was made for man!
That flowers were strown,
And fruits were grown,
To bless and never to ban;
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother!—
Free gifts from heaven,
And freely given,
To one as well as another!

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE—
That man is the image of GOD!
His limbs or soul
Ye may not control
With shackle, or shame, or rod!
We may not be sold,
For silver or gold:
Neither you nor I, my brother!
For Freedom was given,
By God from heaven,
To one as well as another!

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE—
That famine, and crime, and wo,
Forever abide,
Still side by side,
With luxury's dazzling show;
That LAZARUS crawls
From DIVES' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother!—
Yet Life was given,
By GOD from heaven,
To one as well as another!

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE—
That the laborer claims his meed:
The right of SOIL,
And the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed;
The right to bear,
And the right to share,
With you and me, my brother!—
Whatever is given,
By GOD from heaven,
To one as well as another!

THE POOR MAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the Poor Man's Fatherland?
Is 't where his sire was wed?
Is 't where his mother, with gentle hand,
His infant footsteps led?
Not so, not so! he knoweth well
That strangers now in that old home dwell.

Where is the poor man's Fatherland?
Is 't where his childhood passed?
Is 't where, like river o'er golden sand,
His gladsome youth fled fast?
Not so, not so! wo worth the day!
He wanders far from those scenes away.

Where is the poor man's Fatherland?
Is 't where he toils and strives?
Is 't where he heareth a lord's command,
Or weareth pauper gyves?
Not so, not so! his master's will
May cast him forth—as a wanderer still.

Truly he hath no Fatherland!
  On all this wide, wide earth;
In life he dwelleth by penury banned,
  An alien from his birth;
And dead, he hath no rood of ground—
Not even the space of a churchyard mound!

Truly, O LORD! why tarriest thou?
  Thy children, suffering, wait:
Their bread is eaten by sweat of brow,
  Within the stranger's gate.
Yet hope they still—those alien Poor;
Thy Word for them is a Promise sure.

Surely thou seest a sparrow fall,
  And hearest the raven's cry!
And all the millions who dwell in thrall,
  Beneath thy mercies lie.
With brow erect they soon shall stand,
And all the earth be their Fatherland!

WHO OWNETH AMERICA'S SOIL.

WHO owneth America's soil?
Is it he who graspeth the hard red gold;
Whose glittering gains are by millions told;
Who bindeth his slaves to the woof and loom,
And chaineth their souls in a living tomb,—
The tomb of hopeless toil?
Not he, not he—by Heaven!

Who shieldeth America's land?
Is it he who counteth his ships by scores;
Who plucketh his gains from a thousand shores;
Who buyeth and selleth, and worketh not,
And holdeth in pride what by fraud he got—
With hard and griping hand?
Not he, not he—by Heaven!

Who guardeth America's right?
Is it he who eateth the orphan's bread,
And crusheth the poor with his grinding tread;
Who flingeth his bank-note lies abroad,
And buildeth to worship a golden god,
A shrine to Mammon's might?
Not he, not he—by Heaven!

Not these, not these—by Heaven!
But to those who labor for God and Man;
Who work their part in the world's great plan,—
Who plant good seed in the desert's dearth,
And bring forth treasures from brave old Earth;
To these the soil is given—
To these, to these—by Heaven!

To these must the soil belong:
To the men of all climes whose souls are true—
Or Pagan, or Christian, or Turk, or Jew;
To the men who will hallow our glorious soil—
The millions who hope, and the millions who toil
For the Right against the Wrong:
To these shall the soil be given—
To these, to these—by Heaven

Duganne.

IRON HARP.

EPODE.

NOW Heaven's eternal stars, like fires,
Gleam through the wintry sky!
I lift mine Iron Harp on high—
I strike the last stroke on these wires,
While sad winds hurry by.

My task is not yet done,—but Night
Gloometh around my brow:
I struggle with my fate, yet bow!
I murmur not—for, high and bright,
Those stars shine on me now!

Those stars are signs that still on earth,
Flashing amid our shames,
And shining forth like altar-flames,
Are loving hearts and souls of worth,
With high and glorious names.

Still golden harpings heavenward float—
Wing-like to lift his soul—
From HIM whose brook-like feelings stole
Through music, like a dove's low note,
Where Harvard's waters roll.

IRON HARP.

Still Lowell clasps, like cherub strong,
Lovingly clasps his lyre;
And flashes forth his heart of fire,
And rolls the river of his song
In fountains from each wire.

Still Whittier, with high purpose fraught,
Toileth in Freedom's war:
His harp-strings are the chains he tore
From slaves, where rings his iron thought,
Like hammer-strokes of Thor.

Too long the Poet's falchion bright
Sheathéd in gold had slept!
The Iron Blade hath fitly leapt;
And now for Human Ruth and Right
All Harps shall soon be swept.

NOTES

TO

The Iron Harp.

(1) *Labor hath raised its Voice.*

Are not the "Crystal Palaces" and "Industrial Exhibitions" of the present era to be regarded as the mute assertions of Labor's claim to consideration?

(2) *Out of the Strong comes Sweetness* ——

And he said unto them, Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound the riddle.—*Judges* xiv. 14.

(3) *Shall be regained by Edom.*

And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red *pottage;* for I *am* faint: therefore was his name called EDOM. And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright.—*Genesis* xxv. 30, 31.

(4) *Gracchus! first martyr* ———

TIB. SEMP. GRACCHUS, a noble Roman, stimulated by the abject condition of the lower classes of Roman citizens, attempted to revive a modification of the Licinian law, in total contempt of which the patricians and men of opulence had, by a series of usurpations, appropriated to themselves all the public lands. This excited the bitter resentment of the patrician party, by a faction of whom he was finally assassinated.—*Plutarch* Vit. Gracch.

(5) *Listen to the heart of old Pan*——

PAN—the principle of universal nature, as imbodied in the Greek and Roman mythology.

(6) *There's an Anteros somewhere* ———.

ANTEROS is the god of mutual love and tenderness—whom EROS is continually seeking. When Venus complained that her son Cupid always seemed a child, she was told that if he had a brother, he would grow up in a short space of time. As soon as Anteros was born, Cupid felt his strength increase and his wings enlarge, but if ever his brother was away from him, he found himself reduced to his ancient shape. From this circumstance it is seen that return of passion gives vigor to love.—*Cic. de Nat.*

(7) "The United States claim more than 1,000,000,000 acres of unsettled lands."—Senate Document, 416. XXIXth Congress, (last session.)

Parnassus in Pillory.

"Lend me your EARS.
SHAKSPEARE.

Duganne.

TO

His Friend,

JAMES LESLEY, JR.

OF PHILADELPHIA,

AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF APPRECIATION,

This Satire

IS DEDICATED BY

MOTLEY MANNERS, Esq.

Parnassus in Pillory.



THOU who whilome, with unsparing jibe
And scorching satire, lashed the scribbling tribe;
Thou, who on Roman pimp and parasite
Didst pour the vials of thy righteous spite;—
Imperial Horace! let thy task be mine—
Let truth and justice sanctify my line!

And thou! relentless Draco of the schools,
Whose laws were scored upon the backs of fools!—
Thou bi-tongued genius, from whose magic lips
Poison for knaves, for good men honey, drips!
Thou Poet-Lacon, withering with a verb,
And reining folly with a figure's curb,—
Thou of the Dunciad! animate my strain;
For vain my task if 'tis not in thy vein!

As in some butcher's barricaded stall,
A thousand prisoned rats gnaw, squeak, and crawl,
While at the entrance, held by stalwart hands,
A panting terrier strives to burst his bands;—
With eyes inflamed and glittering teeth displayed,
Half turns to bite the hand by which he's stayed;—
So writhes and pants my terrier muse to chase
The rats of letters from creation's face.

Far scurvier vermin these, my biped game:
Rats gnaw but books—these gnaw the author's fame;
Holding Parnassus as a mammoth cheese,
Which, climbing not, they nibble as they please;
And plying tooth and claw so fast and well,
That the whole mount is like a hollow shell.
Pharaoh was plagued with locusts for his crimes—
Happy was Pharaoh to escape our times:
When myriad insects, plumed with pens of steel,
Buzz like some thrifty housewife's ceaseless wheel—
Buzz, but beyond the buzz all likeness dwindles,
Save that their brains be warps, their legs be spindles.

Down, terrier, down! we'll drop the canine form,
And incarnate the buzzing insect-swarm.
Let us invoke the BARDS—as once, in Wales,
King Edward did—from mountains, swamps, and vales;

Convened them all, then broke each harp and head:(1)
(Would that *our* bards had such a wise King Ned!)
Let us invoke them—and, as up they spring,
Shoot them, as boys shoot crows upon the wing:
Then shall their death-songs poetize the blast,
Like dying swan-notes—sweet, because the last.

Ah! vain to strive—inglorious to succeed—
To scotch the snake, yet not destroy its breed;
Small is the gain when for each foe that falls,
A foe more mischievous mine eyes appals;
Thus when the hydra's heads were struck to earth,
The dust that formed them gave them fresher birth.
Ah, gentle muse! if e'er, with ardent fire,
Thou seek'st to gild our cis-atlantic lyre,
How must thy lips with heavenly satire smile,
To note the hands which now that harp defile!
How must thy gaze, as o'er our glorious landscape
It roves, (from Florida's far reef to Ann's cape,)—
How must it blink, to mark the frenzied eyes
Of myriad bards clairvoyant through the skies!
Oh, hapless land of mine! whose country-presses
Labor with poets and with poetesses;
Where Helicon is quaffed like beer at table,
And Pegasus is "hitched" in every stable;
Where each smart dunce presumes to print a journal,
And every journalist is dubbed a "colonel;"

Where lovesick girls on chalk and charcoal thrive,
And prove (by singing) they're unfit to wive;
Where Gray might Miltons by the score compute—
"Inglorious" all, but, ah! by no means "mute."

And whom to pounce on first—O vengeful muse?
Faith! they're so near alike, 'tis hard to choose.
A stereotyped and ancient form they bear—
Like sheepskin smallclothes of a century's wear.
Jack Ketch, when felons are about to die,
Divides their garments—but so will not I:
Though rainbow-hued, like Joseph's coat, their dress
(Should all exchange) could scarce fit each one less:
Each eyes his fellow's garb with crafty glare—
Some well-known patch he recognises there:
Some button, stolen where he stole his own—
Some diamond brooch, with ostentation shown,
Which he will swear is paste, and, in a trice,
Prove that he bought one like it, at half-price.
Motley and mean in truth these bipeds be—
A scurvier set ne'er marched through Coventry.
And, what inflames mine anger as I gaze,
His stolen shreds each knave with pride displays:
This one wears breeches that might make his shroud—
This in a child's caul his huge head would crowd;
This dabbles daintily with French *fabrique*—
This wears a helmet o'er his visage sleek:

All stolen—all misused, and brought to waste!
Gods! if they must thieve, why not thieve with taste?

But, hold! are these in truth Columbia's bards?—
Do such assume the muse's high regards?
Are there no souls where loud Niagara roars?—
No hearts on Mississippi's sounding shores?
Are there no ears where tempests rend the skies?—
No eyes where forests gleam with myriad dyes?
No harps where every air is melody?—
Are there no songs where every voice is free?

List, O my muse! amid the jargon dire
Of screeching voice and worse than tuneless lyre;
'Mid all the din which racks our addled brains,
I hear the rippling rivers of sweet strains:
I hear where, trembling through the leafy glen,
The poet's soul talks melody with men:
I feel when BRYANT—in his dreamy youth—
Anoints my heart with loveliness and truth:
I thrill with HALLECK's ancient clasp of fire,
And bow my heart to "Harvard's" earlier lyre; (2)
While clarion sounds that swing beneath the stars,
And crashing thoughts, like battling scimitars,
Roll round me from the mighty harps of those
Whose songs are victories over Freedom's foes.

Well, well! it may be that, amid the masses
Who in our journals write themselves down asses:

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

It may be there exist some score or better
Of bards as well in spirit as in letter.
With these I've naught to do—or, if I scan them,
To prove they've brains, it needs be I trepan them.
I come here as a CRITIC—as a SATIRIST—
And if I argue right or wrong, whose matter is't?
"Norfolk! we must have knocks!"—so, who's not equal
To the encounter, may regret the sequel!

Poetry has its "amateurs"—who wile
Their listless leisure with the muse's smile;
Who simper sweetly in a Milton's tongue,
And lisp the lofty themes that Homer sung:
Merely for pastime—really but in sport—
To "try the hand"—or "keep it in"—in short,
To show that if their own fame they had built on,
Homer had superseded been, and Milton.

Our country swarms with bards who've "crossed the water,"
And think their native land earth's meanest quarter.
Bards who have heard the gondoliers sing Tasso,
Seen Arabs eat, and Indians throw the lasso;
Bards who have travelled, and of course must know
All sorts of flowers that on Parnassus grow.
Your "graceful poets" these—your "versifiers,"
Whose garlands are all roses and no briers;

Who steam to Havre—take the Rhone or Rhine;
Ascend Mont Blanc half-way—then stop and dine;
Muse (just like Byron) on the Bridge of Sighs;
Quote Rogers freely; prate of golden skies;
Eat maccaroni; ask where "Peter's keys" are;(3)
Find out what's meant by "dead as Julius Cæsar;"
Take notes (on railroads) of the towns they ride
through,
(Until they get the "Traveller's Pocket Guide"
through,)—
Then home return, and (may the gods forgive them!)
Print books whose leather shall at least outlive them.

These good men are not dangerous—no! far from it,
Though each esteems himself a star or comet.
And, faith, their muse describes eccentric orbits,
As if her Pegasus had need of jawbits;
With foreign airs their sales are best inflated;
Puffs are they sure of who with wind are freighted;
Truly your travelled bard is fortune's favorite—
He sees the world, and makes the public pay for it.

The Public—huge, half-reasoning, like an elephant,
Of its own good is half the time irrelevant;
It takes on trust a book that Griswold(4) edits,
And quarterly reviews like gospel credits;
It hath an ostrich maw, and can digest
Sticks, stocks, and stones, and all with equal zest;

It seeks like mad the "trial" of some bishop;
For Harper's pictured "Bible," throngs it *his* shop;
Swallows "John Donkey's" sad attempts at humor,
And thinks FROST's books as wise as those of Numa.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—that's *sheep*—
Return we to our—bards—who've crossed the deep:
Our travel-poets—whom we well may call so,
For he who reads their travels, travails also;
Our *cognoscenti*, whom we all should follow,
As cousins-german to the real Apollo;
Whose muse, in corkscrew curls and boddice waist,
Waltzes or polks, by finger-tips embraced;
While, with her nose *retroussée* and most haughty,
She lisps—"Now, Mister Writer, don't be naughty!"

What time Nat. Willis, in the daily papers,
Published receipts of shoemakers and drapers;(5)
What time, in sooth, his "Mirror" flashed its rays,
Like Barnum's "Drummond" on the Broadway gaze;
When lisping misses, fresh from seminaries,
Worshipped "mi-boy" and "brigadier"(6) as *lares;*
When youngsters mad—(*scribendi cacoëthes*)
Found that Castalia's stream was drugged like Lethe's:
Then BAYARD TAYLOR(7)—(*protegé* of Natty)
Dixon-like, "walked" into the "literati;"
And first to proper use his genius put,
Like ballet-girls, by showing "Views a-Foot."

TAYLOR's a pushing and industrious youth,
And so deserves—that I should tell the truth;
I wish him well, and own that I'm not sorry at
His preminm hit, as Barnum's poet-laureate;(8)
(I wish all bards might win reward so aureate)—
If the high station suits his muse, why let it—
And for the prize—I'm glad that he did get it!
TAYLOR's a youth of promise and good sense,
But for his genius—"it's no consequence!"
He'll do to oscillate (when the air quite still is,)
'Twixt Horace-Greeley and Mæcenas-Willis.
His "knapsack" yarn, however, is worth unravelling,
By all who'd learn the cheapest modes of travelling:
'Tis snug, as down the glorious Rhine one floats,
To know one's passage only costs ten groats;
'Tis nice, while viewing St. Peter's, to be told I
Can get good buttered buns for just two soldi;
So TAYLOR's muse presents a physiognomy
Invaluable—to lovers of economy.

Here's TUCKERMAN(9)—calm, sentimental, placid—
A Roman punch without the strength or acid.
While Taylor cheapens fares and prices lava,
TUCKERMAN at "La Scala" murmurs "brava!"
A delicate muse is his—genteel, exclusive—
Marvelling, no doubt, why critics are abusive;
'Tis vulgar (as Lord Chesterfield admonished)
To let folks see us startled or astonished;

And T., (a well-bred, gentlemanly poet,)
If he has feeling, never lets us know it.
He sees Niagara, and says—"I declare!"
Applauds a thunder-storm, with—"Pretty fair!"
Reads Milton listlessly, with half-closed lids,
(And wonders if the devil wore white kids:)
Likes us to know that he has been to Italy—
Thinks that Vesuvius does eruptions prettily;
Whistles "Il Figaro"—quotes scraps of Dante—
A Yankee transcript of the dilettante.

We have our ballad-poets—(Lord preserve us!)
Song-mongers, sonneteers, and minstrels "nervous."
When "woodman" Morris wished to "spare that tree,"
Surely no seer's prophetic eyes had he;
Else had he known that blockheads without number
Would from his luckless stock the country lumber;
Smooth, unctuous Morris[10]—bard and brigadier—
(Alas! that Morris can't be Moore is clear;)
A household poet, whose domestic muse
Is soft as milk, and sage as Mother Goose;
Whose lyrics (sought for with a kind of rabies,)
Like "Sherman's Drops," are cried for by the babies.
Ah! luckless bard! why did his hydra-blood
Raise from our soil so fierce a ballad-brood?
Why are the hapless men of music-stores[11]
Dogged by a race of Yankee troubadours?

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Why is the yardstick slighted for the lyre—
The pestle melted by poetic fire?
Our watchmen's sleep disturbed by vocal woes,
*Gui*tar'd, *cat*arrh'd, by red-haired Romeos?
Why, but because each whining snob has learned
How feet are measured and how tunes are turned;
Cipher with tropes his master's ledger spoils—
Snip puts to press his sonnets as he moils;
Crispin with thread poetic waxeth strong,
And *Chip*, who chiseled wood, now chisels song;
And all because—(forgive, O dread Apollo!)
Where Morris leads, Tom, Dick, and Hal must follow;
Aping his strain, with throats all cracked and wheezy,
"If Morris sings," cry they—"sure, singing's easy!"

'Tis said that to another pen belongs
The authorship of Morris's best songs;
But sure am I, no charity's in this—
For, if *he's* not the author, *some one* is;
Matters it little who incurs the name—
Poor human nature suffers still the same!
Some one first led (to set our rhymesters crazy)
This dance—(or morris-dance, or not, is hazy;)
Some one cried "Besom!" and, behold! the word
A thousand watery fiends from slumber stirred;
Till now, alas! (as in the German fable,)
To stop the flood no human power is able.

We have our DRAMATISTS—but oh!—since "Brutus,"[12]
Though hard the wretched tribe have striven to suit us—
Though "Spartacus" shall split the groundlings' ears;
Though "Metamora" scowl at crowded tiers;
And Kentish Aylmere win the plaudit long—
There's naught to brag of in our tragic song.
Though BOKER bores with well-intentioned plays,
And MATHEWS tries to please five hundred ways;
Though SARGENT, WILLIS, and the martial REID,
(And Lord knows how many of lesser breed,)
Have socked and buskined through the five-act folly,
Their jokes are wept—and jeered their melancholy.

I trust in Uncle Sam—believe in dollars—
Believe in mad dogs and phonetic scholars:
Believe in Sheba—she of David's bath, whose
Lord was slain—believe in Corny MATHEWS,[13]
And more than this, believe that he called "Puffer,"
Than those who laugh at him is ten times tougher.
Though Murdoch, rash, but doubtless patriotic,
Damn'd native plays in preference to exotic:
Though "Witchcraft" saved not hapless Puffer's name,
And "Jacob" built no ladder for his fame;
Though adverse fates foredoom his best intents,
And even his hits are chalked as accidents,—
Yet I'll maintain, with all my heart and will,
That MATHEWS means well to his country still;

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Mayhap booksellers are his worst revilers,
Mayhap he's barked at by those curs, "compilers;"
Mayhap the hate of critic hacks he bears,
Because his egotism beats even theirs;
Yet for their hate, I hate thee not, Cornelius,—
(Faith, for these things I like thee—*tanto melius*)—
I like thee, spite of all thy damnéd plays,
Thy "weak inventions"—(as King Richard says)—
For truly many a dog who'd bite thy heel,
Has had good cause its honest weight to feel;
I like thee for that thou hast richly flayed,
With good goose-quill, the thin-skins of "the trade;"
And dared amid the yelping pack to stand
For "Author's Rights!"—so, "Puffer!" here's my hand!

Whilome where Schuylkill runs and Delaware,
(And Franklin's statue points to State-House square,)
A bard did write and publish, (hapless doom!)
And chose "Poor Scholar" for his *nomme de plume.*
He wrote a play—albeit for cash or barter[14]—
And christened it (prophetic name!) "Love's Martyr."
'Twas played—half-damn'd—and then, in desperation,
The author sealed its doom—by publication;
A thing unwise—all men of sense must say so:
I've had a dozen damn'd—and let them stay so.

Alas! "Love's Martyr!"—long ago departed!
Ne'er lived a healthy man so "broken-hearted:"

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

A six-foot "blighted being," long he wore
His braided frock-coat buttoned down before.
"One morn they missed him" on the Chestnut pave—
The next his trusting barber 'gan to rave;
The next—but let our Mexic annals tell
How fiercely fought the bard, how long and well;
Till home returned, with modest voice he claimed
To be—of all the brave—the bravest named:
Which being denied, for London straight he started,
Where "Punch" perhaps may print his "Broken-Hearted." (15)

Who's next upon the mimic scene? Ah, truly,
'Twere well, my muse, you come to English duly.
Griswold, whose voice in poetry's oracular,
Whose awful fiat stamps each bard's vernacular,—
Griswold opines that Tom, ycleped "The Rhymer,"
On steep Parnassus yet may be a climber;
And proves, by one most nautical "Ben Bolt,"
That "Donkey John" 's of Pegasus a colt.(16)
I'll not deny—for they may read who run—
That by Dunn English is the English done;
His "Bolt" may bar Griswoldian criticism,
But I must scan him through a satire's prism;
So without gloves, this surly Tom I'll handle,
And hope, at least, "the sport is worth the candle."

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Our "Rhymer's" critic-lash, in sooth they tell us,
Cuts like a knout—(i' faith my muse grows jealous;)
Surnamed "The Bitter" he—his threatening growl
Greeting young Orpheus like a Cerberus-howl—
(Young Orpheus fresh from college or the counter,
With harp in hand to catch a muse and mount her:)
A critic he, whose "cut-and-slash" is mighty;
A bard, whose flights it must be owned are flighty;
A dramatist, whose tragic muse has flitted
Proud o'er the pit—but only to be pitied!

I pr'ythee, Tom, what mill supplies thy paper?
What gas-house furnishes thy "midnight taper?"
Hast thou Briareus' arms, or, with antennæ,
Dost grasp a thousand pens, to turn a penny!
I heard a speech to-day—'twas ENGLISH wrote it,
The journal's leader—they from ENGLISH quote it;
I bought a book—DUNN ENGLISH on the cover;
I sung a song—lo! ENGLISH as a lover!
Lawyer, and doctor, farmer, bard, and playwright,
O, motley Tom! in one thing, pr'ythee, stay right!
Waste not thyself pursuing shadowy vapors;
Cut not thy real work—but *cut* thy capers!
Shape for thy Future's years some work whose might
Shall mock the tasks which now thy powers invite;
Strike the brave harp for man—or break its strings;
For Heaven hears only when a full heart sings.

Here's Byron-Boker, with a "sweet mustache:"[17]
Be careful, pen! attempt no combat rash!
Else, with a rage that shall o'erwhelm e'en yours,
Boker may, Byron-like, review reviewers.
Yet, in good sooth, perhaps for Boker's sake,
'Twere well to rouse the lion with a shake;
Byron, when flogged, eschewed his schoolboy trash;
Who knows but Boker—faith! I'll try the lash.

Now, 'pon my sacred word—'tis with a sigh
I lift the flagellating rods on high;
Like the stern Trappist strike I—though afresh
At every blow, bleed my own tender flesh;
Chastening whom much we love, we can't be mild,
Lest, whilst we "spare the rod," we "spoil the child."
Boker's a young man still—he wrote Calaynos,
For a young man 'twas not a crime too heinous:
There's a rich vein of bloodshed running through it—
(The pit at "Sadler's Wells" took kindly to it;)
Next he exhumed—I mean, he took from Hume,
A headless tale of bride and Bluebeard groom;
And last, to show the Public how he braved it,
Brought "The Betrothal" out—and barely saved it.
His verse is well enough—smooth, classic, measured—
(Addison's style is one that should be treasured;)
True, there's no life where art the subject warps,
But, as the crones say, "'Tis a handsome corpse!"

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Boker of bards is not the first or last:
He's growing—haply, though he grows too fast;
If poets seek the muse's bright empyrean,
They'll first do well to reach the heart's criterion:
Lay their foundation on good rocks—not water;
Then build like Cheops—if they've bricks and mortar;
So Boker—if he'll mind me to the letter,
(I can advise, because I write much better,)
Will tear to shreds his bookish rules, and write,
As Corny Mathews does—with all his might:
Then, if he charm not all the public noddles,
We'll know it is his own fault, not his model's.

Boker's in Philadelphia—Mathew Carey
Sold books in that "Emporium Literary;"
Big newspapers and Ladies' Magazines
Are published there; the markets furnish greens
Much earlier than those of northern cities;
There flourish puffs poetic, and love ditties.
Yet true it is, and that 'tis true 'tis pity,
The pen is penury in Penn's great city;
Songs make a man *sans* all things—nay, what worse is,
Verse, in an adverse ratio, brings reverses.
Would the poor author live by books, perchance he
Will find that Grub-street is no thing of fancy;
Does he serve Graham? "Graham bread" he shares;
Toils he for Godey? many a goad he bears;

Would he the editorial tripod court?
Newspaper columns will no roof support.
Ah! luckless scribbler! wouldst escape a hovel,
Eschew thy muse, and write a "blood-red novel;
Let plot be absent, and let sense run mad—
Let grammar be most villainously bad—
Let Satan's self dictate the moral in't,—
It matters not—some publisher will print.
Stoop from the sunlight, and essay the sty:
Huckster thy genius, and the herd will buy.
Each peddling bookster then will call thee "Nepos,"
And chant thy name in—"Literary Depots."

Amid the Babel tongues of Philadelphia
There's one young man who always gains himself ear:
By dint of facial brass and mental lead,
(Both mixed with real gold, it must be said,)
He holds his weight among the rhyming race,
Nor yields to many a classic bard his place.
A sporting Zincalo, with boat and beagle;
A rhyming Zincalo, with practice legal,—
One day, as "Harry Harkaway," he'll shoot you
As many quails or reedbirds as may suit you;
The next, discourse upon the arts or music,
Until he prattles both himself and you sick;
Or till he proves, in every subject pitched on,
That earth boasts one more "admirable Crichton."

"Endymion!" may his pipe still keep its tune!
Endymion-Hirst, who sleeps beneath the moon;
With "Blackstone" pillowing his majestic head,[18]
That head which, all unlike his works, is red!

Time was when, dormant in the stripling's breast,
Trochee was silent—mute was anapæst;
Time was, ere luckless Helicon he drank,
When all his verses, like his briefs, were blank;
His thoughts unnumbered, noteless still his time,
And dull-set as his voice his dulcet rhyme;
But chance, or circumstance, or whimsic fate,
By curious accidents makes mortals great;
And thus it chanced, or came to pass, in sooth,
That Sully painted "Shakspeare in his Youth;"
With "hyacinth hair" and beard of amber hue,
Expansive brow, and eyes half-brown, half-blue.
Hirst was an amateur in painting then,
And Sully's picture met his critic ken;
The young man murmurs, starts, and rubs his eyes:
Egad! the portrait takes him by surprise;
The brow he marks—the amber beard he sees:
"Shakspeare and *me*"[19] (he cries) "are like as peas!"
In truth, "'twas passing strange," the stripling thought,
Such "counterfeit presentment" here was wrought:
Endymion's embryo—Avon's mighty bard—
Which sat to Sully, faith, to tell was hard.

Pregnant, no doubt, of some tremendous fame,
One's hair was red—and t'other's much the same;
That lofty brow—that nose—"By all the Nine!"
Cries Hirst, "His locks are hyacinth—so are mine!
If thus kind Nature marks her duplicate,
Egad! I'll take to poems, and be great:
I'll write till none shall know which bard is which,
Shakspeare may die—but there's a vacant niche;
And——" Lo! Parnassus heard the dread resolve:
Hirst lives!—the Future will his fame evolve!

This satirizing's tedious—though I force not
The reader to endure it—Oh! of course not!
I'm satisfied they'll read it whom I quiz,
And those not named will read to see who is:
Be glad, then, friends, whose genius is not known—
Be glad my work's not still-born like your own;
Since through my potent pen you'll gain, in verity,
Mention at least in most remote posterity.

Posterity! the race of fools and dummies,
Who'll crowd the Future with the Present's mummies;
Who'll read my books, and hundreds worse than mine,
And swear each mouldering author was divine;
While in their very midst—unknown or spurned—
Dwell mightier minds than all the Past inurned.
Posterity—I count your praise and blame,
For all the good they'll do me, much the same.

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

You'll give ten dollars for my autograph;
(Which now in Wall street will not bring the half;)
Yet even this tribute should not make me vain—
Great Barnum's signature may twenty gain!
Oh, golden goal! Oh, prize to fire the soul—
Posterity may all the Smiths enrol! [20]

Now will plump Platitude, with pitying smile,
Point me to history's teeming minster-aisle—
Show me the tombs and effigies of men
Who wrought their memories with the glorious pen:
With magpie glibness prate each deathless name,
And cry—"Behold! Posterity and Fame!"
Oh! bitter jest, that marks with marble lie
The lowly earth where genius sank to die;
Oh! mocking sympathy, which shrines the dead,
Yet spurns the living with unheeding tread.

Great Heaven! could Intellect its wrongs disclose,
Vain, vain the gauge that measures mortal woes!
All sighs, all tears, were powerless to declare
The almighty griefs which one poor soul may bear.
Behold! the Athenian sage his hemlock drains,
And, mark! the Roman opes his withered veins;
Lo! from the Pisan's breast how torture chokes
The lie, which straight his stouter soul revokes!
Look, where Geneva mocks a martyr's cries, [21]
Or Smithfield's flames in lurid horror rise!

Behold!—yet vainly, by the gleaming axe,
By galling chains, by dungeons, fagots, racks,—
Vainly ye strive to measure or reveal
A passing shade of what the soul can feel.
'Tis not the drug that tortures Socrates—
His faith o'erthrown, his teachings lost, he sees!
Weak are the chains on Galileo's frame,
To those which sink his honest soul in shame!
Monarchs may lose their thrones, yet life retain:
Genius dethroned ne'er lifts her brow again.

O Mind! immortal in thy suffering!—Heart!
Which of all agony true kindred art!
How would my feeble pen drop bloody tears,
Could it but chronicle the Soul's sad years!
Could it but marshal from their nameless graves,
The helot-host of intellectual slaves;
The unnumbered martyrs to the Titan's fate,
Which dooms to suffering him who would create.
Through the world's desert backward as we turn,
How much of power—of impotence—we learn!
What glorious love is mingled with what lust—
What awful monuments we meet—what dust!
Souls that held heaven within their cherub clasp,
Dragged downwards by an earthly demon's grasp;
And seraph minds, that read the Eternal's throne,
Like shivered stars o'er brooding chaos strown.

But hold! I'm far too serious, and must bring
My Phœbus-team demurely to the ring:
The ring where each one treads the other's track,
And Truth, poor Clown, is jeered by all the pack;
Satire, plain satire, is my avocation:
Points are my periods—puns my peroration.

The British critics—be it to their glory—
When they abuse us, do it *con amore:*
There's no half-way about your bull-dog pure,
And there's no nonsense with your "Scotch reviewer."
Heaven knows how often we've been whipped like curs,
By those to whom we've knelt as worshippers;
Heaven only knows how oft, like froward chitlings,
Our authors have been snubbed by British witlings;
Our mountains ranked as molehills—our immense
And awful forests styled "Virginny fence;"
Our virtues all but damned, with faintest praise,
And our faults blazoned to the widest gaze!
I find no fault with them—they praise us rarely;
As for abuse—we're open to it fairly;
But faith, it galls me, and I'll not deny it,
To mark our own most deferential quiet:
To note the whining, deprecative air
With which we beg for praise or censure bear;
Shrink back in terror if our gifts they spurn,
And if they smite one cheek, the other turn,—

Begging that they'll excuse a patient dunce,
Who, if he could, would offer both at once.

There's no use in denying it—the Yankee
(Though, in the way of business, cute and cranky;
Though true as steel, and quick as any rocket,)
Is seldom keenly touched, save through his pocket.
One war more bloody, even, than dishonest,
We'd scaped, had "Montezuma's Halls" been *non est;*—
Our Indian raids had ne'er brought shame or glory,
Had not old Plutus whispered, "territory."
And many a wrong, I'll wager, would be righted;
And many a right would have its wrongs requited;
And many a truth from error's cloud would flash,—
Could we be sure such things would "pay," in "cash."
But, as regards our books, and those who make them,
For all our country cares, the de'il may take them;
Matters it little to our sapient statesmen,
What power annihilates, or what creates men;
So that with "congress prog" you duly ply 'em—
"Gin gratis—and eight dollars each *per diem.*" [22]

Now, by my troth!—if these same legislators
Were called, point blauk, a set of heartless traitors;
Willing to sell their country's fame for fat hire,—
They'd doubtless cry, "You lie!" [23] to this, my satire.
Yet, if they sleep and snore, whilst, unawares,
The enemy in our goodly field sows tares;

If watch nor ward they keep upon our borders,—
Pray, can they well be called efficient warders?

How, then, if broadcast, o'er our land reprinted,
Books of all climes are strown with hand unstinted;
Books such as sap our freedom's dearest life,
Books with the cant of kings and Jesuits rife;
Books such as virtuous wives would blush to name,
Books that destroy a maiden's sense of shame!
How, then, if on the plastic mind of youth,
Falsehood is grafted in the place of truth;
False taste infused—false views of right and wrong,
False love, false law, false sermons, and false song!

Far be it from me to say that all these ills
Flow from the poisoned points of foreign quills;
Far be it from me to shield, from righteous scorn,
The race of blackguard authors native-born;
Wretches, who, ghoul-like, feed on carrion clay,
And scent a crime as vultures scent their prey;
Whose leprous minds can track a felon's course,
Or trace a harlot's vices to their source;—
Scarce can these men demand my reprobation:
Thank heaven! their labors are their own damnation.

I say, not, then, that foreign pens alone
Inflict the moral wrongs 'neath which we groan;
But, tell me, ye who do our thinking for us,

(Whom ballot-boxes kindly station o'er us ;)
Tell me if evils, such as represented,
Might not, by timely laws, have been prevented;—
Tell me if Paul de Kock, or Sue, or Sand,
Would e'er have gained a foothold in our land,—
If ribald wit, or senseless atheism,
Could e'er have charmed us with delusive prism;
Had our good Yankee "publishers at sight"
Been forced to buy "the author's copyright!"

Why has our yellow-covered literature
Poured o'er the land its influence impure?
Why, but because 'twas "cheap"—its profits sure!
Why was the infamous De Kock translated,
And cast abroad with rankest poison freighted?
Why, but because our booksters "speculated!"
On what? On manners, morals, virtue, sense!
Souls might be lost—but booksters turned their pence!

Oh, Justice! why are still thine altars rotten?—
Could Intellect protected be, like cotton,—
Could Mind beget *per cent.*, like capital,—
Then might we be what else we never shall;
Then would our heaven-appointed "men of letters"
Be freed from iron Want's degrading fetters;
Then might the thoughts of noble souls illume
The poor man's hut, the rich man's drawing-room;

While, from the light its filth could ne'er endure,
Would shrink our "yellow-covered literature!"
But, ah! while Bulwer, Dickens, James, or Jerrold,
Costs scarcely more than Bennett's "double Herald;"
How can we hope our country's mind to nourish,
Or look for Yankee literature to flourish?

Oh, "Yankee literature!" Oh, tripe! Oh, treacle!
What can I say our publishers to tickle?
How shall I make my humblest, prettiest bow,
To deprecate their rage, and 'scape a row?
O, HARPER! mayor! temperance-man! church-member!
Our household-prop! our hearth-stone's brightest ember!
What could we do without thy mammoth presses?—
Thy Grub—no! Cliff-street's hasty-pudding messes!

'Tis not *his* fault—(I clear friend Harper of it,)
That foreign books are cheap, and pay a profit;
He did not hire Dumas, or Paul de Kock,
To jest at truth—at decency to mock;
A publisher who'd mend his country's morals,
With his own bread and butter madly quarrels.
He's not to know what books work ill or well—
The question he must ask, is—"will they sell?"
And if to-day he prints a moral libel,
To-morrow squares the account—he prints a bible!

And here, O Virtue! which art daily shamed—
O Honesty! which scarcely now art named,
O Truth! which art the veil of direst wrong,—
Give me to plead your cause in this my song!
Shall FOSTER prostitute a graceful pen,
To "slice up" outcast hags, and outlawed men?
Shall "BUNTLINE" rave, and WILKES his "pigeons" lure,
And Ann-street's presses swell the common-sewer?
Shall ribald sheets their pandering pimps engage,
While Mose and Jakey prop a crumbling stage;
Shall "these things be," and yet nor voice nor pen,
Scourge as with snakes the morals and the men?
No! though I loathe the quarry—let me speed
One shaft, at least, against the scorpion breed!

Upas! thy deadly venom hath but the art
To chill the warmth of some poor human heart!
Plague! thou canst blister flesh and torture limb,
'Till the pulse slackens and the eye grows dim;
Simoom! thy blast, swift-scouring o'er the plain,
May fire the blood and scorch the withering brain!
But ye are bounded in your fearful power—
Your field the limits of life's little hour;
Trembles your empire on each fleeting breath:
Your pangs, your perils, have their term in death!

Not so the Upas of a venal PRESS!
The Plague—the Simoom—of licentiousness;

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Weak is the death to mortal sense confined—
That only kills which kills the immortal mind!
Poison and Pest can but the clay control—
An impure Press hath power to slay the soul!

O matron! kneeling by thy slumbering child,
Dare not to hope his mind is undefiled!
List! in his restless dreams his thoughts betray
What books he reads, by stealth, from day to day;
Hush! is it "Crusoe" from his lips that falls?
No! "Ellen Jewett"(24) his sleeping sense recalls.
O, maiden! speak! why now that volume crush
Beneath thy pillow?—why that conscious blush?
Fearest thou the book may shame a mother's eye?
God help thee, maiden! there is danger nigh!

And ye who pander—ye, whose reeking souls
No love refines—no law nor shame controls;
Ye on whose tongues the words of virtue dwell,
While in your hearts distil the dews of hell!
Ye moral scavengers—who drag each sink
For food—whose hearts are blacker than your ink;—
Tremble! the crimes which ye to strength have nursed,
Shall, through your children, make you doubly cursed!

Avaunt the theme! O Pegasus the skittish!
Return we to our critic friends—the British;
The British, whom our universal nation
Whips each July-the-Fourth, in loud oration:

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

The British, whose worm-eaten statutes rule us,
Whose precedents decide—whose models school us;
Whose nod we bow to—whose award we fight for;
Whose stamp our actors seek—our authors write for.
True, we have beaten Bull in many a battle—
But then Bull beats us in his Durham cattle;
True, we have plucked from him old Neptune's trident,
But then his "Punch" can give our ribs a sly dint;
So, though we could with greatest ease outstrip her,
His lugger makes a tender of our clipper!

I'm far from wishing, fellow-bards! to plague you,
But, faith! 'tis fun to note your Anglo-ague;
To see you march, manœuvre, crawl, or leap,—
Dance or lie down, sing, curse, pray, laugh, or weep;
Just as the wires, which rule your changes antic,
Are pulled by merry-andrews transatlantic.
I must not laugh—no! I'll espouse your quarrel!
(Heaven knows ye can't afford to lose one laurel!)
They say, (a wicked libel this of course is,)
They say ye steal, O bards! from British sources.

'Tis monstrous! what! shall British critics prate
Of plagiaries—and say *we* imitate?
Who dares assert that Keats was read by HIRST,
Or "TIBIA" by his Mother well was nursed?
Who so fool-hardy as to hint that Moore
Wrote HOFFMAN'S[25] melodies ten years before?

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Who says that SARGENT[26] strips Corneille's poor "Cid?"
That BENJAMIN[27] in Camoens once was hid?
That EMERSON,[28] like Coleridge, reads the Germans,
And DAWES'S[29] poems sound like Taylor's sermons?
Who says LUNT'S[30] lead with Byron's gold was soldered?—
That Wordsworth dribbles through meandering STODDARD?[31]
Or who affirms that Harvard grants its benison[32]
To those alone who canonize Saint——Tennyson?

I've mentioned READ:—his song is very sweet—
Poetic milk for those who baulk at meat.
I've heard his puns full oft use common sense ill,
And had my likeness taken by his pencil;
Soft "T. B. R."—the "*Tibia*" of our wits—[33]
Whose delicate muse on fairy footsteps flits;
The "Doric" READ, who in his paint-shop woos,
With dainty food, his sentimental muse;
Tempts her with titbits from a thousand "marts,"[34]
The tongues of nightingales and cuckoos' hearts;
Trembles, and faints, and dies, in every line,
And draws the web of fancy—superfine;
Paints a new blush upon the damask rose,
And o'er its leaves some rare patchouly throws;
Tears off the G string from his pretty harp,
And strikes the flat notes rather than the sharp:

Fearful of falls, his wings he would control,
And doffs the Spartan for the Sybarite soul.(35)

God made the POET for his instrument:
His harp, his heart, are never given—but lent;
And all that heaven requires, for rental-fee,
Is to give harp and heart their natural key.
TIBIA! thy song is like thy body—little:
Thy fame, I fear me, like thy genius—brittle:
Wouldst thou be honored? drop thy quibbling quill,
Eschew thy love, dove, dart, and daffodil;
Fling 'mid the stars thy songs, if bard thou art,
Or sink them in the wondrous human heart:
Then mayst thou soar among the immortal few—
In spite of satires—or the "Whig Review."(36)

Speaking of stars, attend, O muse most pliant!
To our acknowledged loadstar—Mister BRYANT!
Whose light I've viewed with reverential deference,
As far as earliest school-boy dates have reference;
Whose flights I've marked as most etherial things,
Sure that he used no Cretan's waxen wings;
Whose shrine I've knelt at, in true orthodoxy,
Certain the bard was Dan Apollo's proxy.
My fingers tremble, and my pulse grows faint;
Awful the task a noonday sun to paint!
Fain would I praise this laureate of our nation,
Were not all praise but supererogation;

He is so fixed a fact—so constellated,
Like bankrupts' debts, he can't be overrated:
His name's a sad sponsorial misnomer—
Had nature spoken, he'd been christened—Homer.

What time our presidential politics
Count game much less by honors than by tricks;
When Rynders wields, like Hercules, his "club,"[37]
And social Greeley peeps from cynic tub,—
Then BRYANT—poet-laureate—nature's boast—
Treads the old party-lines, from Post to Post;[38]
New-nibs his pen to brand new truth as schism,
And damns all isms, but safe conservatism.

Now, by my modesty! I like friend BRYANT:
But as a *man* I like him—not a *giant!*
I like his landscapes—mountains, woods, and copses,
And freely own, he's "death on" Thanatopsis;
But, with due deference, I can see no justice
In making him a classical Procrustes;[39]
And lopping hapless bards of heel and head,
To fit them for his gas-inflated bed.
I thank him kindly for his blankest verse;
(I've seen much better—but I've seen still worse;)
I bless him for his homœopathic stanzas—
His apophthegma, clear as Sancho Panza's;
I'll own, in fact, he's Brobdignagian—but,
Just so was Gulliver—in Lilliput!

Yet will I grant that he a new Antæus is—([40])
But, "gracious! Max!"—no apotheosis!

In the old time—the time that never tarries—
We owned a bard who sang of Mark Bozzaris:
Bozzaris is no more—and dead is Astor—
I wish the last had ne'er been HALLECK'S master.([41])
Trade, like Medusa, turns the heart to stone,
And jarring sounds destroy the harp's sweet tone.
Figures our bard still hath, but tropes I doubt,
Invoices plenty, but no voice comes out.
Bozzaris died by steel, but gold could slay
The man through whom Bozzaris lives for aye;
Astor was mightier than the dreaming "Turk"—
Requiescat in pace—Astor's clerk!

Where is PARK BENJAMIN? In sooth, 'tis wondrous!
He sings not—yet the stones are silent under us!
Where is that bard whose madrigals, in Gotham,
Took root so deep that still the newsboys know them?
Where are his sonnets, and his songs rhapsodical,
That whilome graced each infant periodical?
Once (when a hero none presumed to doubt him)
He failed with journals—now they fail without him;
Once (as a sort of editorial Warwick)
He built up paper thrones—"alas! poor Yorick!"
Where is he now? I'll give—my word upon it—
This book (when finished) for his "last, best sonnet."

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Room for our "Lakers!"—O! sweet Windermere!
Surely the winds do waft thine essence here.
List the Home Journal—Fashion's weekly creditor!
We must make room for STODDARD! cries its editor.
STODDARD! we will: if Nat be thine example,
Thou'lt need, in truth, an area most ample:
Room where the banyan-growth of self-conceit
May twine its downward branches round thy feet:
Room where the ghosts of time and talent slain,
Like afreets damn'd,[42] shall haunt thy desert brain.
If Nat's high patronage thy muse would try,
Room thou wilt have—like Uncle Toby's fly;
But if (in bold reliance on thyself)
Thou layest thy maudlin seniors on the shelf,
If, with the Orphean lute thou fingerest well,
Thou'lt dare the flames of even a critic's hell,—[43]
Reckless of Duyckinck[44]—braving Griswold's doom—
Then may the world award thy genius "room!"

What time some British critic lost his dinner,
CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN was reviewed, (poor sinner!)
To whom he may this peril of his neck owe
I know not—only that they called him "Echo;"[45]
And he (to prove such cruel critics wrong)
Published anew a budget of his song.
Ah, luckless man! Had he but burnt—not printed,
He might those wags have nicely circumvented.

Alas, poor HOFFMAN! Griswold thinks his lyrics
Equal to Waller's "richest" songs, or Herrick's![46]
If this be true, O Rufe! which thou assurest,
I hope I'll see of neither bard his poorest.
Ah, Doctor Griswold! I've a shrewd suspicion,
That HOFFMAN owes to friendship his position:
That some past service may have earned for wages
Your bed-procrustean of some fourteen pages;
In short, that some old friendly claim may owe its
Cancelment to the influence of your "Poets;"
And so our HOFFMAN, thro' his friendly "Doctor,"
Stands among freshman bards a sort of "proctor."[47]

"Sparkling and bright" is HOFFMAN'S soul, they say,
Where kindly fancies rule with gentle sway;
But that he be, as Griswold's book declares,
A bard with whom no Yankee bard compares:
That, in his puling love-songs, he can thrill
One heart where English sways a score at will;
That all the sparkling fire-flies of his lyre
Can glow like Taylor's "Bison-track" of fire;
That even with Morris (could I say much worse?)
His muse can measure, in domestic verse,—
If in denying these things I'm outvoted,
I leave the matter to—the authors quoted.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb"
The "Giant's Causeway" of Gothamic rhyme?

Once PERCIVAL,[48] in classic numbers, swept
The harp which since so sluggishly has slept:
His "Genius waking" first our bosoms stirred,
To mock each after year with "hope deferred;"
And now, "forgetful of his once bright fame,"
He grasps, content, the shadow of a name!
Who shall his mute and stringless harp attune?
Not even thrice-classic Fosdick—or Bethune![49]

When Parson Pierpont, in Bostonian pulpit,
Fought like a matador in Spanish bull-pit;
And heedless all of fire-bolts round his steeple,[50]
Bolted cold water at his graceless people,—
Then, rivalling Pierpont, broken hearts to solace,
The charms of "Adam's Ale" were sung by WALLACE:[51]
Sung with most fearful lungs and nerves unshaken,
Till Priessnitz soon for Orpheus was mistaken;
Till cisterns seemed the Muses' penetralia,
And aqueducts the only true Castalia.

O WALLACE! "man of 'Ross!'" not now, as then,
Thy tyro-fingers grasp a feeble pen:
Not now, with lisping love-lays on thy tongue,
Needst thou repeat what haply scores have sung;
Nor studied phrase nor measured strain should bind
The upward soaring of thy natural mind;
No senseless arrogance nor weak distrust
Should cramp thy powers with egoistic rust.

Wouldst grasp success? then deem it shame to doubt!
Genius hast thou?—like murder, it "will out."
If heavenly Phœbus yields to thee his team,
Or if thy muse, like Cutter's, goes by "steam;"[52]
If, fierce as Neal's,[53] thy red-hot language glows,
Or softly drips, like milk-and-water Coe's;[54]
If Griswold shrine thee, or if Graham scorn,[55]
Be sure that Jove o'ersees the poet-born!
Assert thy claims, though all the critics carp,
Take "heart of grace," and strike the sounding harp:
If the world laughs, why let the world go hang,—
It laughed and sneered, when glorious Dante sang!

I almost passed by Willis—"ah, *miboy!*
"Foine morning! da-da!" Faith! I wish him joy!
He's half a century old—in good condition;
And, positively, he has gained—"position."
'Gad! what a polish "upper-ten-dom" gives
This executioner of adjectives;
This man who chokes the English, worse than Thuggists,[56]
And turns "the trade" to trunk-makers or druggists;
Labors on tragic plays, that draw no tiers—
Writes under bridges, and tells tales of peers;[57]
His subjects whey—his language sugar'd curds:
Gods! what a dose!—had he to "eat his words."
His "Sacred Poems," (like a rogue's confessions,)
Gain him indulgence for his worst transgressions:

His "fugitive" attempts will doubtless live—
Oh! that more works of his were—fugitive!
Fate to his fame a ticklish place has given,
Like Mah'met's coffin,[58] 'twixt the earth and heaven:
But be it as it will—let come what may—
Nat is a star: his works—the milky way!

"Why so severe on WILLIS?" Julia cries,
(Who reads *De Trobriand* in an English guise;)[59]
Why so severe? Because my muse must make
Example stern, for injured Poesy's sake.
Not that Nat WILLIS curls his yellow hair—
Not that his sense can breathe but perfumed air—
Not that he plays the ape or ass, I mourn,—
For ape and ass are worth not e'en my scorn;—
But that, with mind, and soul, and (haply) heart,
He yet hath stooped to act the fopling's part;
Trifled with all he might have been, to choose
The post of—*cicisbeo* to the muse!
Flung off the chaplet which his boyhood won,
To wear the fool's cap of a "man of ton!"
Not WILLIS only lash I for the crime—
Through him I strike the bastard tribe of rhyme;
The race o'er whom, in his own native power,
Jove-like 'mid satyrs, might this WILLIS tower!
O, ART! whose angel presence we have felt;
Whose genial smiles our raptured senses melt:

Ah! when thy glorious heart is big with love,
Why do thy chosen children recreant prove?—
Fly from the arms which might sustain their souls,
And plunge from heaven, to grub the earth like moles?
O awful NATURE! thou, whose generous blood,
Like the strange pelican's, revives her brood!
Whose life through death still fructifies again,
Moulding from dragons' teeth its armèd men![60]
How is thy truth profaned and brought to shame,
When gewgaw fashion props an author's fame;
When mincing phrase usurps the place of wit,
And reason yields to prancing rhyme the bit!

Pause, honest pen! thy fervor makes thee stray:
Pause—ere injustice desecrate thy lay;
Though all Pandora's ills be Poesy's lot,
Hope lingers still—upheld by FREEMAN SCOTT![61]
O patriot SCOTT! thy eagle flights I sing,
That top Parnassus, with untiring wing.
No more shall Hopkinson Columbia hail—
Freneau and Paine henceforth are voted stale;
Even Emmons "pales his ineffectual fires,"
For FREEMAN SCOTT hath struck the sounding wires.
The "Union saved" his monument shall be—
And all posterity exist—"Scott free!"

NATURE's a jealous mistress, and who wooes
Her smiles, must grant her passion all its dues;

She hates coquettish airs, but yields her zone
Freely to him who clasps it to his own.
Though PIKE[62] shall bawl for her (unequal odds!)
His most ungodly "Hymns to all the Gods;"
Though LUNT, like Jove with Danäe of old,
Woo her with showerings from his "Age of Gold;"
Though SIMMS,[63] with Ponce de Leon's madness rife,
Swear that in "Florida" lies endless life;
Though light-horse STREET,[64] with Indian lasso slack,
Should seek to bind her pillioned at his back;
Though HOSMER,[65] ambushed in some tangled glen,
Like awkward Pan, would pipe her to his den;
She flies—or, laughing at the daring elf,
Bids Echo answer—while she hides herself!

Yet, haply, Nature gives not all the slip:
HOYT pilfers kisses from her glowing lip—
HOYT, who, with wooings so demure and meek,
Secures the fame he scarcely seems to seek;
With quiet curb constrains his champing thought,
Nor gives the bridle even when he ought.
Fearing, like Raleigh, danger if he climb,[66]
He spoils his native tune by serving time!
'Tis wrong, friend HOYT! no poet passive lives!
Blows he may bear—but blows he likewise gives.
Thy "Blacksmith" forged true armor for thy breast:[67]
Rise now, and cast thy trenchant lance in rest!

Of stalwart hearts the cause of man hath need;
'Twere shame to follow, Ralph! if thou canst lead!

But, lo! a bard of supra-mundane light!
From heaven he hails, and HARRIS is he hight.[68]
Whilome a parson, erst a spirit-seer,
And now prime-laureate of each upper sphere.
No vulgar rhyming-lexicon needs he—
No syntax dull, no tedious prosody;
He shuts his eyes—he opes his mouth—and, lo!
Ten thousand glittering words like water flow:
With planes and spheres, with mystic "threes" and "sevens,"
He chants an "Epic of the Starry Heavens;"—
Or, rather—Dryden, Byron, Alfieri,
(From some transparent lunar luminary,)
With Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, Pope, and Petrarch,
(Each of some solar world the poet-tetrarch,)
Descend—and (as the victims of Phaláris[69]
Roared thro' a brazen bull) so sing thro' HARRIS;
Until the shining lines of Heaven's topography[70]
(Including manners, customs, and geography)
Are made so plain that we would not a cubit err
In mapping all, from Mercury to Jupiter.

Ah! THOMAS! vainly seekest thou to palm
Thy puerile fancies for some seraph psalm;
Thy wild conceits for inspiration calm!

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Not thine the hand to sweep immortal lyres—
Not thine the song for Love's eternal choirs:
The Spirit's heaven is higher than thy dream—
The Heart's deep plummet sounds a deeper theme.
Thy bungling worship pleases not the Muse,
For hyperborean homage she eschews.
Of human kin, she likes not beings stellar—
In sooth she'd rather kiss plain Tam MacKellar.[71]

Ho! Lyon! cynosure of fortune's cornea,
And Poet-Laureate of—California!
Bard of "Eureka" and of "Lyonsdale"[72]—
Most "learnéd Theban!" I do bid thee hail!
O Caleb! thou, the brightness of whose star,
Even Bayard Taylor's radiance could not mar;
Whose genius, burning for a deathless fame,
Linked the Pacific with thine own great name,[73]
What boots it, Caleb! if thy rivals sore
Malign thy "bear," by calling it a bore?[74]
What recks thy muse if jealous witlings say
She's mongrel-bred—in Persia and Cathay![75]
They laugh who win, and thou canst sing as well,
And, faith! I think thy prancing rhymes will sell
For just as much (and bring thee thrice the pity)
As if they'd passed, like Taylor's, through banditti.[76]

Speaking of China, or Cathay the old,
(Where each man duplicates his neighbor's mould,)

Brings to my mind (a natural transition!)
That town of most Confucian erudition,
That gives "One Hundred Orators" their glory,
And owns that polymathic wonder, Story![77]
China 's the world—her sons are all celestial:
Outside barbarians are no more than bestial;
So Boston, like the ancient land of hyson,
Counts all barbarian beyond her horizon!
Her Whipples out-Macaulay Mac himself—
Her Emersons assign Carlyle the shelf;
Her Everetts, her Brownsons, and her Channings,
Are worth a score of Foxes, Pitts, and Cannings;
In short, her Lowells, Longfellows, and Tappans,
Are good celestials as Chinese or Japans.

No lead can fathom Boston's mental deep;
No alien thought can scale her learning's steep;
No fancy strains to that she does not reach,
And none may learn save haply she shall teach;
Of Fame's broad temple Boston keeps the portal,
And Boston bards alone are dubbed immortal:
Even though her dingy bookstores, it is said,
Are one great sepulchre of "sheeted dead."
Behold! "Mat. Lee," the pirate, killed a horse:
The horse came back again—a "spirit-corse;"
And so does Dana,[78] who, for many a year,
On Wiley's book-shelves found a quiet bier.

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

If thus in Boston mummied books are prized,
Great Jove! even SPRAGUE[79] may yet be galvanized;
Who knows what prodigies may yet be noted,
Where PETER PARLEY sings,[80] and FIELDS is quoted;[81]
FIELDS, with his whistle piping forth the throngs
Of bards who wait his judgment on their songs,
As hungry travellers wait for dinner-gongs.

When hawks to melody attune their throats,
Tremble we may for Philomela's notes;
So, when "the trade" essay the Poet's powers,
Well may we fear for this poor trade of ours.
The hapless muse her hard-won myrtle yields,
When bookmen brave her in their barren fields;
When Grub-street practises the gentle art,
And Ticknor claims Apollo's *counter*-part.
Ah, JIMMY FIELDS! thy verse I'll not berate,—
Bostonia's Helicon is—Cochituate![82]
Why should we mourn, in these tectotal times,
That water-level is the gauge of rhymes?
Rich are thy covers—ink and paper good:
So we'll forgive the inside platitude;
Thy verses sell—else had they not been printed,
Thy brass transmutes to gold as good as minted.
Bookmen in sooth should make the best of bards,
(As faro-bankers hold the winning cards;)
Write, JIMMY! write—for then (I smile to say it)
The bard will get per cent.—the bookster pay it.

O Doctor Holmes![83] O funny Doctor Holmes!
Out of thy mouth Cochituate fairly foams!
Most glittering froth—until the gas is freed—
But then, alas! a "venerable bead."
Doctor! I like thee, and admire the zest
With which the world believes that thou canst jest;
Thy puns, like hares, still double as they run,
And track themselves by scenting their own fun;
Till earthed, at last, the jokes o'er which we sorrowed,
The burrowed rabbits seem but rarebits borrowed;
Yet still, remorseless, you our patience try,
And sell your ink to prove our incubi.[84]

Dear Doctor! take a fool's advice, and make
No more bad puns for shabby Harvard's sake;
And, Doctor—(here a timely hint I'll drop)—
Talk no more science—*i. e.* "sink the shop!"
Epsom with Attic salt I hate to find;
True wit, 's no drug—so, pr'ythee, scour thy mind!
Leave ganglions to Bell—and pills to Buchan,
And, as Saxe wrote a satire, try if *you* can.
Do this—do something, or I'm much impressed,
Your "Last Leaf"[85] will be thought by all your best!

Saxe wrote a satire[86]—so did Master Lowell,
And so did—others, whom the public know well;
And Saxe is droll, (I say it not at random,)
For Saxe did print—*quod erat demonstrandum*—

(No droller thing in all experience lyrical!)
Yea, SAXE did print his poems as satirical!
O Funny Man! wouldst thou to greatness climb?
Twist proper names, and learn to mangle rhyme!
Wouldst thou be famous? make each pun a puff;
Wouldst quoted be?—the path is plain enough:
Be broad as BURTON,(87) and as BARNUM bold—
Make brass your base, but galvanize with gold;
Make friends of editors—to stop their cark,—
Then prig in peace—like Knickerbocker CLARK!

Oh! CLARK! prince-pauper of the rhyming crew!
Who lives on "tickle me—I'll tickle you."
Too light my blade, perchance, at him to lunge,
Whose monthly "Table" is a monthly sponge,
Absorbing authors dead and authors quick—
A Ghoul of letters—living by "Old Knick!"
While genius struggles at starvation's gate,
Smart talent dwells in comfortable state;
While genuine merit scarce a dog attends,
CLARK shows a "Gallery" of obsequious friends!
So true, that self-complacent mediocrities
Are more esteemed than Seneca or Socrates.

Does PUTNAM foster native worth?(88)—'tis weakness;
He'll ne'er attain to Knickerbocker sleekness.
Would he get rich?—behold a bright example—
See brazen HARPER o'er all justice trample:

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Behold him cheer his literary hacks on,
To steal from authors, Gallic, Scotch, and Saxon!
O PUTNAM! gladly does the muse attest
Thy wishes faithful to her high behest!
While mouthing CAREY(80) voids his rheumy spite,
And frothy RAYMOND(90) barks, but dare not bite;
While traitor's stab, and cowards skulk behind—
'Tis thine to battle for thy country's Mind!
Time settles all—and Time will make amends;
For "Authors' Rights" may yet be PUTNAM'S friends;—
When HARPER'S trade (that's literary theft!)
By righteous laws shall be of shelter 'reft;
And ancient "Knick" remain, (if Heaven chooses,)
A "Lying-in-Retreat" for naughty muses.

Cantab LONGFELLOW!—poet and professor!
Of "Washington's Head-Quarters" sole possessor:
Beloved by booksellers, adored of "sophs"—
Lo! at thy name my muse her bonnet doffs;
Yet, in the mighty name of law, I venture
For debt thou owest the world to make debenture.

Not for the debts thou owest a score or less
Of foreign bards,(91) who now wear Yankee dress;
Not for thy clippings of old rusty coins—
(Thy head enriches what thy hand purloins;)
Not for thy thought-webs cribbed from monkish looms;
They're better in thy tomes than in their tombs;

Thy alchemy has made much gold from lead,
So, "let the dead past bury" all "its dead;"
For ancient wounds let silence be the suture—
I ask a debt thou owest the awful future!

Art and position, HAL! make thee a poet:
If Nature lends her signet, pray, let's know it;
Haply thy Harvard fame immortal seems,
Haply thy name and verse be synonyms;
Yet, if thou wouldst thy proper glory reach,
I say to thee, as Lear says,—"mend thy speech!"
Cast off thy dressing-gown, and gird thy loins—
And learn what Deity on song enjoins;
Thou hast portrayed ideal wrongs and woes:
Now, by my harp! canst real wrongs disclose?
Thou hast drawn tears for miseries long forgotten:
Canst thou find nothing in our time that's rotten?
Oh! that the churchyard Past were ransacked less!
These ghouls, the poets, then might mankind bless:
If the old catacombs were left to moulder,
Gold-mines of thought we'd find ere Pan grew older.

Behold young LOWELL.[92] in whose soul there lies
(Fathoms below where his own vision pries)
A grand new world, of power, of love, of light,
Which yet may flame—a star athwart our sight;
If the dull shocks of life's chaotic wave
Wash not away the orb which now they lave.

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

O Lowell! now sententious—now most wordy—
Thy harp Cremona half—half hurdy-gurdy;
Wouldst thou arise and climb the steeps of heaven?
Sandals and staff are for thy journey given;
Wouldst thou embrace the poet-preacher's lot
Nor purse nor scrip will lift thy steps a jot!
Forth on the highways of the general mind,
Thy soul must walk, in oneness with mankind.
Thou hast done well, but thou canst yet do better,
And, winning credit, make the world thy debtor.
Pour out thy heart—albeit with flaws and fractures:
Give us thyself—not "Lowell manufactures;"
Then shall thy music vibrate through our pulse,
And all thy songs be milestones of results.
But if, in thy true eagle-like aspirings,
The "mousing-owl" of Harvard choke thy choirings;
If, haply, drugged with Tennysonian theme,
Thy genius stoop to dally and to dream;
If—worse than all—fanaticism clods
The song which is Humanity's—and God's,—
Then may no satire of thy being tell!
Then, Lowell! to thy fame "a long farewell!"

Hark! Whittier's sledge(93) upon the hearts of men
Beats in continual music—"ten-pound-ten!"
Sworn foe of "institutions patriarchal,"
Black ground, he finds, gives gems a brighter sparkle.

Lo! how he comes, with earnest heart and loyal,
Flanked by his ordnance for a battle royal;
Swinging a club, might stagger Hercules,
To dash the mites from off a mouldering cheese;
Roaring like Stentor from his brazen throat,
To drown some snappish spaniel's yelping note;
Ah, WHITTIER! Fighting Friend! I like thy verse—
Thy wholesale blessing and thy wholesale curse;
I prize the spirit which exalts thy strain,
And joy when truth impels thy blows amain;
But really, friend! I cannot help suspecting,
Though writing's good, there's merit in correcting!
Hahnemann likes best "the thirtieth dilution,"[94]
But poetry scarce bears so much diffusion;
The homœopathic thought (though truth sublime)
Dies, through *materia medica* of rhyme;
So, WHITTIER! give less lexicon, and more
Good thought—of which, no doubt, thou hast a store.
Give us, if thou wouldst sing a flying slave,
Just as few bars as he or she would crave;
And if on "Ichabod" thou launchest malison,[95]
Make it no longer than two books of Alison.
And, further, WHITTIER! "an thou lovest me,"
Let thy chief subject for a while go free;—
Or else, (how frail "Othello's occupation!")
When slavery falls, will fall thine avocation!
Living the black man's friend, i'faith, thou'lt die so:
A paraphrase of Wilmot's great proviso![96]

Whittier, adieu! my blows I would not spare,
For when I strike, I strike who best can bear;
Oft in this rhyme of mine I lash full hard
The man whom most I love, as friend and bard;
Even as the leech, inspired by science pure,
Albeit he probe and cauterize—must cure!

Trimountain! long hast thou the Mecca been
Of rhyming hadgees garbed in natural green!
Trimountain! Kaaba—reverently kissed
By Yankee bards—their "blarney-stone" I wist.[97]
To thee came Peabody[98]—to thee came Doane;[99]
M'Lellan,[100] Pike, and Sprague, were all thine own:
Pierpont and Everett[101] sang for thee their strains;
And savage Snelling[102] flogged them for their pains.
Ah, me! if once thou hadst such magnet skill,
Our bards to sway—I pray thee, use it still!
Wake as of old the three-stringed Yankee lyres,
And sound the pitchpipe of New England choirs;
Ask if John Neal no longer feels the flame
With which he lit of yore the bonfire, fame?
Or heads no more his charging lines, to ride
Booted and spurred through all the country wide?
Time was, when, vocal as his "fierce gray bird,"
In parish schools his shrieking lays were heard;
And embryo poets felt their quickening life,
When "Pierpont's Readers"[103] woke the classic strife!

PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

Mellifluous Pierpont! whose Horatian odes
Were counted heaviest among urchins' loads;
When parsing thee, they saw their trials past,
Nor valued gems so painfully amassed.
Ah! many a gem indeed hath been encased
By Pierpont's industry and Pierpont's taste;—
And many a gem in quiet beauty glows,
(Which Griswold ne'er would venture to disclose,)
Where Burleigh's songs, attuned with placid love,
Rose from his lips to blend with those above;
Where Dawes'[104] melodious childhood passed away,
And Woodworth's[105] genius framed its virgin lay.

'Tis a coincidence worth special credit,
That Sargent should the "Boston Transcript"[106] edit;
Strange the "poetic justice" does not strike him,
(I throw the hint out, as I rather like him,
Because my favorite bards his muse rehearses,)
Of putting "Boston Transcript" on his verses.
Poor man! I mourn his euphuistic grammar,
I mourn "Velasco," and the "Standard Drama;"
I mourn—but, no! I wish him fame sincerely:
"Athens the modern" dubs her poets yearly;
Perhaps at "Annual Odes" he'll distance Sprague;
Or baffle Emerson with problems vague;—
Perchance, like Pierpont, prove 'tis wrong to tipple;
Or ape Macaulay, like sententious Whipple![107]

O, EMERSON! some transatlantic Solon
(As a discoverer, sure, he rivals Colon,)
Has found that in thy brain (commodious quarters!)
Lives all the poesy this side of the waters.[105]
Ah, me! methinks this critic spiritual
Has proved thy favorite creed—that man is dual.
Would that his wisdom might reveal the fact
Of thy Poetic Essence—all intact!
Would that the Heart-Beat of the Awful Whole
Could pulse distinct and gauge thy Breadth of Soul!
Till Sense Incarnate, robed in Suns like Ammon,
Might permeate, and throb through Space—and—
gammon.

Speaking of gammon—I destroyed, last night,
(In several vain attempts to strike a light,)
Destroyed, ye gods! a work that would have burst
Like sunlight o'er the world! out-rhyming Hirst—
Out-mouthing Lunt—out-agonizing Emerson—
Out——hold! the idea brings increasing tremors on.
It was a poem upon the softer gender—
Sublime, unique, expressive, touching, tender!
Such adjectives! such nouns! such punctuation!—
Such awful strength! and such alliteration!
In it sweet EDITH MAY, with true *abandon*,
Was placed some twenty pegs above poor Landon;
SIGOURNEY plucked from Hemans' brow the myrtle,
And HALE was Sappho—with a longer kirtle;—

Greenwood was Norton and De Stael united,
And Blessington for Mistress Neal was slighted.
To some nine more I gave the Muses' names,
As Pierson, Swisshelm, and kindred dames.
Alas! that such a poem—on bards so gentle—
Was lost—by conflagration accidental;
Griswold alone, in some bright spirit-flashes,
Can raise this Yankee-phœnix from its ashes.

But, *apropos*—when poetry's "the fashion,"
Women and men alike must feel the passion:
Verse-writing 's very nice on gilt-edged vellum,
Crow-quilled by some young literary Pelham.
Let women write—their will 'tis useless baulking:
They do less harm by writing than by talking!
Write—write! but oh! I charge each rhyming daughter,
Let not the men purloin your milk and water!

Ho! for the West! the boundless, buoyant West!
'Tis monstrous dull, when poetry's the quest.
Where Mississippi's awful grandeurs roll,
Like an eternal anthem through the soul;
Where tombs of empires rise in endless wo,
Colossal epics of the tribes below;—
Where leaped the Mammoth, with a bound terrific,
From Rocky Mountains to the far Pacific;[109]
Where border-frays, that beat old Scottish forays,
Impromptu duels, and red Indian *soirées*,—

And all that makes the human hair most vertical,
As common-place transactions are assert-ical;([110])
Sure, in a clime so stirring and romantic,
The muse and Pegasus must both grow frantic.

Frantic! ah, no! the West, with sage reflection,
Confines her muse to pinafore subjection;
And save when PRENTICE,([111]) after hock and soda,
Invokes his song as Fingal conjured Loda;—
Wielding the falchion of his classic wit
To oust the phantoms that around him flit;
Unconscious all, that while, with accents loud,
He wooes his muse, his muse is but a cloud:
And save when GALLAGHER,([112]) with trenchant stroke,
Cleaves out a verse as woodmen rend an oak,
And, haply, rising from the flat inane,
Pipes on the airs of heaven a golden strain:—
Save and except, at times, some bulbul notes,
Fresh from a few sequestered maidens' throats,
That sometimes please and sometimes strangely jar,—
I know not where our western poets are.
Not Orton soars to strike the highest chord:
Not Pike nor Patten—nor Legaré nor Lord!
Not even Chivers,([113]) from whose virgin muse
The graceless POE stole all that she could lose,
Unhappy CHIVERS, whose transcendent lays
Are out of place in these degenerate days.

And yet for whom, were half his verses burned,
A poet's fame the other half had earned,—
Ah! not from these, or such as these, shall rise
Immortal song to occidental skies.
When the great Iliad of the sunset land
Is writ, it must be by a Homer's hand:
'Till then, low-brooding through its busy life,
The Western Poem shall be Manhood's Strife!
Loud as the thunders of thy surging woods,
Broad and majestic as thine awful floods,
Deep as thy soundless caves, O mighty West!
Thus be thy song—an ocean in thy breast!

Rest thee, mine Harp! my wearied hand I fling,
With scarce an impulse, o'er each quivering string!
My thankless task hath reached its natural term—
Wisdom its fruit—though Folly was its germ.
Not mine to scathe with bitter jest the heart,
Or reckless launch the slanderer's jealous dart;—
Not mine to prostitute the gift of song,
To wreak revenge for real or fancied wrong;—
Behind my jest no covert malice slept—
From out my praise no innendo crept:
An honest Anglo-Saxon round of blows
I've dealt alike upon my friends and foes;
And, if I struck full oft within the guard—
Be sure, I might have struck ten times as hard!

NOTES

TO

Parnassus in Pillory.

(1)

Convened them all, then broke each harp and head.

The *coup d' état* of Edward I. (so effectual that the Cambrian muse has remained tongue-tied ever since) might be imitated once a century with good results in every country. Though unmerciful, it would certainly be (poetically) just.

(2)

And bow my heart to "Harvard's" earlier lyre.

The reputation of LONGFELLOW (to whom allusion is here made) will rest more upon the merits of his early and less pretending lyrics, than upon the "Golden Legend," or even "Evangeline."

(3)

—— *ask where Peter's keys are.*

It is currently reported that a question like this was propounded by a well-known travelling "*litterateur*," after having been shown through the Vatican.

(4)

—— *book that* GRISWOLD *edits.*

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, D.D. LL.D. The world is indebted to this distioguished bibliopole for the celebrated compendium of classic verse known as "Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America." The work is, I am told, still extant.

(5)

—— *receipts of shoemakers and drapers.*

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS will occupy no small space in the literary and social history of his time. He calls himself "the best abused man in the country," and has managed to figure extensively in poetry, gossip, libel and divorce suits-at-law, journalism and — snobism. The printing (*en masse*) of his tradesmen's bills, (when accused of non-payment of them,) was a stroke of advertising which certainly merited a receipt in full. Beau Brummel could have run another score on the strength of it—but genius is sometimes unequal.

(6)

"Mi-boy," and "brigadier.

Willis published a daily paper, called "The Mirror," (in a street near Barnum's Museum and Drummond Light,) in which himself and partner (G. P. Morris) were affectedly distinguished as "mi-boy" and "brigadier." The "Mirror" is still printed—but is now little read, and less esteemed.

(7)

BAYARD TAYLOR—*protegé of Natty.*
DIXON—*like walked into the "literati."*

J. Bayard Taylor is a noted traveller, poet, lecturer, and one of the editors of the N. Y. Tribune. His infant muse was dry-nursed by Willis, and cradled in "The Mirror," after which he accomplished a pedestrian tour over Europe, and wrote a book called "Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," (rather singular mediums of vision.) George Washington Dixon, the literary-musical-pedestrian, has walked more miles than Taylor, but not with such profit to himself. Since printing his last batch of "Travels," Taylor has subsided into a lecturer, retailing his dollar books in two-shilling readings—a plan shrewdly beneficial to public and author. As a lecturer, Bayard is as good as Greeley, and Greeley is the worst in the country.

(8)

Barnum's poet-laureate.

Taylor was the winner of a prize of $200 offered by the noted P. T. Barnum (showman) for "the best" song to be sung by Jenny Lind.

(9)

Here's TUCKERMAN ———

Of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman little is known save that he has travelled, and is a critic in matters of "awt."

NOTES TO PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

(10)

Smooth, unctuous MORRIS——

Brig. Gen. N. Y. State Militia, Resident-Editor "Home Journal," Author of "Woodman! Spare that Tree." Demi-civil and demi-martial, he blends delicately the strength of Catullus with the fire of Wordsworth.

(11)

—— *the hapless men of music-stores.*

Our American music-publishers are noted for printing the veriest trash in the shape of verse. They "never mind the words," so that the requisite jingle be preserved—and the requisite *economy;* for more penurious fellows than are some of these might seldom be met. Many a dollar do they realize by the sale of poetry for which the poor author never received a penny. Let them "adapt" this verse, which is furnished gratis:

O Walker, Hall, and Fiot,
O music-selling trio,
For ballads furnished free, O
Sing *jubilate deo!*

(12)

—— *but, oh! since "Brutus.*

"Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin" by John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, sweet Home," is one of the very few plays by Americans that have become stock-pieces through their own merit. "Spartacus," "Metamora," and "Jack Cade" all owe their popularity to Edwin Forrest, the actor, for whom they were written.

(13)

—— *believe in Corny* MATHEWS.

Cornelius Mathews, nicknamed "Puffer Hopkins," (from a novel with that title, of which he was the unhappy author,) wrote two plays, "Jacob Leisler" and "Witchcraft," both produced by Murdoch, the tragedian, and both played with equal success, *i. e.* none at all. But Mathews has always shown himself a staunch advocate of the necessity of an "International Copyright Law," and for this (if for no other merit,) deserves the good will of American authors.

(14)

—— *for cash or barter.*

It is told of a certain Philadelphia lessee, that he was used to offer to authors, for their plays, "half cash—half truck;" the latter euphonious word signifying merchandize, or "orders" for seats. Certes, one noted manager, who was engaged in the "patent-medicine line," was in the habit of underlining his bills of the day with quack advertisements, (*e.g.*)

"Mr. BRUTUS KEAN COOKE,
Tragedian, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, will appear on THURSDAY Evening.
MOLLX ROSALETTA, the CELEBRATED DANSEUSE, on WEDNESDAY Night.
N. B.—A new AMERICAN PLAY in rehearsal.
N. B.—The celebrated *Hydro-Telestic Pills* and *Vermifuge Balm*, can be had at the *Box Office* by the dozen, single box, or package."

(15)

—— *his Broken-Hearted.*

Mr. MAYNE REID was much addicted to printing a poem called "The Broken-Hearted" in every unfortunate newspaper to which he had access. At last he flung his lost hopes ("Love's Martyr" included) into the Mexican War, from which he returned unharmed, and (perhaps to establish his reputation for baldness) applied for a sword bequeathed by General Jackson to the "bravest soldier of the next war."

(16)

And proves by one most nautical "Ben Bolt;"
That "Donkey John" 's of Pegasus a colt.

Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH (whom Poe so mercilessly noticed as "*Dunn Brown*") is a most incongruous author; has written some of the best and worst things in the language. His touching ballad of "Ben Bolt" is a house-hold song. He was at one time principal writer for a "funny" periodical printed in Philadelphia, called "John Donkey"—the best attempt at a "Punch" that our dyspeptic jokers ever perpetrated.

(17)

Here's Byron BOKER *with a "sweet mustache."*

Mr. Geo. H. Boker, (pronominated "Byron" by his friend Willis,) author of "Calaynos," "Anne Boleyn," "The Betrothal," etc. "Calaynos" was acted at Sadler's Wells, a third-rate London playhouse, whereat our critics (as in duty bound) acknowledged its merits. Boker has genius, but inclines to the American "lake school" of Tennysonian imitators. Like Bayard Taylor, he cultivates liberally a delicate hirsute attraction—a high recommendation: for it is reported that when the last-mentioned "walking-gentleman" lectured at Kalsmazoo, (Mich.,) a lady was asked her opinion of the performance; to which she replied *naïvely*, "Oh! it was excellent! he has such a *sweet* mustache!"

(18)

"Blackstone" pillowing his majestic head.

HENRY B. HIRST is a lawyer in decent practice,—so his literary vagaries may not be seriously detrimental to his purse; he is counted a "dead shot" in the sporting line, is a bird-fancier, amateur florist, and might be famous as a politician; dabbles in metaphysics, sometimes spoils canvas, and has modelled some exquisite lay-figures in poetry; thinks himself remarkably like Shakspeare, and *is*—for aught I know to the contrary. If I style him "Zincalo," my sense is "Pickwickian," and not personal.

(19)

"Shakspeare and me"——

A grammatic expression peculiar to the author of "Endymion." As one illustration out of

many, see a Poem of Mr. Hirst's entitled "Valley of Repose," in which occurs the following line:
"My bride and *me* shall kneel and humbly pray."

(20)

—— *all the Smiths enrol.*

Prophetic line! Alexander (the Great) Smith has since loomed upon the world.

(21)

Look where Geneva mocks a martyr's cries.

If Servetus, Seneca, or any of the martyrs to an idea, could have been consoled by the certainty that their thoughts would survive them, the bed of torture might have seemed a couch of roses. While Hope sustains Genius, she is invulnerable: Despair is her agony and death-travail.

(22)

Gin gratis—and eight dollars each per diem.

This is a portion of a lampoon which some Michael Steno, who had not the fear of greatness before his eyes, wrote on the doors of the Senate-chamber, at Washington, on a certain occasion when Congress had adjourned to attend the races.

(23)

—— *"You lie!"*

An explotive unfortunately too familiar in congressional debate.

(24)

No! "Ellen Jewett" his sleeping sense recalls.

The "Life" of this wretched woman is one of the least objectionable of the class of books alluded to; the life of a courtezan murdered by a libertine. A sad comment upon public taste, that such works should command extensive sale!

(25)

Wrote HOFFMAN'S ——

Charles Fenno Hoffman, the "Echo" poet.—(26) Epes Sargent, the "Transcript" poet.—(27) Park Benjamin, the Sonnetteer. (28) Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Sage.—(29) Rufus Dawes, the Clergyman.—(30) George Lunt, author of "The Age of Gold."—(31) R. H. Steddard, youngest of the American Lake School.

(32)

Harvard grants its benison.

The Cambridge poets, and their imitators, are ineffably Tennysonian.

(33)

—— *the "tibia" of our wits.*

The initials of Read's name, "T. B. R." have been laid hold of by classic wags, and the joke contributes not a little to the poet's reputation.

(34)

—— *tibits from a thousand "marts."*

I have distinguished this last word by quotation-marks, inasmuch as it has been so often used by READ, in his poems, that I conceive he has earned a pre-emption right to it.

(35)

—— *Sybarite soul.*

If the Sybarite was incommoded by a rose-leaf placed under his couch, I fear my young friend *"Tibia"* will hardly relish the levity with which the satirist alludes to his mimosa-like genius.

(36)

—— *the "Whig Review."*

The "American Review" criticised READ with great acrimony—and injustice.

(37)

When Rynders wields, like Hercules, his "club."

The "Empire Club," a political organization of New York, was long swayed by a notorious bar-room politician, called Captain Rynders.

(38)

—— *from Post to Post.*

William Cullen Bryant, the poet of nature, is likewise editor of the "New York Evening Post," a staunch partisan journal, devoted to the democratic side of politics.

(39)

——*making him a classical Procrustes.*

The coolness with which the old robber lopped or stretched his hapless guests, to proportion them to the dimensions of his iron-bedstead, was not a bad ante-type of that modern *sang-froid* which would reduce all orders of genius to a standard medium. When will the world come to Mrs. Malaprop's conclusion respecting "comparisons?"

(40)

—— *a new Antæus is.*

The classic giant's name affords me a good rhyme.

(41)

—— *Astor's clerk.*

FITZ GREENE HALLECK, a fine lyrist, and a satirist, of some pretensions, (as his poem entitled "Fanny" evinces,) was during twenty years a confidential clerk of the millionaire, J.J. Astor, who, at his death, bequeathed the poet an annuity. For some unexplained reason, Halleck long ago abandoned the harp which he often struck with true bardic fury.

NOTES TO PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

(42)

Like afreets damn'd ——

Afreets (according to Eastern superstition) are evil spirits haunting desert places; once angels, but condemned to suffer for their neglect of high duties.

(43)

Thou'lt dare the flames of even a critic's hell.

R. H. STODDARD, like many a young author, has allowed himself to be "coddled" too much, by the literary old women who delight in poetic bantlings. He may yet, however, have nerve enough to follow my advice; though I doubt if Orpheus himself ever attempted so deep or so infernal a descent as the gulf of American criticism; but our young poet is said to be writing a Plutonian epic, and may possibly acclimate himself to caloric before that is finished.

(44)

Reckless of DUYCKINCK ——

The brothers DUYCKINCK (two young men of classic attainments) edited for several years a journal called the "Literary World," a sort of Areopagus, which determined on the claims of sophomoric and blue-stocking authors.

(45)

—— *they called him "Echo."*

An article, charging HOFFMAN with plagiarism, imitation of Moore, &c., appeared in an English magazine, whereupon our author printed a collection of his poems, calling it "The Echo"; decidedly a too *suggestive* title, as it turned out.

(46)

Equal to Waller's "richest" songs, or Herrick's.

An "opinion as is an opinion," by the author of "Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America." See *art.* "Hoffman."

(47)

—— *a sort of "proctor.*

A "proctor" is a college officer. I make this explanation, that no malicious reader may seek to discover any sinister allusion to the bard of that name. Hoffman is at least not Barry Cornwall's "Echo"—and never will be.

(48)

Once Percival, ——

JAMES G. PERCIVAL gave promise of much greatness; but his muse was evidently too classic for our work-a-day world, and so subsided into common-place.

(49)

—— *Fosdick—or Bethune!*

Why these names are juxta-posed is immaterial. W. W. FOSDICK is a humorous, pathetic, and bathotic Western writer, who strings his harp with pearls and onions, and mixes metaphysics and metophor, science and scielism, into divers palatable dishes of rhyme. GEORGE W. BETHUNE is a clever clergyman, with a talent at making verses.

(50)

And heedless all of fire-bolts round his steeple.

JOHN PIERPONT is extensively known as a prose and poetic champion of cold water. He was at one time engaged in a fierce controversy with his parishioners, many of whom, being interested in the very profitable business of distilling, naturally took umbrage at their pastor's zeal in the cause of temperance. Many futile efforts were made to oust the reverend poet from his pulpit, which I think he held by a life-tenure. I forget how the matter ended, but recollect the steeple of Pierpont's church was twice struck by lightning during the division of his flock.

(51)

The charms of "Adam's Ale" were sung by WALLACE.

A volume of Cold Water Melodies, written by William Ross Wallace, was printed at Boston in 1840, or earlier. It is a pity that the poet did not continue in the faith of cold water; but, alas! in years past, Gotham has beheld many fine geniuses go down to the grave, victims to their self-indulgence, in spite of every effort put forth to save them.

(52)

—— *like* CUTTER'S, *goes by "steam."*

In allusion to a stirring lyric, written by Geo. W. Cutter, a Western poet.

(53)

If fierce as Neal's ——

JOHN NEAL, of Portland, Me., a bard of acknowledged genius, and much eccentricity.

(54)

—— *like milk-and-water* COE'S.

Coe is not selected personally as an aqualacteal specimen, but rises to the dignity of a type of his class; *i. e.* the tuneful choir who contribute to the classic pages of Peterson's and Godey's magazines, and occasionally minister to the necessities of needy printers, by publishing "collections" of their "poems."

(55)

If Griswold shrine thee, or if Graham scorn.

Time was when GRAHAM, of magazine memory, was quite a Mæcenas of youthful scribblers; but, alas! his glory has departed. The triangular duel between himself and Griswold, and the ghost of poor Poe, was the last exploit of Graham.

NOTES TO PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

(56)

—— *chokes the English worse than Thuggists.*

We doubt if any Thuggist, expert though he might be, could ever have strangled an English nabob with more adroitness than Willis exhibits in his constant attacks on the English language.

(57)

—— *tells tales of peers.*

Was it "Jottings down in London," or some other of Willis's gossip, that rehearsed the dinner-talk of English nobility?

(58)

Like Mah'met's coffin ——

The prophet's coffin is said to be suspended by powerful loadstones at some height from the earth.

(59)

Reads De Trobriand in an English guise.

De Trobriand was a Frenchman, who conducted with much ability the "*Revue du Nouveau Monde*"—rendered into copious English through the Home Journal; in spite of which it—deceased.

(60)

Moulding from dragons' teeth its armèd men.

I admire the beauty of this classic myth. It is a blessed thing that Nature works out her own beautiful results, through the most unshapely means. Who knows but that the spectacle of a talented man, making a show of himself, may be ordained on the principle which led the ancient Lacedemonians to exhibit an inebriated slave to their children—to disgust them with the sin of drunkenness.

(61)

—— *upheld by* FREEMAN SCOTT.

For the benefit of the ignorant reader, I will state that Mr. Freeman Scott is a poetic Curtius, who threw himself into the gulf of nullification, and (in a Pickwickian sense) saved the country. He wrote a "Song for the Union," and offered a prize of $50 for appropriate music, to which it was in fact sung, at the great Union meeting of 15,000 unterrified patriots in the Chinese Museum, Philadelphia. He deserves immortality—and shall have it.

(62)

Though PIKE *shall bawl* ——

Albert Pike is one of the Western poets who has some claim to merit, though not to the extent claimed by a few of his admirers.

(63)

Though Simms ——

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS has written some passable novels, but is not a poet, and his epic of "Florida" will not live as long as Paradise Lost. However, as very little is known of the work, (which is the case with most lengthy American poems,) perhaps Ponce de Leon's draught may be mixed up with it: so I shall not be positively negative concerning Simms's prospect of immortality.

(64)

Though light-horse Street ——

ALFRED B. STREET: who writes up Indian loves and sorrows into metrical tales.

(65)

Though Hosmer ——

W. H. HOSMER——*ditto*

(66)

Fearing, like Raleigh, danger if he climb.

Sir Walter's celebrated couplet, and Queen Elizabeth's rejoinder, are so well known that their repetition here is hardly worth the space occupied—nevertheless, it may be as well to say that, on one occasion, the maiden queen observed young Raleigh write with a diamond upon a pane of glass—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall;"

whereupon, (when he had departed,) she wrote beneath—

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

(67)

Thy "Blacksmith" ——

The "Blacksmith's Night," is one of HOYT'S best poems.

(68)

—— *Harris is he hight.*

Rev. THOS. L. HARRIS: quite a noted "medium" among the Spiritualists, who asserts that spirits of departed poets speak through him, (while entranced.) He has already produced two epics, and, as they sell rapidly, I doubt not the afflatus will continue. As fanciful improvisations, HARRIS'S poems might be curious; but as emanations from Dante, Tasso, Milton, (and others of equal *pretensions*,) they are unworthy of criticism.

(69)

—— *as the victims of Phalaris.*

Phalaris was a Grecian tyrant, who caused a bull to be made of hollow brass, into which he thrust a victim, and then heated red-hot, till the sufferer's groans made the bull seem to roar.

(70)

Until the shining lines of heaven's topography.

Harris gives elaborate descriptions of all the appearances of the planets—their mountains, valleys, etc.

(71)

—— *kiss plain Tom Mackellar.*

MACKELLAR is a poet of modest pretensions but of much real merit, residing in Philadelphia.

NOTES TO PARNASSUS IN PILLORY.

(72)

Bard of "Eureka" and of "Lyonsdale."

"Caleb Lyon of Lyansdale" is a modern troubadour; penning at San Francisco a lyric for the "Eureka State"—chanting semi-Spanish ballads through South America—apostrophizing Jenny Lind in Gotham, and "stamping" himself into Congress by poetic speech-making in general.

(73)

Linked the Pacific with thine own great name.

Among Lyon's achievements must not be forgotten the design of the California State Seal—for which he received $1000 and a place in the "golden archives." This is even better than being "sung in all the churches," like General George P. Morris.

(74)

Malign thy "bear" by calling it a bore.

A "grizzly bear" formed part of the seal-design mentioned above. The Mexicans in California were first defeated by the Americans, under a flag with this device.

(75)

—— in Persia and Cathay.

The bard of Lyonsdale is noted for his translations from Hafiz, the Persian, and Souchong-Bohea, (if we quote right,) the Shaoghai bard.

(76)

—— like Taylor's, through banditti.

In his "travels," while traversing Mexico, Taylor was tied to a tree, and robbed by Mexican footpads. We cannot think that our young Bayard emulated the chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche*," in his Mexican adventure. But all our poets are not expected to be Kerners: or, perhaps, Taylor's fame (unlike that of Ariosto) had not *preceded* him among the "moon's minions."

(77)

—— that polymathic wonder, STORY!

The son of Judge Story; (said to be a miracle of Boston learning.)

(78)

And so does DANA ——

A new edition of Richard Dana's poems has lately appeared, including "The Buccaneer," with its "spirit-verse," familiar as of old.

(79)

Great Joce! even SPRAGUE ——

CHARLES SPRAGUE, a Boston banker, who, many years ago, wrote a poem, called "Curiosity," and has ever since been one of Boston's poetic fossils.

(80)

Where PETER PARLEY *sings* ——

Sam. G. Goodrich, the worthy concoctor of children's books, is also addicted to rhyme.

(81)

—— and FIELDS *is quoted.*

James G. Fields is one of the partners in the publishing house of Ticknor, Reed and Fields, at Boston. Fields is piquant, quite lakish, and passably clever.

(82)

Bostonia's Helicon is——Cochituate.

The Cochituate water (as any Bostonian will assure you) is a perfectly innocent beverage.

(83)

O Doctor HOLMES! ——

O. W. Holmes has written some very humorous poetry, and is a genial and versatile writer; but he makes execrable puns.

(84)

And sell your ink to prove our incubi.

For the perpetration of these enormities, I plead in excuse my desire to present the reader with a sample of the doctor's own assortment.

(85)

Your "Last Leaf" ——

HOLMES'S "Last Leaf" is a poem of decided merit.

(86)

SAXE *wrote a satire* ——

JOHN G. SAXE, editor of a paper in Burlington, Vt., has acquired quite a reputation for humour, but is inferior to HOLMES as a poet.

(87)

Be broad as BURTON ——

W. E. BURTON, a theatrical manager and comedian; a graceful writer, but exceedingly coarse in much of his dramatic delineation.

(87*)

O CLARK! *prince-pauper of the rhyming crew.*

Gaylord Clark, of the Knickerbocker Magazine, (though doubtless a very good fellow,) is a most unmitigated olcemosynary object in the way of gratis-contributions, out of which, and Joe Miller, he serves up a monthly *olla-podrida* of pathos and bathos. He has lately published a volume called the "Knickerbocker Gallery," made up of articles furnished by authors ambitious of having their interesting faces exhibited to the public in a sort of Valhalla of American genius.

(88)

Does PUTNAM *foster native worth?*

Geo. P. Putnam, I verily believe, has endeavoured to act manfully by native authors, and deserves their good-will. Though in speaking well of Putnam, (the man,) I am far from endorsing the vapidity of some later issues of the "Monthly," since it lost its original editor. As for HARPER and his confrères, they will, it is to be hoped, find their level before long.

(89)

While mouthing CAREY ——

This is Henry C. Carey, a New Jersey gentleman, who seems to be afflicted with the scribbling Quixotism to a degree which makes him hazard a literary tilt at every sort of windmill.

(90)

And frothy RAYMOND ——

Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times, and Lieutenant-Governor of that State; an uneasy little man, who is continually getting into hot-water. His opposition to copyright is, however, very explicable and excusable, as his partner in the "Times" is one of the "Harpers."

NOTES TO PARNASSUS IN FILLORY.

(91)

Of foreign bards ——

Longfellow owes much to his familiarity with European literature—*vide* his translations and the general *tone* of his original matter.

(92)

Behold young LOWELL! ——

James Russell Lowell has given more absolute promise, and less fulfilment, than any young bard of our country. A man of genius should be over on the march, and Lowell loiters too much by the way-side. He should take a few hints from his own "Fable for Critics."

(93)

Hark! WHITTIER'S *sledge* ——

John G. Whittier, despite the sameness of his muse, has won a reputation for strength and boldness which is noticeable enough in this age of puerility. He possesses great vigor of expression, but is often very prolix.

(94)

HAHNEMANN *likes best "the thirtieth dilution."*

The "thirtieth dilution" is said to be the best proportion in homœopathy.

(95)

And if on "Ichabod" thou hanchest malison.

"Ichabod" was the caption of a poem which, in no half-way strain, arraigned a celebrated statesman for his reputed backslidings. I regretted this, because, while I hold poetry to be a fitting medium for the promulgation of great truth, defence of humanity, liberty, etc., I hardly esteem it the proper vehicle of equivocal personalities or abusive strictures. The true poet is of no *ism* nor creed, *per se*. Whittier is a true poet—but it is not in his negrophilism that this fact is most apparent. James Russell Lowell—ditto.

(96)

A paraphrase of Wilmot's great proviso!

A political measure, brought before Congress, by a worthy Pennsylvanian named David Wilmot, who was at one time threatened with unpremeditated immortality, but is now totally out of danger.

(97)

Trinomatain! Kaaba—reverently kissed
By Yankee bards—their "blarney-stone" I wist.

Blackstone was the founder of the "Modern Athens." The Kaaba is a "black stone" at Mecca, held in high veneration by all true Moslems, on whom a pilgrimage to Mecca confers the title of "*hadjee*," and the distinction of wearing a green turban. The "blarney-stone" is familiar to the authors who deal much with publishers.

(98)

To thee came PEABODY.

PEABODY, a poor poet. —— (99) DOANE, a bishop, and ditto. — (100) MCLELLAN, libd. — (101) EVERETT, very classic, poet of Harvard, Secretary of State under Fillmore, and a poor poet; famous for a nauseous rhyme, viz:—

"For Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Ataric!"

(102)

And savage Snelling ——

WILLIAM J. SNELLING, author of a pungent satire, entitled "Truth, a Gift for Scribblers," in which the rhymers were handled without gloves.

(103)

"When Pierpont's Readers" ——

"Pierpont's Readers" were school-books much in vogue in New England, and many an urchin have they assisted to his "nine parts of speech."

(104)

Where DAWES ——

Dawes is now a Swedenborgian clergyman at Washington, D. C.

(105)

And WOODWORTH'S *genius* ——

SAMUEL WOODWORTH was the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

(106)

—— *the "Boston Transcript" edit.*

This is a long-established Boston sheet, and, doubtless, well-conducted by the poet, who, however, has been sometimes accused of venial plagiarisms. SARGENT is the author of "Velasco," a tragedy, and at one time edited "The Standard Drama," a catch-penny republication of English plays.

(107)

—— *like sententious* WHIPPLE.

Edwin P. Whipple is a young man, who, by dint of industry and tolerable imitative powers, has become a sort of Boston Macaulay; writes essays, and lectures.

(108)

—— *all the poesy this side of the waters.*

It was asserted by a British Review that EMERSON was the only true American poet.

(109)

From Rocky Mountains to the far Pacific.

For a succinct account of this marvellous leap, *vide* Hirst's "Coming of the Mammoth."

(110)

—— *assert-ical.*

A Willis-ian license.

(111)

And sore when PRENTICE ——

George D. Prentice, editor of the Louisville Journal, has written some fine fragmentary poems, which, as "specimen bricks," make us mourn for the symmetric temple—to which they *are not* the index.

(112)

And sore when GALLAGHER ——

W. D. Gallagher is a Washington clerk now; when an editor, he wrote tolerable poetry.

(113)

Not even CHIVERS ——

Thos. H. Chivers, M. D., of Georgia, has written some good rhymes, but is haunted by dead poets, and passes his life in an insane attempt to prove that POE gained his reputation by plagiarising from CHIVERS. Let the doctor leave logic, and try to write poetry, which is more his *forte* than criticism.

Manifest Destiny.

To the
Manes of the Dead
Who in Mexic battles bled,
And to all the hapless Living,
Suffering still, and still forgiving,
Sacred be
What here is said:
As a memory of the Past,
To the Unknown Future cast,
Grant,
O God!
Its meanings last.

Manifest Destiny.

A WAR ECLOGUE.

"Our Country—right or wrong!"—Decatur.

I.

TRUMPET-SONG.



HARK! 'tis the battle peal!
The foe hath crossed our borders:
The dogs who wait at our country's gate
Would slay its valiant warders.
Brave hearts, prepare you!
The foes who dare you
Are bold and strong!

But, war to the proud oppressor!—
War to the rude aggressor!
Our Country! may she ne'er be wrong!—
And while she's right, God bless her!

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Chant ye, in battle's hour,
The Alamo's bloody story,
Of Goliad's day, and Bexar's fray,
And wild Jacinto's glory!
Their souls shall lead you
Whose blood has freed you—
A glorious throng!
Then war to the proud oppressor!
War to the rude aggressor!
Our Country! may she ne'er be wrong!—
And while she's right, God bless her!

II.

THE RUBICON.

It were a glorious strife to guard
The ramparts of our land—
And at her portals stand,
Hurling back the invading hordes;
But to stain our patriot swords
With the blood of those who never
Raised the hostile hand,
Save in Freedom's bold endeavor,
Foreign foemen to withstand,—
Is but lust, and wrong, and crime—
Branding us to endless time.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

And they are mad who counsel now
The fetters and the steel,
Our triumph dark to seal:
Better far the olive-wreath
Offer now, than flames and death.
Pause, ye rash, unthinking zealots!
Ere ye rivet chains!
Freedom brooks nor kings nor helots—
Crowns and whips alike disdains.
Better now in glory pause,
Than to break great Freedom's laws!

Christian men! who lift your hearts
To Heaven, this day, in prayer—
And lay your conscience bare,—
Know ye not, that War and Wrong
Can never make your temples strong?
Know ye not that blood and battles
Are not from the Lord?
Serve ye God's great laws, or Vattel's?
Bear ye gospels, or the sword?
Lo! on high the record stands—
Ye, like Pilate, wash your hands!

MANIFEST DESTINY.

III.

TRIUMPH.

DESTINY! Destiny!
Warder! look forth! sound now the warning cry—
Give the alarum-word!
Lo! the Destroyer of the Free draws nigh:
Swings the dread balance midway from on high—
The wall with fire is scored:
AMBITION whets his sword!

War! war! war!
What says this Christian nation to the world?
Earth with our threats is rife:
Heaven hath beheld our crimson flag unfurled—
In flaming wrath our armies have been hurled
Against a nation's life!
War to the bloody knife!

Raise ye your pæan loud
For the man-slayers! Crown the crimson brows
Of your wild hero crowd
With mural diadems! Arouse—arouse!
Come from your wheels, your altars, and your ploughs;
Come ye whom toil has bowed—
Hail ye those warriors proud!

Hail ye those hearts of flame!
And twine your flow'rs, and weave your garlands bright,
And peal each warrior's name:

MANIFEST DESTINY.

They have held Christian throats in murderous fight;
They have spread fire, and pestilence, and blight;
They have sown death and shame:
Rear ye the arch of Fame!

Slaves of the South—arise!
Clang ye your gyves, to swell the cymbals' sound—
Lift your exulting eyes!
Lo! your white masters have new victims found—
Comrades ye have—in war's red bondage bound:
Ye shall hear answering cries,
Swelling your gasping sighs.

White slaves of Northern gold!
Build ye a Teocalli—where the foes
Of our ambition bold
May writhe beneath our Anglo-Saxon blows,
And shriek their curses in expiring throes—
Curses that shall be told
Till Eternity is old!

Destiny! Destiny!
Lo! 'tis our *mission* to pour out the tide
Of our heart-blood, and die,
With foeman's corse stretched ghastly by our side;
Or live and trample him in vengeful pride:
This is our mission high—
Gospel of Liberty!

MANIFEST DESTINY.

We preach great Freedom's creed?
WE? with our heels upon the writhing necks
Of millions yet *un*freed,
Whose gasping prayers the soul of Justice vex?
WE! who upon a crumbling nation's wrecks
Would build a pyramid
Where millions more might bleed?

Sparta-like, would we found
A Helotage?—Rome-like, usurp the sway
Of a world in slavery bound?
Lo! in their might those wrongs were swept away!
What shall be *our* palladium from decay,
When Rome, with triumph crown'd,
Fell, crumbling, to the ground?

Destiny! Destiny!
Hark! the slain Prophets warn us from above—
The Past uplifts its cry!
Tame ye the Eagle! send ye forth the Dove!
Land of my heart, my life, my home, my love!
Cast not God's warning by—
Preach thou TRUE liberty!

IV.

IO PŒAN.

Ho! ye who lit your triumph fires,
And waved your thousand banners—
When brothers, husbands, sons, and sires,
Met on the south savannas!—
When human blood like water ran,
And men sank down like cattle,
From Palo Alto's bloody van
To Churubusco's battle!

Ho! ye who hailed each victory
With cannon salutations,
And dazzled mountain, plain, and sea,
With grand illuminations,—
Lo! Mexico hath bent the knee—
Her grief and pain she stifles:
Ye 've manifested Destiny—
With Anglo-Saxon rifles!

Peace is proclaimed! Hurrah! hurrah!
Our valorous Yankee nation
Has whipped the Mexic mongrel, far
Beyond all calculation.
Two hundred millions dollars lost—
A thousand score of fighters;
A bloody page in history's crost,
With bloody men for writers.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Hurrah! hurrah! at least ye've laid
In dust the Mexic forces—
Orphans and widows ye have made,
And sixty thousand corses!
And Mexico's partitioned, too—
Her highland from her lowland
Oh! brave REPUBLICANS are you—
As Russians were—in Poland!

O, ye who in our pulpits praised
The Lord for battle's glories—
And ye who swore that peace disgraced,
And peace-men were but tories,—
Light tapers now!—illuminate!
Let trump and cannon mingle!—
Till every heart shall palpitate,
And every ear shall tingle.

Ye've conquered Mexico! 'Twas bold!
The war will surely cease now—
In part by blood, in part by gold,
Ye've gained (we thank you) peace now.
IO TRIUMPHE! Homeward come
Those who in camp were quartered;
Save—twenty thousand dead and dumb,
By ball and fever slaughtered.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

IO—O—IO! Sound the trump!
The Mexic war is ended:—
Moloch has gulped a heavy lump,
And gold the gap has mended.
A five-act tragedy, fair sirs,
We've had for us enacted!
May God forgive the managers,
Who for this PLAY contracted!

V.

INDEMNITY.

I wandered forth, a dreamer lone,
While wintry winds around me whistled;
And from the boughs where once they nestled,
Bird and bee were flown.
And to my side there crept a child,
With azure eyes and features mild,
And sunny Saxon hair—
But tangled was that hair, and wild,
As if it knew no mother's care—
That desolate young child!

I stooped me down, and gently drew
The trembler to my melting bosom;
And wondered where so fair a blossom
In life's sad desert grew.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

But though with accents soft and low,
And tears that spite of me would flow,
I questioned of his home—
He only murmured "Let me go!
"For Pa-pa's killed in Mexico,
"And ma-ma's dead at home!"

I clasped his little hand, and tried
To win the heart so wildly heaving,
And soothe the passion of his grieving;
But still he wept and sighed.
And though his eyes of mystic blue,
Like sunny rain, upon me threw
A radiancy of gloom,—
He only murmured—"Let me go!
"For Pa-pa's killed in Mexico,
"And Ma-ma's dead at home!"

The Maiden of the Shield.

Duganne.

TO

The Gentle Eva:

(IN WHOSE PLEASANT COMPANY IT WAS WRIT,)

This Ballad

IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

The Maiden of the Shield.

PART FIRST.



NIGHT hung darkly over the mountain,
over the forest and the dale;
Dim and ghostly from the heavens
look'd the moon so thin and pale—
Like the white face of a mourner from her
thick and sable veil.

On the gray and misty mountain-brow a cloudy
mantle hung,
Over the storm-king's giant shoulders, as he rose from
slumber, flung;
And its fringe of gloom descended all the shrouded
vales among.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

There was sound of mirth and revel in the Maxwell's castle-hall:
Mirth of warriors met for wassail, whilst without, upon the wall,
Watch and ward kept ancient Donald Bane, the stalwart seneschal.

Stout and trusty man was Donald Bane;—at Naseby had he bled,
And at Wor'ster, where, with Scottish blood, the Saxon soil grew red;
Sturdily strode he now the ramparts, with a measured martial tread.

Through the gleaming turret casements Donald looked with longing peer,
Whence the sound of harp and pibroch broke by times upon his ear:
Clink of goblet, clash of trencher, could the sturdy yeoman hear.

Gloomily round the frowning turrets, and within the shattered fosse,
Giant shadows oft like phantoms would the soldier's vision cross—
Shapes that angrily toward Heaven seemed their cloudy arms to toss.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

Slowly strode the stalwart seneschal, with gauntlet on his sword;
Whilst within, in joyous revel, sat the castle's noble lord;
And a score of valiant chieftains clinked their goblets at his board.

There was wild Sir Duncan Carisbrooke, with matted elfin hair;
Stout Athlone, and winsome Umfraville, and reckless Ranaldmair;
And Lord Clavers, false and cruel, with a face like angel fair.

Many a shield, with dinted bosses, hung within that banquet-hall;
Drooped full many a lordly banner from the lofty turret wall:
But the shield and flag of Clavers hung the highest of them all.

For with fire and steel from Stirling gates had Clavers ridden forth,
With his lips compressed, his forehead dark, his haughty spirit wroth;
And he swore to mark with foot of flame his pathway to the north.

Not like Scotia's sons of olden time, to quell the boasting Dane,
Or to drive the daring Southron far from Berwick's castled plain;
For this man had bared his broadsword, Scotia's noblest blood to drain.

Noblest blood for aye, and priceless, that which fires the patriot's veins,
Be he prince or be he peasant, who the truth of God maintains:
Seed-like falls the blood of martyrs—harvesting the Future's plains!

Breathing vengeance rode Lord Clavers, with his soul as dark as night;
And beside him Jamie Turner—red with many a gory fight;
And the fierce and frantic Dallzell, with his beard of silver white.

Rode they forth with lance and banner, rode they forth with steel and brand,
And they swore to make a desert of the pleasant Scottish land,
And to slay, at hearth and altar, all the Covenanters' band.

PART SECOND.

When the clouds were darkest, dreariest, over castle
wall and tower—
When the goblet clink grew loudest, at the solemn
midnight hour—
Then arose fair ANNIE MAXWELL: hied she, trembling,
from her bower.

Through the postern stole the maiden; shrill and
fiercer moaned the blast;
Hied she forth amid the tempest, and the shadows
dark and vast;
Donald paced the castle ramparts, but he wist not who
had passed.

Like a phantom through the midnight fled the Max-
well's daughter fair;
Loosely streamed the silken fillet that entwined her
cloudy hair;
Backward waved her plaid and tresses, fluttering wildly
on the air.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

Whither flies fair Annie Maxwell, 'mid the tempest
fierce and wild?
Wherefore seeks she now the mountain, where the
stormy clouds are piled?
Wherefore thus, through mist and darkness, flees the
castle's winsome child?

She hath heard the oath of Clavers, at her father's
festal board;
She hath heard his fiery troopers clash their sabres at
the word;
And she knows that through high Ben Venú they ride
with fire and sword.

And fair Annie hath a true love—brave and loyal
youth is he—
Who hath sworn to guard the COVENANT as long as life
shall be;
And who roams the hills an outlaw—praising God
that he is free!

'Tis to save the brave young RONALD—'tis to warn him
of his foes,
That the castle's winsome daughter from her maiden
couch uprose.
Brave and loving Annie Maxwell! purer than the
Highland snows!

Up the mountain-path, with weary feet, the gentle
maiden pressed,
With her white hand fluttering dovelike on her wildly-
heaving breast;—
Far above frowned Ben Venú, with storm and cloud
upon his crest.

'Gainst the darkness pressed her forehead, as the
mountain-path she clomb;
And the whiteness of that forehead seemed a snow-
wreath on the gloom;
While her hair rolled darkly backward, like a billow
from its foam.

Heaven smiles on high endeavor! Lo! the tempest
sank away,
And a star looked from the darkness, with a sweet
and placid ray:
On the turf, amid the shadows, knelt the maiden down
to pray.

Rose the clouds, like lifted curtains, over mountain,
glen, and glade—
While the moonlight gushed adown the rocks—an
echoless cascade;
And within it, like a peri, dripping silver, stood the
maid.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SHIELD.

Over her boddice gleamed the raindops, in a net of jewelrie;
And a lustre hemmed her garments, as they floated light and free;
And her midnight hair grew golden, like a glory on the sea.

Glanced her white feet in the moonbeam, as with silver sandals dight,
While the dewdrops glittered from them, in a spray of diamonds bright;
And a mist clung round her garments, as on angel-wings the light.

Like an angel, kneeling, praying, on that silent mountain-height,
With the moonbeams gushing o'er her, in a flood of liquid light:
Sure no fairer, holier presence ever greeted mortal sight!

For her heart was lifted upward, and through all its wondrous cells
Floated strange, mysterious melody, in cadences and swells,
As if all the air were tinkling with the thrill of crystal bells.

Smiled the moonbeams from the heavens, and the
earth, with fragrant thanks,
Lifted up her perfumed offerings from a thousand
flowery banks,
Where the dripping blades of heather softly bowed
their glittering ranks;—

From the beds of mountain-violets, from bowers of
clustering vines,
Where the honeysuckle's crimson cup the jessamine
entwines;
And where Scotia's drooping bluebell in its modest
glory shines.

Then the maiden's pulses fainted, as if spelled by
witching art,
While the perfume, soft as lover's breathing, kissed
her lips apart,
And the zephyr's fairy fingers touched the key-notes
of her heart.

Thus she prayed amid the loneliness of forest, mount,
and stream—
And the shadows melted round her, like the darkness
of a dream.
Oh! in truth, fair Annie Maxwell did a blesséd angel
seem!

For ye might have marked the dawning of her softly-glowing face,
As a roseleaf through a lily made transparent we should trace—
Or an inner light outbreaking from an alabaster vase.

Thus she prayed amid the moonlight, and she murmured, "Ronald, dear!"
But she heard not from the mountain-path a lightsome foot draw near—
Till a voice, in well-known music, whispered, "Annie, I am here!"

PART THIRD.

Morning breaks in blue o'er Ben Venú—the morning of our Lord;
And a hundred plaided warriors kneel in prayer upon the sward,
And the songs of outlawed Christians rise in beautiful accord.

Songs of loud and vehement triumph—rolling round
the cavernous hills;
Higher and higher the hymn sonorous through each
echoing chasm thrills:
High and higher the resonant chorus all the arch-
ing heaven fills.

Here no pomp of man's cathedrals, pillared shrine nor
sounding aisle—
Here no frescoed roof, no sculptured stone, no gold-
emblazoned pile,—
But a towering cliff the altar, and the church a dim
defile.

Columned from the rocks basaltic—towering higher
than man might climb—
Base, and capital, and architrave, existent from all
time;
And the blue of heaven o'erarching in a canopy sub-
lime.

And with flowers the aisles were tesselate—with flow-
ers and shining grass;
And the vines, festooned and draperied, drooped in
many a twining mass;
And the gateway of this temple was a narrow moun-
tain-pass.

Cleft and hollowed from the rocky walls that circled
half the scene—
Steep and perilously descending, whilst a chasm
yawned between:
Fearful passway for the invader seemed this dangerous
ravine.

For a score of men might battle here against a count-
less host,
Scattering foes as waves are shivered on Lochcarron's
rocky coast;—
Such a wild Thermopylæ this as only Scotia's land
may boast.

Loud and bold, and echoing grandly, swell the Cove-
nanters' songs—
Far and near each vale resoundingly the rolling strain
prolongs;
And the vaulted caverns tremble as with clang of
martial gongs.

Rolling, deepening, sinking, muttering—faint and
fainter falls the sound,
Till the last thin note dissolveth in the valley-deeps
profound:
Then a silence, as of midnight, suddenly creepeth all
around.

Silence, deep and hush'd as midnight, broken only by the clamp,
As of coursers' hoofs descending o'er the rocks with sullen tramp,
And the hollow mountain-echoes, answering each resounding stamp.

Brief and low the benediction—while the warrior-preacher's ken
Swept afar the mountain-passes and the openings of the glen:
Then a clash of targe and claymore rudely spake the stern "Amen!"

Vanished from the rocks and gorges who but now had knelt in prayer—
Sire and child, and youth and maiden—gone, as if enwrapped in air;
Gone and vanished from the temple—stalwart men and women fair.

Yet nor flying they nor fearsome. Lo! around that temple wide—
Hidden within the cloven caverns and the beds of torrents dried—
Still they kneel, and mutely worship, in the craggy mountain's side.

PART FOURTH.

Out of the heavens, bright and beautiful, the showering sunlight falls—
As with golden garments robing cliff, and rock, and craggy walls;
Building piles of hazy glory, glittering towers and shining halls.

Calm and beautiful is the landscape, with the sunlight smiling o'er;—
All is silent, save the turbulence of some cataract's angry roar,
As it surges dull and heavily on Loch Achray's cloudy shore.

And amid the blesséd calmness, and beneath the sunbeam mild—
While around, in awful loneliness, the mountain walls are piled—
Kneels the Covenanter Ronald, with the Maxwell's bonnie child.

Yawning fearfully before them, glooms a wide and
darksome chasm,
Whence the rocks were riven, ages since, by some tremendous spasm;
Silent kneel the youth and maiden, hushed with high enthusiasm.

Over the chasm, dizzily spanning, poised upon the perilous clifts,
Lo! a bridge of sycamores springing, high its gnarléd form uplifts—
Fearful causeway, heavily swinging, o'er the terrible mountain rifts.

Long and wearily through the night had Ronald marked the changing skies—
Long and wearily watching, listening, lest the foemen might surprise:
Sentinel'd here, the bridge before him—bridge and chasm before his eyes.

Long and wearily 'mid the tempest, through the awful gloom of night,
Watch had Ronald held unfaltering, on that lonely mountain height,
'Till the stars and Annie Maxwell shone at once upon his sight.

Now the night and storm were vanished—and the
scent of flowrets fair,
Like the breath of heaven's dear angels, floated sweetly
through the air;—
Hand in hand, and heart to heart, the lovers breathed
their morning prayer.

Very soft was Annie's orison—like a brooklet's liquid
tones—
Like a low and musical brooklet, trickling o'er its
crystal stones;
Yet it reached her Infinite Father, bending from His
throne of thrones.

Far above the kneeling lovers — swelling forth in
golden thrills,
Rolling grandly down the passes — echoed sweetly
through the hills,
Hark! the hymn of Martin Luther all the raptured
mountain fills!

Hymn of prayer and praise triumphant! hymn for
soldier-saints to sing!
List! o'er Ben Venú it broodeth, like a glorious angel's
wing;
And beneath its voiceful music trembleth every living
thing.

Then, another sound comes downward — rushing
through the mountain caves,
Like the roar of angry water, as in chasm and tarn it
raves,
When the storm is gathering mightily o'er Loch
Katrine's yesty waves.

Upward suddenly rose young Ronald, flinging back
his clustering locks,
Whilst, with gaze of eagle range, his eyes explored
the sundered rocks,
Whence the sound of iron hoof-beats echoed loud in
measured shocks.

Swooping down the mountain passes rode a hundred
horsemen bold:
Swaying plumes and flashing corselets—gallant troop-
ers to behold;
And the foremost man was CLAVERS, with his locks of
waving gold.

Downward thundering, while the sun-light sheathed
each iron form in flame:
Faint and fearsome grew fair Annie, as the horsemen
rushing came;
Well she marked her sire, Lord MAXWELL, riding fore-
most with the Græme.

Loudly roared the sunken cataracts—but the troopers' yell rose higher;
Downward rode they, swift and heavily, every hoof-print flecked with fire,
Downward swooping toward the sycamore bridge, still downward, nigher and nigher.

Yet, nor faint nor fearsome Ronald:—swelled and throbb'd his bosom proud—
Resolute rose he, like an oak athwart the tempest-laden cloud—
While the lily, ANNIE MAXWELL, on the cliff beneath him bowed.

Towering mightily on the precipice, with its beetling crags o'erhung—
And the yawning chasm before him, with the sycamores o'er it flung—
Lo! a ponderous Scottish battle-axe around his head he swung.

Flashed that war-axe in the sun-light—raised in terrible strength toward heaven—
Circling fearfully, swift descending—like a thunderbolt downward driven:—
Reel'd the bridge, and rock'd the precipice, as by lightning fiercely riven.

Once again—a terrible engine—surging, shivering, as
it fell:
Echoed the sound from wood and mountain—hoarsely
sank through cave and dell;
Then from Clavers' vengeful troopers rose a loud, dis-
cordant yell.

Suddenly check'd, with choking bridle, back the Max-
well's courser reared—
Wildly gasping, widely staring, down that pass the
Maxwell peered;—
Was it the phantom of his daughter? was it wraith or
vision weird?

Bright and beautiful, like a seraph—as if scarce of
earth a part—
Mute and motionless, kneeling—moulded it might
seem by sculptor's art,—
And a shield of iron upholding, covering Ronald's
valiant heart.

Sturdily fell the blows of Ronald, while the maid be-
side him kneeled—
Never a jot their true hearts faltered—never a jot their
spirits reeled;
Still the maid beside her lover knelt, and raised the
ponderous shield.

Then from arquebuse and matchlock, hurtling on that shield amain—
Over the sycamores fiercely crashing, sped the troopers' leaden rain,—
Hurtling fierce upon that iron shield—still fiercer, but in vain.

For the war-axe still fell heavily—fell with wide-resounding clang;
And the echoing caverns answered, where the COVENANTERS sang—
And the rocks in diapason like a mighty organ rang.

Darkly frowned the fair Lord Clavers—cast he back his yellow hair;
Thrice he grasped a trooper's pistol—thrice his bullet clove the air;—
Ronald answered with a sturdier blow—the maiden with a prayer.

Madly swore the baffled Clavers—and the Maxwell, raving wild,
Raised his mailéd hands to heaven, with impious curses on his child;
But fair Annie raised the buckler over her lover—and sweetly smiled.

And the troopers, wildly cursing, saw the cliff's unstable ridge
Break and crumble downward heavily, 'neath the yielding timbers' edge;—
Well they knew that mortal footsteps nevermore might tread the bridge.

Mightily fell the blows of Ronald—fell the last, the giant stroke—
Like a cross-bolt, over the precipice, down the crashing timbers broke—
And a roar like mingled thunders from the mountain's womb awoke.

Dust and smoke and dry leaves whirling, half obscured the frowning height,
Backward reeled the steeds of Clavers, rearing, plunging, in affright;
Only once again fair ANNIE met her stormy father's sight.

Once and only—as in brightness to her lover's breast she clung,
While young Ronald toward the mountain-caves with lightsome foot upsprung,
With the iron shield and battle-axe athwart his shoulders flung.

But adown the mountain gorges, and around the sounding hills,
Once again the hymn sonorous of the warrior-Christians thrills—
Once again the resonant chorus all the arching heaven fills.

Many a maid in bonnie Scotland, on the mountain-sward hath kneeled—
Many a brave and loyal soldier fought on Freedom's glorious field;
But no nobler souls than Ronald and the Maiden of the Shield.

The Human Heart.

Duganne.

TO THE

Love of the Past

AND

Hope of the Future

THESE

ARE INSCRIBED.

The Human Heart.

THE HOME OF SONG.

POET:



WHERE is the Home of Song?
Tell me, O tuneful soul!
Where do the harmonies royally throng?
Where do the symphonies, swooning along,
Rivers of music roll?

MINNIE-SINGER:

Where the wide hill-sides glow,
Purple with clustering vine;
Where the blue myriads of violets grow—
Rivulets, rippling in rythmical flow,
Run to their father Rhine.

THE HUMAN HEART.

TROUBADOUR:

Where the sweet austrial skies
  Shimmer in golden rays;
Where the low lakelet alluringly lies,
Wooing the wantoning wind to arise,
  Liquid with love-lorn lays.

SKALD:

Where the wild bards of yore
  (Crown'd with the Boreal Fires)
Chanted their songs to the resonant shore—
Billows of music, in runical roar,
  Surging from stormy lyres.

POET:

Not with the skies alone—
  Not with the ocean's roll—
Not with the rivers, in musical moan,
Not with the zephyrs, in tremulant tone,
  Dwelleth the songful soul.

CHORUS:

There is but one dear Home—
  Thence we may ne'er depart;
There do the harmonies royally come—
There are the melodies nevermore dumb!—
  Hush!—'tis the Human Heart!

THE DREAM OF THE TOMBSTONE.

LISTEN—Love of mine! O listen,
While thy dewy eyelids glisten:
Let me press thy snowy forehead
With a lover's holy kiss.
'Twas a dream, O gentle maiden!
When my heart with grief was laden—
Yet I pray that God may never
Send a vision like to this;
Never plunge my dreaming spirit
In so darksome an abyss.

O! methought in this my dreaming,
That the icy moonlight, gleaming
On my bosom, white and naked,
Did its ghastliness illume;
That my heart no more was beating,
And the tide of life, retreating,
Left me like a sculptur'd tablet,
Like a cold and marble tomb—
Like a column, white and solemn,
In the ghostly graveyard's gloom.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Love of mine! oh! press me nearer—
Let mine eyes thy love-look mirror—
Let me feel thy heart's low beating
  Fondly echoing mine own;
Give my heart the blest assurance
That my dreaming soul's endurance
Was a phantom of the midnight,
  From the holy morning flown;
Let thy murmured blessing tell me
  Thou art mine, and mine alone!

Coldly streamed the moonbeam o'er me,
And a new-made grave before me
Lay, in loneliness and silence,
  With its withered flow'rets spread,
And a myrtle wreath was braided
Round the willow, shrunk and faded,
That, with melancholy motion,
  Waved above the grassy bed;
Like a solemn priest at midnight,
  Swinging censers o'er the dead!

Then methought that, fair and beaming,
Thou didst come, in radiant seeming,
From the shadowy groups of cypress
  That around the church-yard grew;

But another's arm was round thee,
And another's love had bound thee;
And to him who loved thee only
Was thy soul no longer true!
Then I felt my heart was breaking
As to me ye nearer drew.

Clasp me closer, loved and dearest!
'Tis a dream that now thou hearest,
Yet my heart with fear is trembling
As its memory I recall!
Though thine eyes are on me shining—
Though thine arms my neck are twining,
And thy murmured words of blessing
On my heart like music fall,
Yet the memory of that vision
Shrouds me like an icy pall.

Thou and he whose arm upheld thee,
Thou and he whose love had spelled thee,
Stood together in the moonlight
That revealed my marble breast—
And, with lips that faltered never,
Thou didst swear to love forever
Him who stood in pride beside thee,
With his arms around thee prest;
While beneath, all cold and silent,
Lay the one who loved thee best.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Love of mine! this dream of terror,
God be thanked! is naught but error;
Yet its memory oft hath darkened,
Like a cloud, my sunny heart;
For its phantom thoughts betoken
How that heart, all crushed and broken,
Would be like the marble tombstone,
Should thy gentle love depart—
And the cypress round my myrtle
From the grave of hope would start!

MEMORIES.

AT times there falls across my heart
A beam of memory's golden light;
And mote-like fancies float and dart,
And glisten through that medium bright;
Till even the dust, that covers o'er
The hopes and fantasies of yore,
A silvery veil appears,
Beneath which gleam in life once more
The joys of other years.

But even like one with failing feet,
  Who travels many a weary mile,
And plucks at times some flow'ret sweet,
  Or marks a transient sunbeam smile;
Then on some hill his footsteps stays,
And calmly through the twilight haze
  Reviews his devious track,—
So now my soul the Past surveys,
  But is not tempted back.

LOVING HEARTS.

O TELL me not the world is dark,
  With shadows lengthening to the tomb!
Mine eyes would rather fondly mark
  Where sunlight flashes through the gloom.
And I would fain in error dwell,
  If truth such darksome lore imparts,
And rather die than e'er dispel
    My dream of Loving Hearts.

Their perfume would forsake the flowers,
  The golden hues of summer fade;
The hush'd birds droop, in withered bowers,
  And sunny brooklets sink to shade,—

THE HUMAN HEART.

And o'er the soul of living things
Would fall the gloom that ne'er departs,
If from our bright imaginings
Were banished Loving Hearts.

They are around us and above—
Half-hidden, as in wild-wood leaves
Close nestles some white-breasted dove;
And he is happy who believes
That they are living, though unseen,
Like light, ere from the cloud it starts,—
And he is truly blest, I ween,
Who loves those Loving Hearts!

MIDNIGHT IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

TWELVE o'clock! the night-cock croweth,
Croweth long and loud;
And I do feel my spirit sink,
And my heart within me bowed.

Through the night have I been listening,
Wearily through the night—
To the sounds within the old church-yard,
That sleepeth in my sight.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Shining down upon the tombstones,
Falleth the white moon-beam,
And silvereth all the darksome graves
With a bright and quiet gleam;—

And I do think, as mine eyes behold it,
That love, like the moon-beam bright,
Can clothe the dark and frightful grave
With a mantle of silver light.

Round and about, among the tombstones,
Glide the dark shades afar—
Like evil thoughts, that fly away
When shineth the pure love-star!

The lonely willow-trees are bending,
Sorrowful over the graves—
And the stars, above in heaven, shine
Through each one as it waves.

And thus, when sorrow's willow bendeth,
Over us sad and dark,
If we but look through the leaves above,
The beautiful stars we mark!

It is well for me to gaze, at midnight,
Into the church-yard old,
Where the mounds of the long-departed
Sleep in the moonbeam cold:—

THE HUMAN HEART.

For there cometh to my soul a lesson,
And when I have learned it well,
The weariness goes from off my heart,
Like the gloom where the moonbeam fell.

VESPERS.

I SIT beneath the oriel porch,
That looketh toward the western sky,
And watch, while EVE, the shepherdess,
Her white flocks hurries by:
And watch the truant cloudlets stray
Far off, upon the azure deeps,
To lose themselves amid the stars,
That troop adown the steeps.
Poor little lambkins of the air!
White-fleeced like Innocence below,—
That, yearning still for brighter paths,
Too oft astray will go!

The blessèd NIGHT comes down to me,
And nun-like chants her solemn prayers;
The stars she counteth, as her beads,
The moon upon her bosom bears—

A white and holy scapular—
Beneath whose crescent rim afar
The azure secret of the skies,
In wondrous quiet, lies.
O Moon! O Stars! O silent Night!
My teachers, as my theme, are ye:
Fair missals for my faith to read—
My hope's dear rosary.

THE RECOMPENSE.

THROUGH the mazy market-place
A gentle Poet thrid his way;
Sad yet beauteous was his face—
Sad yet sweet his lay.

In the people's eyes looked he,
(As he would read each stranger heart,)
While his song so solemnly
Talked with each apart.

"Silver have I none," he said—
"Nor golden store have I," quoth he;
Thus he sung as on he sped,
Harping solemnly.

Then the people knelt them down,
With golden gifts and jewels rare—
Bringing for his brow a crown,
Woven of flowerets fair.

But the Poet's harp no more
With silver singing gently thrilled,
And his voice, so sweet before,
Evermore was stilled.

For the jewels and the gold
Were broidered on his shroud, (they say,)
And upon his bosom cold,
Withering flowerets lay.

A FANTASIE.

I SIT beside my gentle one:
Her hand is laid in mine;
And thus we watch the parting sun
In golden haze decline.
Across the fields the shadows creep,
And up the misty hill;
And we our twilight vigils keep,
At our own cottage-sill.

THE HUMAN HEART.

The distant brooklet's murmurs come,
Like bell-notes through the leaves;
And many an insect's mazy hum
Its dreamy music weaves.
The dove's last note, in rippling beats,
Upon the air departs;
The breath of all our garden sweets
Is creeping to our hearts.

The russet woodbine round our porch,
In clustering ringlets twines;
The honeysuckle's crimson torch
Gleams through the dusky vines;
The sunset rays are trembling now
Amid the trellis-bars—
They paint upon my darling's brow
A glory like the stars.

Her cheek is nestling on my breast,
Her eyes are bright with tears;
A prayer, half-breathed and half-represt,
My listening spirit hears.
Oh! blesséd be the changeless love
That glorifies my life!
All doubt, all fear, all guile above—
My own true-hearted wife!

SPIRIT-LIFE.

IN the lone and silent midnight—
When the stars, from darkness creeping,
One by one, like blesséd beacons,
Sentinel our sleeping,—
Then I feel within my spirit
Breathings of a purer life—
Voices of an inward music,
Calming outward strife.

Light breaks in upon my slumber—
Light of more than earthly gladness;
Low and sweet come many whispers,
Soft with heavenly sadness;
And around me, mute and saint-like,
Forms, in love and wisdom bright,
Move through air with shadowy footsteps,
Smile with eyes of light.

Each hath sorrow in its features,
Yet a high and holy meekness—
Each hath soul within its glances,
Conquering mortal weakness;
Each fair form, that followeth slowly,
Fairer seems than that before—
Less of dull and earthly seeming,
And of heaven more.

And as each one toward me turneth,
In its mystic features trembling
Shines a blesséd soul transfigured,
My own soul resembling;
And, with tearful reverence viewing
That of which my soul is part,
Listening to the eternal future,
Bends my earthly heart.

SPIRIT-LOVE.

TELL me, ye who long have threaded
All the mazes of the heart!
Are not life and death still wedded—
Each of each a part?

Once a gentle form before me
Shed a light around my soul;
Holy eyes were bending o'er me,
Music through my spirit stole.
Once my inmost life was plighted
Fondly with a saint on earth,
Like two music notes united—
Notes that sever in their birth.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Yet not severed we, though parted,
Still, in truth, our souls are one;
Though on earth the gentle-hearted
Hath her blessèd mission done.
Still, for me in sweet communion,
Lives the form that seemeth dead.
Love was once our chain of union,
Still with love our souls are wed.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,
When the prayer of love ascends,
Comes a soft, responsive whisper—
With my voiceless musing blends.
Then, as earth's dim shadows faintly
Flit, and from mine eyes depart,
Dwells with me a presence saintly,
Dove-like, folded near my heart.

Tell me, then, ye spirit-seeing!
Is it truth the angel saith?
Is not love the chain of being—
Love the lord of death?

SEEMINGS.

IN the earth's womb all loveliness doth grow!
So low estate may garb the trusting soul
With beauty pure as the immortals know.
Who reads his heart first learneth self-control;
And deemeth that which multitudes extol
As all too mean to chain his lightest thought.
Behold! how glorious are the hues enwrought
Upon the rainbow's web!—yet are they naught
But exhalations from the fens o'erfraught
With stagnant dews, and but reflect the glow
Of that which will destroy them! Even so
Are man's idolatries but mocking show;
They taint the air which they invade below,
And, tried by higher light, a borrowed radiance throw.

FAITH IN LOVE.

Whoso in Love believeth, him I trust—
Whoso despiseth Love, suspect I must!
Though *others'* falsehood strew my heart with dust,
Mine own clear faith shall burn beneath the crust!

BEN-YUSEF.

O FRIEND! this simple tale I would impart:—
The wise Ben-Yusef, of the lowly heart,
Dream'd that his son was pierced by Azrael's dart.
In vain El Hakim came, with leech's craft,—
No mortal hand could pluck the fatal shaft!
But, lo! as Yusef sorrowing looked above,
A voice said, "Father!" in low tones of love;
While, clothed in robes of gold and azure dyes,
His Selim smiled on him with lustrous eyes.
"O joy!" cried Yusef—"Selim hath not died!
"Allah be praised! the arrow glanced aside!"
"Thou sayest sooth!" the radiant shape replied—
"To deem that Azrael conquered was not well;
"For he thou lovest lives—'twas DEATH that fell!"

THE THREE MARIES.

THE Virgin, the Disciple, the Redeemed—
The Mother, Friend, and lowly Magdalen!
In Jesu's eyes alike, through love, they seemed:
Are they, then, equal? Yea, I say, Amen!
Virgin'd was she all womankind above,
Whose virgin bosom bore divinity;
So, haply, she who sinned, yet "much did love,"
Through love divine re-bears virginity.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE is a Butterfly, lady!
Flitting from flower to flower—
Pausing to sip
Each nectarine lip,
And dreaming in every bower:
But FRIENDSHIP, the Dove, o'er Life's waters dark,
Ever flies home to the Heart's dear Ark.

LOVE is a Nautilus, lady!
Trimming its tiny sail—
Skipping in glee
Over beauty's sea,
And dancing with every gale:
But FRIENDSHIP, dear lady! may ne'er depart,
Needle-like, pointing the magnet Heart.

LOVE is a Gossamer, lady!
Floating in golden air—
Ever astray,
With zephyrs at play,
And volatile every where:
But FRIENDSHIP's a star in the Heart's blue sky,
Over Gossamer—Nautilus—Butterfly!

HERRE I LOVE.

AN OLD-STYLE MADRIGAL.

I.

I KNOWE a littel hande:
'Tys ye softeste yn ye lande—
And I feele yts pressure blande
Whyle I synge:
Lylie-whyte, and restynge nowe,
Lyke a rose-leafe on my browe,
As a dove myghte fanne my browe
Wythe yts winge.
Welle I pryze, (alle handes above,)
Thys deare hande of Herre I love!

II.

I knowe a littel foote—
Very connyngelye 'tys putt
In a dayntie littel boote,
Where yt hydes:
Lyke a shuttel yt ever flyes
Backe and forthe before myne eyes,
Weavynge musyque forre myne eyes,
As yt glydes.
Welle I pryze, (alle feete above,)
Thys deare foote of Herre I love!

THE HUMAN HEART.

III.

I knowe a littel harte,
Yt ys free from courtlie arte,
And I owne yt (everie parte)
Forre alle tyme:
Ever yt beates wythe musyque tone—
Ever an echoe of myne owne,
Ever keepynge wythe myne owne
Holie chime.
Welle I pryze, (alle hartes above,)
Thys deare harte of Herre I love!

CANZONET.

I AM alone, my own love!
Thou art not near me now:
Yet in my dreams it seems, love!
At thy dear feet I bow.
Still thou art brought, in thought, love!
Close to my yearning heart:
Still on thy breast I rest, love!
Even when far thou art.
'Tis my soul meets and greets, love!
Thine, as it floats to me:
Dost thou not feel it steal, love!
Softly a-near to thee?

ANACREONTIQUE.

JULIA! I charge thee, fill for me
A goblet of the Orient wine!
Now Luna's yellow tresses twine
Their gold amid the jet of thine,
I drink, my love! to thee.
Ay!—fling thy glowing arms, my girl!
About my neck, and lay thy brow
Upon my bosom closely now,
Until my breath shall fan the curl
That wantons with my lips—
The jealous Moon shall learn, full soon,
Thine eyes are her eclipse!—
Fill high! fill high!—or live, or die,
I clasp thee in mine arms—
By Heaven! I swear, that sky and air
Are drunken with thy charms!
My soul is trembling on my breath—
One kiss!—and thou may'st taste it!
"Soft, dearest! soft!" it murmureth—
"Take not thy lips away," it saith:
"Taste *all*—but do not waste it!"

LOVE'S EYES.

LIGHT of my life! thy glorious eyes
Like stars above my heart arise—
Like stars that shine in midnight skies.

Down in my bosom's deep they beam,
Like star-rays in some darksome stream—
Reflected there, mine own they seem.

Reflected in my soul thou art—
And thy dear eyes of me are part:
By their pure light I read my heart.

Before their beams, so bright and clear,
My shadowy doubtings disappear;
And Hope is now where once was Fear.

Dear Eyes!—do not my heart forsake!
Shine, like the stars within the lake—
Shine, and the darksome shadows break!

LOVE-SONG.

I AM close beside thee, dearest!—
Round me are thy white arms thrown:
'Tis my beating heart thou hearest,
Dearest! beating with thine own.
Yet, ah me! a cloud is dimming
Thy fair soul with shadowy fears:
And thy dark eyes now are swimming,
Brimming, with their gushing tears.

Tell me, dear one! why thou mournest:
Canst thou doubt my love for thee?
Can *I* doubt that thou returnest
Earnest, trusting love to me?
'Tis no dream, of poets' musing,
That our mingled hearts we teach;
For our lives we are transfusing—
Losing each one's soul in each.

In the well-depths of our feeling,
In the home of endless truth,
We have hushed our love's revealing—
Sealing its eternal youth.
Twine thine arms, my love! around me—
Lay thy bosom close to mine;
I thank GOD that thou hast bound me,
Wound me, in this love of thine.

ABSENT.

THE ruddy bridegroom of the Night
Has entered to his ladye's halls;
And softly, over mortal sight,
Their nuptial curtain falls.
I see the rosy clouds no more,
For they were handmaids of the sun,
That danced unto his chamber-door,
Then vanished, one by one.

And now the twilight hour has come;
The tender twilight's mystic hues,
And low winds, full of kisses dumb,
And silver-footed dews.
The song of birds, the breath of flowers,
The zephyr's thrill, are greeting me,—
Yet pass I wearily the hours—
For—I am not with thee.

THE NOURISHER.

"Give me!" the earth-born cries, and from the earth
Comes food, wherewith our mortal life hath birth:
"Give me!" in turn cries earth, and we deny—
Ah! fools! earth feeds, too, Immortality

HEART-MIRRORS.

LOVERS once in magic mirrors
Sought their distant loves to see—
Calmed their fears, or woke new terrors,
By the power of glamourie.

Ah! there needeth for my being
Magic skill nor wizard art—
Still thy gentle form I'm seeing
In the Mirror of my Heart.

Still, as Fortune (oft beguiling)
Greets me with a honied kiss,—
In my heart-glass, bright and smiling,
I behold thee share my bliss.

And when o'er my spirit lonely
Falleth sorrow's darksome cloud,
In that glass I see thee only
Sad, and dark, and sorely bowed.

Loved and loving still are we, love!
Mirrored are our mutual hearts:
I in thee, and thou in me, love!
Till the life of both departs.

MY MISTRESSE.

I.

MY mistresse hath a loving lip—
The honey-bees might cluster on't!
Or, chaliced in its rosy font,
Ambrosial kisses sip
But, oh! her rippling laughter falls,
In silver beats, serenely clear,
Or, cooing like the wooing calls
Of some enamored dove,
Low broods upon my charméd ear—
A rythm of perfect love.

II.

My mistresse hath a queenly eye—
Its fringes vail, but cannot hide,
The lustrous shafts of royal pride
That in its darkness lie.
But, oh! when passion's dreamy spell
Is trembling through her tender soul,
And feeling's deep revealings quell
The maiden's haughtier art,
Ah! then, beyond all proud control,
O'er-swims her loving heart.

III.

My mistresse hath a forehead fair,
Where moony lustres softly glide—
The while, like shadows glorified,
Her thoughts are mirrored there.
Therein I read each tender mood—
Thereiu I trace her blesséd soul,
Arrayed in radiant maidenhood,
And shining into mine,
As if a tranquil glory stole
From out some holy shrine.

IV.

My mistresse hath a dainty cheek,
Where roses bleed through melting snow!
How soft its touch, if I did know,
I might not choose to speak.
But, oh! the light that trembles there
When, softly on my sobbing lute,
To daring Love's despairing prayer
I tune the thrilling key:
My very heart it maketh mute—
To think she loveth me!

THE LOST PLEIAD.

AH! cruel one! that sayst thy marble heart
Can feel an *inward* sob!
More fitting mine, oppressed with bitter smart,
Should inly throb;
Which thou of peace (unkind one that thou art!)
Didst coldly rob.

I laid at thy dear feet my laurel wreath,
From Glory's garden won;
Full gladly cast I, then, my heart beneath,
O chosen one!
That heart which, even now, (our dear Lord seeth!)
Is thine alone.

But thou, who shouldst have queen'd it o'er thy mates,
(An eagle-wedded dove!)
And walk'd with me through Honor's starry gates,
All scorn above,—
How wilt thou match with less-aspiring fates
Thy high-born love?

THE HUMAN HEART.

Like star that drifted o'er mine upward way,
Thy love did seem to me;
And all my life beneath its presence lay
Like charméd sea!
Still glorious thou—but earthward and astray:
God pity thee!

A LOVING LIFE.

LET Love inspire thee, and thy life shall be
A daily prayer to Heaven for sinful earth:
For by true Love hath all true virtue birth;
And He, whose life was Love, shall strengthen thee.
For Love, like perfume in the floweret's cup,
Its balmy influence still rendereth up,
To fill each breeze with sweetness like its own:
Thus by our loving lives a sway is thrown
(Even though that sway to us be all unknown)
O'er many a wanderer in this world of guile;
And thus a SOUL may cost us but a SMILE!
Let then our Love in loving deeds be shown;
For, as their fragrance lifts itself above,
Be sure that many a heart is lifted thus by Love.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

ART thou not near me, with thine earnest eyes,
That weep forth sympathy!—thy holy brow,
Whereon such sweet imaginings do rise?
Art thou not near me, when I call thee now,
Maid of my childhood's vow?

Now I behold thee, with thy sorrowing smile,
And thy deep soul, up-looking from thy face,
While, sweetly crossed upon thy breast the while,
Thy white hands do thy holy heart embrace,
In its calm dwelling-place!

CRUSHED FLOWERS.

OUT of the wildered petals of a flower,
Struck heedlessly by violent hand to earth,
Ye may some still unrifled sweets extract,
And breathe the past life of what now lies dead.
So, haply, gazing on a ruined *heart*,
Whose bruiséd leaves disclose the spoiler's touch,
Bethink ye, if 'tis worth some trifling care
To search for lingering perfume in the wreck,
Nor wholly crush it by unthinking tread!

THE SERPENT.

DOWN a lonesome mountain-pass,
Toward the dim and silent vale,
Rode a warrior clad in armor—
Shining helm and coat of mail.

And the warrior's mailéd hand
On his iron bosom press'd—
"Woe is me!" he murmured sadly—
"There is torture in my breast."

For beneath his gleaming mail,
And beneath his hauberk gay,
Evermore a deadly serpent
On the warrior's bosom lay.

Down the dark and solemn vale,
Where the sable river flowed,
To the toll-gate at the ferry,
Faster still the horseman rode.

And the maiden at the gate,
Spoke in accents sweet and low,
Saying, "Rest thee, wearied rider:
Farther on thou must not go!"

THE HUMAN HEART.

"I will take thee in my arms,
And my heart shall be thy rest,
And no longer shalt thou journey,
With the serpent in thy breast."

Then she kissed the warrior's brow,
And he felt her balmy breath:
And the serpent gnawed no longer,
For the maiden's name was—DEATH.

THE TRUE VISION.

O HEART! that hopes, believes, and loves all things!
O Soul! which knows not that itself exists!
I would the Soul were plumed with the Heart's wings,
To bear it from the world's enshrouding mists.
Methinks that LOVE is the true vision of man,
By which he seeth no longer "through a glass
Darkly, but face to face." Haply we pass
In death through loving change—whereby the ban
Shall seem a blessing, and the veil of earth
Fall from us, like the scales from blinded Paul,
When that his soul awoke in its new birth,
And he, from hating all things, loved them all;
So may our soul's eyes, pierced by light above,
Rejoice in blinding Death, that leads from Hate to Love!

TO A DYING SISTER.

DEAR one! Thou diest!
And my crush'd heart is with its sorrow mute:
Its sighs alone may syllable farewell,
And with their throbbing whispers thrill my lute—
Poor lute! that knows not what the heart would tell.

Farewell! sweet heart of love!
Thou hast unlock'd the fountains of deep tears
In my long desert bosom—thou hast stirred
My spirit's darksome waters, and my fears
And doubts have vanished at thy healing word.

Even like the gentle spring,
Gilding with sunlight all my darksome hours,
Camest thou before me, beautiful and bright!
Thy voice was as the breath of pure delight—
By the wayside I saw thy smile, like flowers.

God claims thee, gentle one!
Even now the joy of heaven's imaginings,
With angel vesture robes thy holy heart—
Thy beautiful thoughts upbear thee with white wings:
God claims thee, darling one! We part—WE PART!

Metrical Miscellanies.

Duganne.

TO

J. J. Couch, J. Glover Drew,

AND

John Botume,

Sons of New England

AND

TRIED FRIENDS,

THESE MISCELLANIES

(WHICH THEY HAVE MARKED BY THEIR COMMENDATION)

ARE DEDICATED.

Metrical Miscellanies.

ANTEDILUVIUM.

DEEP mutterings were heard,
As of arising thunders;—now in low
And hoarsely-moaning tones, that stirred
All hearts with secret terror—then a long
Continuous, melancholy flow
Of sound, like waves that roll among
The deep, o'erhanging woods;
And then the mountains shook, and sounds
Broke forth from their deep wombs; and then
The roar of rushing floods—
That came, in swift and fearful bounds,
From mountain-top to glen.

The hearts of men were hush'd in chilling fear;
And from the palace and the peasant's cot
They came, and each drew near
The other, muttering some fearful thought.
And straining eyes were turned to heaven;
For thence—the prophet-man had said—
Should come their fearful doom:
But though the mountain-cliffs were riven—
And though each little rippling rill,
That silvered once the meadows fair,
Was swelled to rolling billows—still
No tempest broke the air:
No cloud enwrapped in sable gloom
The blue and peaceful sky;
But there the holy star-light beamed,
And placidly its radiance streamed
Upon each up-turn'd eye.

Then a quick, sharp crash, like a trumpet-blast,
Broke around and above, and the light was past;
And the trampling thunders came fierce and fast:—
Men looked around, and they looked their last.

A moment it paused, and the wind was stilled;
Not a passing zephyr the leaflets thrilled—
Not a ripple broke over the water;
And then o'er the silent sky was spread
A terrible mantle of bloody red,
Like crimson field of slaughter.

And then the lightnings, fork'd and bright,
Gleamed out on the face of the fearful night,
And wrote, in letters of ghastly white,
The sentence of all mankind:
And the eyes of men, in the awful light
Of that flaming sky—grew blind.
A shriek of desperate wo—
A hopeless, wailing, lengthen'd cry,
Of all the soul's deep agony—
Went up to that red sky.
Hushed were their voices then:
And on the stony earth they sank—
The stricken sons of men!
Forgotten now were power and rank:
The diadems of kings were low;
Monarch and peasant felt the blow:
And man crept nearer to his brother—
(He cared not who the wretch might be)
But fearfully each sought another,
For fellowship in misery.
The beggar's arm was wound a prince's neck around—
The neck of royalty.
They waited for their graves—
That silent multitude
The monarch and his slaves,
In golden and in iron chains,
With sightless eyes and throbbing veins,
In wild confusion stood.

There was stillness in heaven and earth,
Silence, and sadness, and gloom:
The world had forgotten its joyous birth,
And waited for the tomb.
And men were crouching on the ground,
And listening to their own dull breathing;
And over their bodies, and round and round,
The slimy snakes were wreathing.
The roar of the tiger was hushed:
The lion sank down, with his spirit crushed;
And forth from their caverns the jackals rushed,
And mingled with mankind!—
All—all—alike—were BLIND!

A light, low sound, as of falling rain!
And on the parched and fiery plain
The showers of heaven descended:
They cooled the hot and fevered brain,
And men were lit with hope again,
As if the curse were ended.
But, sudden on each startled ear,
There came a surging sound!
A sound as of the moaning seas,
Or like the Autumn's sobbing breeze,
That rolls so dolefully around
The bare and bending trees,—
Solemn, and sad, and drear.

Then came the thunder-peal once more,
And the rushing wind, and the ocean-roar,
And the galloping waves on the crumbling shore,
And the muttering earthquake's groan;
Then the sea up-rose, with a sudden swell,
And the heavy clouds unbroken fell,
Till over each forest, and plain, and dell,
The watery pall was thrown.
Shriekings were heard—Creation's wail!—
Howlings of terror rose wild on the gale,
And to the hills they fled—
The multitudes of sightless men!
Where were their shrines of marble then?
Where were their gods of lead?

They mounted to the hills—
The craggy steeps they gained;
And to their gods, in desperate yells,
Their choking voices strained.
The slow, engulfing waves drew nigh—
Against each rocky cliff they beat:
They reached each steep, each mountain high,
They licked their victims' feet.
Up, up!—the waves grew wilder yet
They mingled with the bloody sweat
That bathed each clammy breast:
Fiercely they came, and the multitude knelt,
As the crawling curse on their limbs they felt;

And from each gasping heart arose
A cry to HIM who ruled their woes;
And each dark lip confessed
The justness of their doom!
They prayed to that strange GOD, whose Name
Burned in their souls like living flame—
Whose withering frown athwart the skies,
Robed in the midnight's sable guise,
Deepened the stormy gloom,—
They prayed to that strange GOD, whose might
Is quick to save, as fierce to smite,
To shield them from the tomb;
Each dark, despairing child of earth,
To HIM who gave Creation birth—
To HIM who rules in Heaven—
A deep and earnest prayer poured forth,
A prayer—to be FORGIVEN!

The scales fell from their eyes!
They saw the blessèd light!
'Twas not the golden sunlight's gleam;
'Twas not the pale moon's softer beam;
But the light of heaven's opening skies
Broke through the stormy night;
And a strain of angel minstrelsies
Fell from the mystic sky,
Whispering of hope, and love, and peace,
To the mortals doomed to die:

While far away, on the waters dark,
They saw the rescued Prophet's ark.

God in his power is kind!
God in his wrath still loves!
Behold! as round the nations, bent
In that last dying prayer,
Closes the narrowing firmament—
Ocean devouring air,—
Behold the Sign of peace—a Dove's
White wings the winds up-bear!
The multitudes behold—believe—
As through the Dark those pinions cleave.

They saw, and they believed!—
From out the bending sky,
The hope of immortality
Their changing hearts received.
Beyond the grave their faith was cast—
The bitterness of death was past:
And Mercy, from the vast profound,
Smiled o'er the waste where Justice frowned.
And in the choking ocean's fang,
And in the last, sharp, gasping pang,
When soul and sense were riven,
Their closing eyes beheld the light—
They heard the Hymn of seraphs bright,
And KNEW they were FORGIVEN.

CARACTACUS—(1)A ROMAN BALLAD.

CLOSE your gates, O priests of Janus! close your brazen temple gates!
For the bold Ostorius Scapula invokes the peaceful fates;
And the brave Britannic Legion at the Arch of Triumph waits.

Bold Ostorius—home returning—for the island war is o'er;
And the wild Silurian rebels shall arise in arms no more:
Captive stands their savage monarch on the Tiber's golden shore.

Crowded are the banks of Tiber—crowded is the Appian Way;
And through all the Via Sacra ye may mark the dense array
Of the tramping throngs who celebrate a Roman gala-day.

From the joyous Campus Martius to the lonely Aventine—
From the Capitolian Palace to Apollo's Tiber shrine—
Hurrying onward to the Forum, sweeps the long, unbroken line.

To the Forum, where the CAPTIVE—chief of Britain's savage horde—
He who smote the host of Plautius with his fierce barbaric sword—
To the Forum, where the captive, trembling, waits the Cæsar's word.

CARACTÁCUS! CARACTÁCUS! Oh! full many a Roman child
To its mother's breast at midnight has been caught in terror wild,
When some fearful dream of Britain's chief her sleeping sense beguiled.

Thrice in battle sank our Eagles—shame that Romans lived to tell!
Thrice three years our baffled legions strove this rebel chief to quell:
Vain were all our arms against him—till by treachery he fell.

Now, behold! he is our captive! in the market-place
he stands,
And around him are the Lictors and the stern Prætorian bands:
Stands he like a king among them—lifting high his
shackled hands.

Sure he sees the steel-clad cohorts—sure he marks the
lictors nigh,
Yet he stands before our monarch with a glance as
proudly high
As if *he*, in truth, were Cæsar, and 'twere Claudius
that should die.

Gazes he o'er prince and people, with a glance of wondering light—
O'er the Rostra—o'er the Forum—up the Palatinian
height—
O'er the serried ranks of soldiers stretching far beneath
his sight.

Grandly swell the crash of cymbals, blare of trump,
and roll of drum,
As adown that storied market-place the veteran cohorts come:
Then, at once, the clamorous shoutings sink into a
brooding hum.

Tramping onward move the legions—tramping on
with iron tread,
While Ostorius, marching vanward, proudly bends his
martial head—
Proudly bends to the Ovation—meed of those whom
valor led.

Statue-like, in savage grandeur, stands the chief of
Britain's isle;
And his bearded lip is wreathing, as with silent scorn,
the while:
Bold barbarian! dost thou mock us—mock us with
that bitter smile?

Lo! thou standest where the Brutus sware by chaste
Lucretia's blood—
Where the Roman sire, Virginius, o'er his virgin
daughter stood;
And where Marcus Curtius perished—victim for his
country's good.

Lo! thou standest in the Forum—where the stranger's
voice is free—
Where the captive may bear witness—thus our Roman
laws decree!
"Lift thy voice, O chief of Britons!" 'Tis the Cæsar
speaks to thee!—

"Lift thy voice, O wondering stranger! Thou hast marked our Roman state:
All the terrors — all the glories — that on boundless empire wait!—
Boldly speak thy thought, O Briton!—be it framed in love or hate!"

Thus our monarch to the stranger. Then, from off his forehead fair,
Backward, with a Jove-like motion, flung the chief his golden hair:
And he said — "O King of Romans! freely I my thought declare:—

"Vanquished is my warlike nation—stricken by the Roman sword;
Lost to me my wife and children—long have I their fate deplored—
They are gone—but gloomy Hertha(2) still enthralls their hapless lord.

"Yet I murmur not — but *wonder* — WONDER, as in Jötna dreams,(3)
At each strange and glittering marvel that before my vision gleams;
At the blaze of Roman glory which upon my senses streams.

"Romans! even as gods ye prosper—boundless are
your gifts and powers!
Ye have fields with grain o'erladen—gardens thick
with fruits and flowers
Halls of shining marble builded—cities strong with
battling towers.

"I have marked your gorgeous dwellings, and your
works of wondrous art;
Bridges high in air suspended—columned shrine, and
gilded mart:—
And I marveled—much I marveled—in my poor bar-
barian heart.

"For this day I saw your mighty gods beneath the
Pantheon dome—
Gods of gold, and bronze, and silver!—and I mar-
veled, King of Rome!
That such wealthy gods should envy me my poor,
barbarian home!"

Ceased the chief—and on the pavement sadly sank
his tearful eyes,
And the wondering crowds around him held their
breath in mute surprise;
Held their breath—and then, outbursting, clove the
air with sudden cries:

As when round the hush'd arena's dust a swoon-like
silence floats,
While the Coliseum's victor o'er his dying foeman
gloats—
And as breaks the sudden plaudit from a hundred
thousand throats.

Thus arose the voiceful tumult—thus, with loud and
sudden swell,
Up from all those swaying thousands rose the shout no
king might quell:
"Cæsar! he hath spoken bravely! Claudius! he hath
spoken well!"

Not unmoved the brow of Cæsar—it hath lost the
Claudian frown;
And a tear upon his royal cheek is slowly trickling
down:
Never purer gem than Pity's tear enriched a mo-
narch's crown!

Yet he speaks in anger's accents—"Ho! advance the
fasces now!
Lictors! close ye round the scorner! Ha! barbarian!
smilest thou?
There is ONE beneath whose glances even THY haughty
soul shall bow!"

Thus spoke Claudius—and the soldiers, opening round
the curule chair,
Half revealed a form majestic 'mid the lictors bending
there—
Half revealed a stately WOMAN—mantled by her ra-
diant hair.

Flashed the captive's eye with sunlight—burned his
cheek with new-born life—
Hope, and fear, and doubt, and gladness, held by turns
their eager strife—
Then two hearts and voices mingled—murmuring,
"HUSBAND!" answering, "WIFE!"

THE GERM OF GOOD.

NO feet this mortal maze have thrid,
Or striven its stormy ways to climb,
That could not, in the journey's prime
To heavenly paths be led.
In every heart there's haply hid
(Though choked by weeds of guile and crime,)
Some pure, untainted germ, which time
And nurture may to flower uphid:
And, oh! it were a task sublime
To seek this germ, all withering weeds amid,
And train it, till it hath the heart from venom rid!

BARONIAL TIMES.

PART I.—BARONS OF THE PAST.

IN the old baronial times,
When the feudal lords bore sway,
There were high and low, and friend and foe,
As there are in this our day;
There were shrines and fanes, and swords and chains,
Young maids, and old men gray!
And the barons kept high state,
In their ancient castle halls—
And the warders stout watched well without,
Lest foes should scale the walls;
And down far deep, in the donjon-keep,
Were chain'd the barons' thralls.

And whenever these barons bold
Would swell their golden hoards,
They summoned their men from hill and glen,
And bared their bright broad-swords;
And the trumpet brayed, and the war-horse neighed,
And the minstrel swept his chords.
And the barons bold rode forth,
And the fray was fierce and long;
For with deadly blows they smote their foes,
And stormed their castles strong—
They sacked and killed, and their coffers filled,—
But the deed (men say) was wrong.

And whenever these barons bold
Would add to their lands a rood,
They grappled the brand, with a red right hand,
And seized whatever they would—
And none said nay, for the strong bore sway,
And the Evil ruled the Good.
And these barons bold waxed great,
Till the feeble feared their might:
They lived like kings, and the bard still sings
Of their deeds in feast and fight;
But to burn and steal, and to sack and kill,
Can never (men say) be right.

PART II.—BARONS OF THE PRESENT.

In the new baronial times,
The barons have doffed their arms—
And the shield is dust, and the spear is rust,
And the sword no more alarms;
And the trumpet-peal and the flash of steel
Have lost their olden charms.
But the barons still bear sway—
In a lordly state they dwell;
They have slaves enow, right well I trow,
And rule with a mighty spell;
And for bright red gold, men's lives untold
These barons buy and sell.

And whenever these barons proud
Would swell their golden store,
They write with a pen in the blood of men,
And the human heart they score:
They shroud the soul with a parchment scroll,
And crush men's hopes with ore.
And the widow's cruse they grasp,
And the orphan's crust of bread—
The blind man's staff they seize, with a laugh,
And the pauper's wretched bed;
Like vampyres they prey on the living clay,
And like ghouls devour the dead.
And acres of goodly land,
And houses of chiselled stone,
Brave ships of the sea, and forests free,—
They gather them, one by one:
The Law is their shield, and the World their field,
And their sword is Gold alone.

Now, tell me the noblest men!—
The barons who lived of old—
The wild, proud lords, with their crimson swords,
And their deeds so fierce and bold,—
Or the barons who ride o'er men's hearts in pride,
The barons whose swords are gold!

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

ROCK of Freedom! old and hoary—
Footstool of the Pilgrim band!
Emblem of their toil and glory—
Altar where their children stand:
Lo! we keep thy name immortal,
We, who own the Pilgrim stock;
For they marched through Freedom's portal,
O'er her threshold—Plymouth Rock!

Bethel, thou! of wandering nations—
Pharos through the gloom of time;
Patriots mark their long probations
Ended at thy base sublime!
There the tyrants sink, adoring,
There the slaves their chains unlock,
There the freeman's flag, up-soaring,
Points to mankind—Plymouth Rock!

Rock of Freedom! Proud and lonely,
Once it braved Atlantic's roar:
Once its bosom bulwark'd only
Massachusetts' stormy shore;
Now, where'er, on coast or border,
Danger threats her angry shock,
There, be sure—for watch and warder—
Stands, for aye, a Pilgrim Rock!

THE ARMIES.

PART I.—ARMIES OF THE PRESENT.

SOUL! behold those marshalled armies,
Threat'ning Heaven with dire alarms!
Gorgeous banners wave above them—
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!
Lo! their steeds the earth are trampling—
Hark! their brazen trumpets clang;
And the sulph'rous clouds of battle
Like a pall above them hang.
Shakes the ground beneath their onset—
Quakes the sky with answering dread;
And the iron waltz of battle
Whirls along, with crashing tread:
Flash the flaming tongues of muskets—
Peals the cannon's angry roar;
And the shell's loud diapason
Swells the awful din of war.
Storm-like rolls the hurtling onset—
Leaden drops of murderous rain;
Thund'rous fall the angry war-bolts—
Crimson rivers cross the plain:
Islands rise where sink the bravest—
Islands formed of steeds and men;
From the earth they sprang to being—
To the earth are trod again.

Iron hoofs are on men's bosoms—
Hearts are crushed by cannon-wheels;
Still the drum-beat gaily soundeth—
Still the cheering bugle peals.
Sheaves of souls like chaff are winnowed—
Swept beneath the whirl of fire;
Still the trumpet merrily clangeth—
Still the flags are mounting higher.

Back—far back behind those armies—
Move, with feeble steps and slow,
Ranks of pale and faded maidens,
Clad in garbs of sable wo;
Lines of orphaned babes and widows—
Dying mothers, childless sires;—
Merrily still resounds the bugle,
Brightly gleam the battle fires.

PART II.—ARMIES OF THE FUTURE.

SOUL! look forth where shines the Future!
Lo! where march in radiant lines,
Glorious hosts with snow-white banners—
Banners bright with holiest signs—
Gleams the Press, in golden glory—
Shines the Plough, in silken pride;
Waves aloft the flashing Anvil—
Floats the ponderous Sledge beside.

Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,
Bear those gleaming flags above:
Men with lips and eyes of gladness—
Valiant souls and hearts of love.
Rings o'er earth their loud hosanna—
Soar to heaven those banners fair:
Hark! the eternal concave echoes—
Labor! labor!—work is prayer!

O'er earth's plains sweep on those armies:
Mountains fall beneath their blows;
Lo! they choke the red volcanoes—
Lo! they grapple Iceland snows!
Rush their ploughs through black morasses—
Roll their cars through deserts' gloom;
Dark Miasma flies before them—
Shrinks in dread the hot Simoom!

Gleam with golden grain the deserts—
Shine the swamps with flow'rets bright;
Still march on those glorious armies—
Wave their flags in radiant light.
Ocean's storms to them are playthings—
Chained are Earth, and Fire, and Air;
Merrily rings their loud-voiced anthem—
"Labor! labor!—work is prayer!"

Following close these conquering armies—
Dancing on with twinkling feet—
White-armed maids and flower-crown'd children
Haste those warrior-men to greet—
Hands are clasped in holiest union;
Joy, like incense, soars above:
Hail! thrice hail! the Industrial Armies!
Hail the immortal Strife of Love!

TO THE PRINTERS.

BRETHREN of the Art of Arts:
Sons of those old German spirits
Through whose toil the world inherits
All the joys that lore imparts,—
Know ye, that from out your hearts
Ye should ne'er permit to perish
FAUST or GUTTENBURGER'S fame!—
Never cease to fondly cherish
Ancient SCHAEFFER'S name!
But let not their names alone
In your memory be enshrined—
Cherish ye their searching mind—
Make their noble thoughts your own:
Then above all slavish fetters,
Proudly marked, shall rise your order—
Then the glorious Craft of Letters
Shall be Freedom's Watch and Warder.

ODE TO POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.(1)

O GREEK! by more than Moslem fetters thrall'd!
O marble prison of a radiant thought!
Where life is half recalled—
And Beauty dwells, created, not enwrought,—
Why hauntest thou my dreams, enrobed in light,
And atmosphered with purity, wherein
Mine own soul is transfigured, and grows bright,
As though an angel smiled away its sin?

O chastity of Art!
Behold! this maiden shape makes solitude
Of all the busy mart;
Beneath her soul's immeasurable woe,
All sensuous vision lies subdued;
And, from her veiléd eyes, the flow
Of tears is inward turned upon her heart:
While on the prisoning lips
Her eloquent spirit swoons,
And from the lustrous brows' eclipse
Falls patient glory, as from clouded moons!

Severe in vestal grace, yet warm
And flexile with the delicate glow of youth,
She stands, the sweet embodiment of truth;
Her pure thoughts clustering around her form,
Like seraph garments, whiter than the snows
Which the wild sea upthrows.

O GENIUS! thou canst chain
Not marble only, but the human soul:
And melt the heart with soft control,
And wake such reverence in the brain,
That man may be forgiven,
If in the ancient days he dwelt
Idolatrous with sculptured life, and knelt
To Beauty more than Heaven!

Genius is worship! for its works adore
The Infinite Source of all their glorious thought!
So blessèd ART, like Nature, is o'erfraught
With such a wondrous store
Of hallowed influence, that we who gaze
Aright on her creations, haply pray and praise!

Go, then, fair SLAVE! and in thy fetters teach
What Heaven inspired and Genius hath designed:
Be thou Evangel of true ART, and preach
The freedom of the Mind!

AN HONEST BALLAD TO JOHN BULL,

[Per MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER,]

In reply to a "LOVING BALLAD TO BROTHER JONATHAN;"(5)

From MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

I' VE read your ballad, Johnny Bull!
A dozen times or more—
'Faith! at my heart it took a pull,
That drew me "half-seas o'er;"
I felt the "Anglo-Saxon" run
Through neck, and cheek, and forehead:
I might have been your shadow, John!
I grew so very florid.

It sort o' tickled me, I own,
To read sich printed praise:
Sez I, old Johnny 's cuter grown
In these his latter days.
I calculated all was true,
And jist as good as preachin',
Because, friend John! you know that *tew*
Can play at over-reachin'.

But still it sort o' puzzled me,
To think how, all at once,
Sich virtoos in a chap you see,
You used to call a dunce
It's surely but the other day,
You asked, with scornful look,
"Who heeds a Yankee journal, pray?
Who reads a Yankee book?"

O! Johnny Bull! O! Johnny Bull!
It's really grown too late
Of brotherhood so beautiful
'Twixt you and me to prate.
A *Cain*-like chap you'd proved, I ween,
Had you dis*abled* us—
A brother *Remus* we'd have been,
And you our *Romulus!*

Our friendship, John! you *might* have won,
(Pre-haps have gained our love,)
When we were but an eaglet, John!
And gentle as a dove.
But you were vicious, then, and tried
To clip our growing wings:
Your brother didn't like sich pride,
And didn't b'lieve in kings!

Your "British *Granny-Dears*," good John!
We often recollect!
They journeyed once through *Lexington*,
Quite gaily, I suspect.
And "Yankee Doodle" 's liked as well,
I doubt it not, by you, John!—
At Yorktown on your ears it fell,
And Saratoga, too, John!

It may have been, as now you sing,
That our old English sires
Have battled for some tyrant king,
Or lit his Smithfield fires:
It may have been that sires o' mine
Have bent the vassal's knee, John!
But from the *boast* o' sich a line,
Good Lord deliver me, John!

Thank God! that Shakspeare lived and sung!
For Milton, Heaven be praised!
The flame from out their spirits flung
Through all the world has blazed.
Right glad are we that English birth
For souls like these you claim, John:
But recollect that *all* the earth
Is narrow for their *fame*, John!

We shared your glorious days, good John!
But, oh! we're modest now!
We don't lay claim to aught that's done
In *present* years, I trow.
We beg to be excused from fame
Through *China* or *Bengal*, John!
And thank you not to use our name,
When *Ireland* you recall, John!

Pre-haps, good Johnny! by and by,
When kings are obsolete,
And soldiers thrown like rubbish by,
And sceptres under feet;
When laws of corn, and laws of game,
And tithings are no more, John!
When Ireland isn't England's shame,
And India isn't sore, John!

When starving men have gained their own,
And lords and dukes are sparse;
When ballot-boxes rule the throne,
And pauper-soup is scarce,—
When England's noble peasantry,
And England's laboring men, John!
In soul and limb are glad and free—
We'll call you "Brother," *then*, John!

"PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

I.

THERE 'S a man in England's Upper
Ten, with dainty feed for supper—
Mister MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER
Is his name:
And he 's writ full many a poem
For the *poorer* class, to show 'em,
That if poverty should blow 'em,
They themselves are most to blame—
That advice is what we owe 'em,
And equality 's a shame.

II.

It is well for Mister Tupper
Thus to preach from Fortune's upper
Deck, that those within the scupper
Should'nt pine for fish or fowl:
That to grunt is very silly,
And that life's a daffy-dilly,
And the Poor Man—will-he, nill-he—
Must be silent as an owl—
And if things grow well or ill, he
Never should presume to growl.

III.

That's good talk for Mister Tupper,
Who is fast in Fortune's crupper;
While he drinks a stirrup-cup, or
Two—it's famous talk for him:
But, if he'd but leave his dinner,
And become some pauper sinner—
Some poor weaver, or some spinner,
Working, sick in heart and limb,—
He'd see something of the inner
Life, that now to him is dim!

EVER BE HAPPY.(6)

EVER be happy, wherever thou art—
Leaving a broken heart;
Still be thy bosom unclouded with care,
Though I no more am there:
Yet, like a star,
Worshipped afar,
Purely loved still thou art—
Loved by a broken heart.

Well I remember the hours that we met—
Oh! that I *could* forget!
Oh! that Oblivion might haply o'ercast
Joys that too brightly passed!
Oh! that my soul
Thought might control,
And forget that thou wert
Loved by a trusting heart!

I can but bless thee, wherever thou art—
Bless thee with hopeless heart;
I can but pray that no grief shall be thine,
Grief such as now is mine.
Though in the dust
Lies all my trust,
Yet beloved still thou art—
Loved by a changeless heart.

Ever my spirit in memory returns,
Fondly my heart still yearns:
Yet must I love thee, and call thee mine own,
Still is my heart thy throne;
Joy's dream is past,—
Death comes at last:
Yet beloved still thou art—
Loved by a dying heart!
Ever be happy, wherever thou art—
Loved by a dying heart!

THE AUTOCRAT'S TRIUMPH.(?)

A MUSCOVITE stood on the Capitol Hill—
A serf of Autocrat Nicholas;
And over the city of Washington
He looked through an opera-glass.

He chuckled, and smacked his hairy lips,
And shook his sides with laughter,
As a slave-gang crawled through the Avenue,
With a driver following after.

"This building they call the Capitol,"
Quoth he, "is surely grand—
But down by the river stands one which suits
My own dear native land!

"I like that building—in faith, I do!
For out of it, all day long,
Come clank of chain and crack of lash,
And groans from agony wrung.

"Ho, ho! 'twould glad my master's heart—
My master, the Autocrat——
But, ah! what tumult is this I hear?
That rushing crowd—what's that?"

The Muscovite looked through his opera-glass,
And he almost danced with joy;
For he saw a mob, and he heard the shout,
Of "burn!"—"tear down!"—"destroy!"

"Ho, ho!" laughed Muscovy, long and loud—
"The meaning of this I guess;
These brave and happy Republicans
Are about to *muzzle* a PRESS!

"This does me good, by Peter the Great!
There's hope for despots yet!
When the heel of a mob in Washington
On a fallen PRESS is set.

"I feared, when Phillippe was sent adrift
For muzzling the voice of thought—
But I see these *model* Republicans
Are better than Frenchmen taught.

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho! well done! well done!
For freedom of thought is o'er!
The Press is bullied in Washington,
And Tyranny's safe once more!"

THE PRAYER OF JESUS.

PRAYED the CHRIST, when, pale and dying,
On the cruel cross he hung—
When the Temple-veil was rended,
And the night o'er day was flung;
When the hireling soldier's spear-point
Pierced his anguished bosom through,—
"FATHER! forgive my murderers!
"For they know not what they do!"

Mocking lips his woes derided—
Heads were bowed in scornful pride;
Judas had betrayed his Master—
Peter thrice his Lord denied;
Yet still prayed the Christ, unfaltering,
While his gasping breath he drew,
"FATHER! forgive my murderers!
"For they know not what they do."

Oh! my brother! thou who hangest
On the cross of earthly wo—
Thou, who bearest whip and fetter,
Angry word and cruel blow,—

Be the CHRIST thy soul's example!
Pray, with heart sincere and true,
"FATHER! forgive my murderers!
"For they know not what they do."

Thou, whose bruised and broken spirit
Groaneth with continual strife—
Thou, who sinkest, faint with suffering,
By the weary way of life,—
Pray, thou still, with foemen round thee—
Pray, when friends are weak and few,
"FATHER! forgive my murderers!
"For they know not what they do."

Pray, my brother! Lo! thy suffering
Shall redeem thy cruel foes!
For each prayer, in anguish rising,
Back to earth in mercy flows:
Like the CHRIST, O pray, my brother!
Pray, with soul serene and true,—
"FATHER! forgive my murderers!
"For they know not what they do!"

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.(8)

I'M thinking on thy smile, Mary!
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes look'd into thine;
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone
Was nestling close to mine.

I see full many a smile, Mary!
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:
But the smile is not for *my* poor heart,
And the eye looks strange on me;
And a loneliness comes o'er my soul,
When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking on the night, Mary!
The night of grief and shame,
When, with drunken ravings on my lip,
To thee I homeward came:

Oh! the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved;
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though thy heart was sorely grieved.

Oh! my words were harsh to thee, Mary!
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smil'd.
God knows I loved thee, even then,
But the fire was in my brain;
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane!

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary!
In the spring-time of our life—
When I look'd upon thy trusting face,
And proudly call'd thee, "wife!"
And 'twas pleasant when the children play'd,
Before our cottage door;—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary!
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou art resting in the churchyard now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed:

And he says the hand of God, Mary!
Will fall, with crushing weight,
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Nor the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest!
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung,—
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out
From the glittering cup on me;
And a trembling whisper I have heard,
That I fancied breath'd by thee!

Thou art resting in the silent grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now;
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow!

And my heart is chill as thine, Mary!
For the joys of life have fled—
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and dreamless dead!

COLUMBUS AND GARIBALDI.

ON the crowded quays of Genoa
Walk'd a discontented man—
Gazing forth upon the ocean
Far as straining eye could scan;
Fix'd and pallid was his forehead;
And his arms were tightly lock'd
Over the heart that in his bosom
Like a surging billow rock'd.

Gazed he forth upon the ocean,
Through the clouds of misty night—
Gazed he forth when dancing sunshine
Robed the sea in golden light;
And his lips would mutter strangely,
And his forehead weave a frown,
Whilst he hugg'd his heart more tightly,
As 'twere hard to keep it down.

Gather'd the people oft around him—
  Jeering men and laughing maids;
Mocking scorn, and freezing pity—
  Nodding chins and wagging heads.
And the gray beards cried, "Good Jesu!
  "'Tis a sight should make us sad!
"This poor man has gone demented—
  "Poor COLUMBUS, sure, is mad!"

Like that madman of old story,
  Stands another Genoese now—
Fixing on the Future's ocean
  Earnest eye and pallid brow;
Throbs his heart with ardent longings,
  But he uttereth not his thought;
For the might of his conceptions
  In the Future must be wrought.

Like COLUMBUS, looks he outward,
  Through the gloomy clouds of night,
To a WORLD of glorious beauty
  Shining in upon his sight.
Heeds he not the jibes and mocking—
  Heeds he not the words of scorn!
For the ACT is in the future—
  Though the THOUGHT be newly born.

GARIBALDI! mount thine ocean!
Grasp the helm, and sway the bark!
Onward, O thou Genoese sailor!
Freedom is thy glorious mark.
Golden lands gave old COLUMBUS
To the grasping kings of Spain!
THOU mayst win thy country's birthright—
Freedom for ITALIA gain!

REQUIEM FOR JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THERE is a shadow on the souls of men—
There is a sound as of a nation's sob,
And a wild-heaving sorrow, like the throb
Of a giant's mighty heart.
Adams is dead!
"This is the last of earth!" O'er plain and glen
Those words are wandering like a troubled bird,
And the deep waters of all hearts are stirred;
He hath no longer part
In the rude warfare of the troublous world!
He who hath borne God's armor in the fight—
He who hath struck brave blows for human right,
And wrestled with the fiercest wrongs, and hurled
His thunders at the brazen front of might,—
Adams is dead!

He hath writ his glorious memory on the page
Of a great people's history, and the blaze
Of his all-radiant life shall be enshrined—
A lofty beacon light,
A pillar of fire amid his country's night—
A flame upon the altar of mankind,
Fann'd by the breath of patriots, whereso'er
Riseth a freeman's prayer!
He hath ruled o'er generous natures, and sunk down
Gloriously diademed with the reverend crown
Of pure and spotless age!—
Brighter and larger, as the dying sun
Sinks in the ocean wave—his golden grave.
Meet was it that he died
Within those walls that heard his clarion tones
Echoing of yore from Freedom's council-floor,
And startling Europe's despots on their thrones,—
Meet was it that he died,
Grasping the helm which none might better guide.

Raise ye a monument!
Yet pile not stones, nor build up walls of brass,
For "the old man eloquent!"
But gather chains, by his stern thunders broken—
Rear ye the crumbled idols that he crush'd—
'Grave on those ruins the warnings he hath spoken,—
And crown the mass
With the lofty hopes that from his bosom gush'd!

Then shall his parting words be given
In blessings from his glorious heaven—
Then shall each mystic word,
Wherewith his lofty life was closed,
To Freedom's lips be prayerfully transferr'd:—
"I AM COMPOSED!"

TO MY LADY.

COME hither, lady! come!
Thou art gloriously fair—
And thine eyes are purer, brighter,
Than the jewels in thy hair.
There is music in thy motions—
There is perfume in thy smile;
Gentle lady! wilt thou listen
To the Poet's song awhile?

I'll tell thee, lady bright!
Nay, incline thy lofty head!—
I will tell thee of thy sisters,
Who are famishing for bread!
Through the weary midnight toiling,
Through the chill and dreary day;
They are sisters, lovely lady!
Pr'ythee, list the Poet's lay!

Thy sisters call to thee—
O thou beautiful and bright!
See! their eyes are dull and sunken,
And their cheeks so thin and white!
Look! their foreheads burn with fever,
While their hearts are chill with fear:
Thou art weeping, beauteous lady;—
Heaven bless thee for that tear!

List! gentle lady, list:—
Thou wilt hear the smothered sighs
Of the hopeless one who liveth,
Of the happier one who dies.
Thou hast sisters who are outcast—
Yet through misery they erred;
They are pining—yea, they perish
For a single kindly word!

Come hither, lady! come!—
There are hearts which thou may'st warm!
Be an angel in thy mercies,
As thou hast an angel form.
Come, and soothe thy suffering sisters,
Fair and gentle as thou art!
Oh! the poor are always with thee!—
They are kneeling at thy heart!

REQUIEM FOR A BELOVED CHILD.

HE lies in beauty with our griefs around him—
So sweetly folded in his snowy shroud;
As if 'twere but a gentle sleep that bound him—
As if a dream alone our spirits bowed.

Ah, me! a sleep that knows no earthly waking—
A dream that may not flee with morning hours;
Oh! blossom of the hearts that now are breaking!—
It blows no more among our household flowers.

Alas! the Hope, that clung around his being!
The Faith, that traced in light his future years!
The Love, that all his virtues was foreseeing!—
Must these, alas! be dimmed with bitter tears?

Oh! no! the Hope looks upward still to heaven;
The Faith soars calmly to the realms above;
The Love, that to our earthly child was given,
Still mingles in his soul with angel love.

And, oh! the years that now our babe has entered!
The virtues clustering round his seraph brow!
How weak our trust that late on earth was centred—
How sure the promise that sustains us now!

This offering, Jesus! to Thine arms we tender—
Our child, our babe, our little one, we yield:
Its fragrance, Lord! to Thee we humbly render—
Our choicest flower—the lily of our field:—

To bloom beneath thy smile—to dwell beholding
The wondrous mystery of thy love divine;
Its beauteous petals evermore unfolding—
Its opening heart, dear Lord! so near to Thine!

O angel-child!—O earthly one immortal!—
Pure messenger from out this world of sin!
Our darling's form hath oped the heavenly portal,
And streams of glory bathe us from within.

NOTES
TO
Metrical Miscellanies.

(1) *Caractacus.*

CARACTACUS was a British prince, who placed himself at the head of the Silures, a people of North Wales, in a revolt against the Romans. He defeated the Roman general, Plautius, in three pitched battles; but, after a protracted struggle of nine years, was overcome by OSTORIUS, Roman governor of Britain, who took captive the chieftain's wife and daughter. Caractacus took refuge with Cartismandua, Queen of the Brigantes; but was treacherously delivered up to Ostorius, and carried by him to Rome, where (his fame having reached the capital) a great concourse of people attended, to witness his introduction to the Emperor Claudius. The behaviour of the noble barbarian, on this occasion, was firm and magnanimous, as, with an erect presence, he replied to the Cæsar's questions; and the latter had the generosity to admit his defence, and, releasing him from his chains, ordered his wife and child to be restored to him.—*Vide* TACITI ANNAL. XII.

(2)—— *gloomy Hertha.*

HERTHA, in Scandinavian mythology, corresponds to the western goddess TERRA, or Earth.

(3) —— *Jötna dreams.*

"Jötna" is the state of supernatural slumber into which (according to Northern superstitions) persons were cast by magical spells.

(4) *The Greek Slave.*

This poem was the result of a competition for a prize of $100, offered by the "Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association," (which had purchased Hiram Powers' statue,) "for the best Ode written on this beautiful creation of American Genius." The judges selected (says the *New York Mirror*) were "Messrs. Bayard Taylor, of the Tribune; R. S. Willis, of the Musical World, and H. Fuller, of the Evening Mirror, who met at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 3d, (1854.) About two hundred contributions were sent in, with the writers' names enclosed in sealed envelopes, with the understanding that only the name of the winner should be known. This condition was strictly observed; and the committee, after carefully reading them, and discussing the merits of the fifteen or twenty worth considering, unanimously decided in favor of the Ode by Augustine Duganne."

(5) *Ever be Happy.*

These verses, "like the "Drunkard's Lament," were written for music, and widely circulated in that form.

(6) *Autocrat's Triumph.*

This *jeu d'esprit* was first printed during the excitement growing out of a threatened attack upon the printing-office of the *National Era*, in Washington, (D. C.,) by persons opposed to the course of that paper.

(7) *Drunkard's Lament.*

This poem has been extensively circulated—printed in almost every journal of the country. It was dedicated, with music, to "Father Matthew," who, in a letter to the author, remarks, that "its circulation will be of great benefit to the holy cause of temperance."

(8) *"A Loving Ballad to Brother Jonathan."*

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the worthy author of "Proverbial Philosophy," (an elongation, but no improvement, of old George Herbert's treatment of the same subject,) has, on several occasions, been pleased to patronize and encourage this modest country of ours, in her efforts "to get along." Among other "flattering notices" was the "Loving Ballad" above mentioned, a few verses from which are here appended—to mark the *gist* of the rejoinder:—

"Ho, BROTHER! I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak,
That would'nt warp, or swerve, or stir,
From what I thought or spoke:
And you a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true!
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Britou, too!
* * * * * * *
"God save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers;"
The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,
And hold you by both ears:
And we—O hate us, if you can,
For we are proud of you—
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle," too.
* * * * * * *
Time was—it was not long ago—
Your grandsires went with mine,
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line:
Or tripped to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship royal Bess;
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them then, I guess.
* * * * * * *
There lived a man, a man of men,
A King, on fancy's throne;
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own:
And if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you;
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours, and ours, too.
* * * * * * *
Add but your stripes and golden stars
To our St. George's Cross:
And never dream of mutual wars,
Two dunces' mutual loss:
Let us two bless, where others ban,
And love when others hate;
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate."

(9) *Garibaldi.*

Garibaldi, one of the Triumvirate of Rome, during the Revolution of 1848, is recognised by his republican countrymen, as "the Sword of Italy"—and, if he be not deceived into trusting the Sardinian government too much, may yet rally "L'Italia Giovane" to a new struggle for liberty. God grant he may keep the brave heart that has made him the hero of two worlds already.

Poems of Boyhood.

TO

Elijah Hobart,

(OF MASSACHUSETTS,)

AND

S. L. Perkins and Paschal Loomis,

(OF CONNECTICUT,)

ARTISTS AND FRIENDS,

These Poems of Boyhood

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A MEMORIAL OF THE AUTHOR'S ESTEEM.

Poems of Boyhood.

MASSACHUSETTS.



THE morn of Freedom's natal day once more
In sunlight breaketh. From the rocky shore
On which the dark Atlantic's waves break high,
To where the pine-trees, losing in the sky
Their feathery vastness, mark far Oregon;
Where'er the glorious morning-beams have shone,—
The pæans of rejoicing hosts arise,
In one glad anthem, to the cloudless skies.
All—all—are free!—on every hill-top wave
The flags of Freedom! in each mountain cave
Her chorus echoes!

List! methought a cry
Of woe rose thrillingly—methought a sigh,
Deep and heart-laden, trembled on the air!
Alas! not Freedom greets us everywhere!
Within the very garden of the brave,
Upon the blood-bought soil, there kneels—a slave!
His chains are clanking on the Southern gale,
And, mingling with the song of Freedom, comes his wail.

O God! permit it not! on thee we call!
Wilt thou not free us from the numbing thrall
That binds the noble feelings which should spring
Spontaneous? "Let not the unclean thing
Abide in Israel!"
Turn we from the theme;—
There is a spot where Freedom's morning-beam
Burst every cloud. My heart will turn to thee—
Thee, Massachusetts!—home of Liberty!

Land of my birth! the Star which erewhile led
The pilgrims to thy shores—the Star that shed
Its beams o'er sundered chains and shattered crowns—
That guided thee and thine beneath the frowns
Of sceptred imbeciles—that burst the night
Of Slavery, and lit the beacon-light
Of Freedom,—still shines on, still sheds its beams—
Not in the fitful cannon's lurid gleams,

Not in the wild war-fire, nor on the gold
Of flashing banners;—turn we, and behold
Its rays pervading, brightening, softening all—
Here in the Temple, there in Learning's hall.

Time rushes back! the mighty works of art
Fade, like a dream, away; like clouds, depart
The "pomp, the pride, the pageants" of the day;
The busy life-sounds die in waves away,
Each minute circling wider. All alone,
(My soul unconscious of the tumult grown,)
In silence and in awe, I seem to stand
Upon the moaning ocean's storm-beat strand.
Stillness is all around me, save the sound
Of surging pine-trees, or the dull rebound
Of baffled waves upon the rocky shore,—
Perchance the distant and continuous roar
Of gathering tempests.

On the foamy wave,—
Now sinking in the gulf that seems her grave,
Now rising on the billows chill and dark,
Lo! tremblingly careens a sea-worn bark;
The breakers dash around her; on her lee
The cliffs uprear their forms; the rushing sea
Each moment threatens wreck; and sable night,
And stormy skies, and all the shapes that fright
The soul of man, are round her;—yet she rides
In safety—proudly stems the whirling tides;—

Till, moored at last within the sheltering bay,
Her weary crew behold the welcome day.
The laboring boat thro' stormy billows cleaves,
Where, on the beetling Rock, the surge upheaves;
And, springing lightly on the yielding sod,
They consecrate the soil—to Freedom and to God.

High hearts were there—the aged and the young;
Around the gray-haired sire the infant clung;
The lofty form of manhood, and the fair
And shrinking maiden—all were clustered there!
In lofty faith—in hopefulness and love,
They stood—that noble band—until, above
The breakers' roar and tempest's din, the song
Of Freedom's gladness burst, and rolled along
The arching skies,—while hill, and vale, and plain,
And every forest-aisle, gave back an answering strain.

Time speeds away! Beneath the rushing tide
Of far-advancing empire, falls the pride
Of those primeval woods that, echoing, rang,
When loud and clear th' exulting pilgrims sang;
And, with their sylvan homes, have vanished, too,
The untamed race that 'neath their shadows grew.
No more the red man treads his hunting-grounds,
No more, amid the hills, his war-whoop sounds:
Gone, like the woods, that were of him a part,
Each blow that fell'd them struck the red man's heart.

Time pauses once again! the pilgrims sleep;
The hills they loved their peaceful ashes keep;
A mighty change has come across the face
Of Nature: vainly, now, we seek to trace
The towering forests; where the war-fire blazed,
The village church in simple pride is raised;
And where the waters slept in peace profound,
The noisy mill-wheel whirls its ceaseless round;
But on the breeze a muttering is heard;
With heavy sounds the quiet air is stirred;
Wild battle's tocsin breaks upon the ear;
And rolling drums, and sounds of strife and fear,
And shouts, and clashing arms, proclaim that war is here!

What deeds were done yon hill might soothly tell,
Where he, the first, the morning-martyr, fell;(1)
What deeds were done there needs no gifted power
To bring to memory in this sacred hour;—
The pilgrims' children bend no servile knee!—
They freely tread the soil their fathers left them free.

Old Massachusetts! dear-loved name! how oft
The rude backwoodsman's honest heart grows soft
As childhood's, when across his yearning soul
The visions of his happy boyhood roll.
Again he treads thy hills; again the sound
Of old, familiar voices breathes around

Like music in a dream; again he hears
The babbling brooklet murmur in his ears,
As if it called him back; the nodding trees,
That rock so lightly in the summer breeze,
Seem beck'ning him beneath their happy shade;—
He sees them all—hill, valley, forest, glade!
He hears each much-loved sound; the whippoorwill's
Sad, melancholy music deeper thrills;
The lark's sweet voice swells near him, and the hum
Of insects, and the many sounds that come,
So softly mingled, from the woody dell,—
The song of falling streams,—the tinkling bell
Of home-returning flocks;—he hears them all,—
Deep in his soul the much-loved accents fall;—
And when the traveller at his humble door
Appears, to claim his shelter and his store,
His heart again its happy boyhood lives,—
And, while, with kindly welcoming, he gives
The ready hand, he cries, with heart elate,
"God bless ye, stranger! how 's the Old Bay State?"

The "Old Bay State!"—The ocean wanderer,
Whose callous heart naught else might haply stir,
Will fondly turn to thee, when Memory, true
To Nature, brings, like life itself, to view,
Each long-forgotten object, in the truth,
The beauty, and the freshness of its youth,—

Ere the warm breathings of his life, long past,
Were frozen to thickest haze, by sorrow's wintry blast!

He sees them—each loved form:—the old dark wood;
The rustic bowers, so beautiful, though rude;
The stream where oft he launched his tiny boat,
Upon its sparkling wave in pride to float,
And fancied that to rove the distant main
Were joy—(alas! he 'll ne'er dream thus again;)
The waterfall, where oft, in childish glee,
He watched the waters leaping wild and free;
The old farm-house; the temple, where the prayers
Of simple hearts, untainted with the cares,
The strifes, and woes of life, went up,—all these,
With childhood's very eyes, his spirit sees;
And, from the cold realities of life,
His soul reviews the hours when childhood's dreams were rife!

We love thee, Massachusetts! for thou art
Our mother, and of our own selves a part;
We love the stern, unbent, unbending race
Who proudly own thy hills their dwelling-place;
Rough sons of toil are they—their lips untaught
To check the passage of their honest thought;
Untaught are they to bend the stubborn brow—
'Tis to the monarch Mind alone they bow!

God is above them,—Heaven's smile is lent,
To teach their spirits Heaven's joy—content!
Their rural labors fill the quiet day,
And when the summer's sun has passed away,
The cheerful group, around their simple meal,
Thank God for all, and what they utter, feel.
The toil-knit limbs, that, sinewy and lithe,
Held the firm plough or swayed the pond'rous scythe,
Scattered the seed upon the furrowy plain,
Or bound in glowing sheaves the golden grain,—
Still, with the zeal that new exertion courts,
Enlist, unwearied, in the evening's sports;
The merry jest goes round; the ball is struck;
The quoit is hurled, or thrown the ringing duck;(2)
Perchance his rustic flute the swain will trill,
Or voice, that shows more minstrelsy than skill;
The clarinet is pitched an octave higher—
The violin is tuned, for Sunday's choir;—
And thus glides smoothly on the summer's eve,
No gloom to cloud their brows—no care their hearts to grieve.

Thus, too, when wintry storms across the sky
Rush swiftly, pass their hours as gaily by:
The few light labors o'er, the village-school
Receives the sturdy youth beneath its rule;
The startling task is conned, and conned again,
Till some bright thought evolves the answer plain:

Then, freed at last, the full-grown urchins form
In mimic battle 'mid the driving storm;
The well-pressed missile, hurled with practised force,
Meets many a laughing visage in its course;
And reddened cheeks and snow-clad backs proclaim
The *ups* and *downs* in this small field of fame.

Now, where the cheerful fire reflects the glow
Of faces clouded by no trace of woe,—
Bound by no rules of cold and polished life,
Each heart with Nature's truthfulness is rife.
Quick as the fancy falls the blameless word,
(For by no carping critic's ear 'tis heard;)
Unknown, unrecked of, fashion's heartless mirth,
Theirs is the gladness of the homestead hearth.
The well-stuffed arm-chair, in the warmest side,
Is placed for "*Grandsire*" 'mid the circle wide;
The "oft-told tale" some urchin begs to hear,
And wonders why the old man drops a tear!—
Climbs on his knee, and waits, with anxious look,
To hear the story sad of "Bloody Brook;"[3]
Trembles in childish awe at BUNKER'S tale,
Or at the name of BENNINGTON grows pale;
Weeps at the sufferings of that valiant band
Who fought and famished for their native land;
And (while with breathless awe his heart is thrill'd)
Smiles through his tears, to hear—his "grandsire" was
not killed!

Nor these alone their fireside sweets enjoy—
The garrulous old man, the listening boy;—
There, at the table scrupulously neat,
The careful farmer pores his weekly sheet;
The mother plies her knitting cheeringly,
And prattles with the prattler at her knee;
The blushing damsel, with coquettish grace,
The plough-boy's nimble fingers strives to trace,
As o'er his slate the pattering pencil glides,—
And now subtracts with him, and now divides;
Till some dark problem (never guessed till now)
Springs, like Jove's daughter, from a well-rubbed brow.

Perchance some neighbor, in the game deep-lored,
Drops in, to challenge forth the checquer-board;
The varied men are ranged in order due—
A button here, or barley-corn, in lieu
Of that long-lost, or this but lately gone,
Till, all prepared, the dubious game goes on.

Thus glide the hours—unless, perhaps, a guest—
Some traveler, from the wide and wondrous West,
Or storm-tossed rover on the mighty main—
Return'd to view his much-loved home again,—
A welcome seeks and finds beside the fire,
And deals his lore to every heart's desire.

The youngsters, with dilated eyes, draw near
New stories of the mystic deep to hear:
Of bloody shark—of mountain whale—perchance
Of phantom ship, or merman's merry dance;
Of ice-bergs, water-spouts, and marvels strange
Those only meet who on the ocean range;—
All these are told—with more than actor's skill—
Till even the "grandsire" vows—"it beats old Bunker Hill."

These, dear-loved MASSACHUSETTS! these are thine—
The joys that cluster round fair Freedom's shrine;
The sunny joys, that light the care-worn breast—
The quiet joys that yield the heart its rest:
These are thy birth-right and thy children's dower—
Thy glory and thy strength, thy beauty and thy power!

Mother of Freedom! from whose glowing breast
Sprang the first nurture of the boundless West!
Still, at the thunders of thy battle-hill,
Iberia's slaves with new emotions thrill;
Still do the echoings of thy war-cry float
Where rings the trumpet of the Suliote;
Still, where the Ægean laves the sacred shore,
Thy name commingles with its ceaseless roar;
Still, where Bozzaris mocked at tyrant's thrones,
Thy WEBSTER's voice o'erleaps the bar of zones—

That mighty voice which panoplied the weak,(4)
When, like a clarion, rang his pleadings for the Greek!

Siberia knows thee—where the unconquered Pole
Lives in the freedom of his chainless soul;
Where the bleak winds, in mockery of his woe,
Permit not even the exile's tears to flow,—
Siberia's wilds have echoed to the name
Of that fair State, where Freedom's altar-flame
Blazed to the sky, the beacon-light of fame.
And, mingled with the thought of Poland's fate—
Mingled with his unquenched, undying hate
Of Russia's tyrant, and of Russia's crime,—
Swells the high hope that lights all future time:—
The hope that they who, first of all the world,
Gave to the Pole his glorious flag, unfurled,(5)
May hail that banner, beaming from afar,
Above a rescued land—above a conquered Czar.

Avaria knows thee, and her despot-king
Plucks at the lessons from thy breast that spring:(6)
The glorious seed that ripened in *thy* soil
Yields generous harvest to the stranger's toil;
The deathless knowledge-tree thou gavest root,
Even in a tyrant's land has borne immortal fruit.

Old Massachusetts! fare thee ever well!
Thou hast in thy old hills a mighty spell,
To draw thy distant children; and their hearts—
Or be they mingling in the crowded marts
Of Europe's cities, or on Afric's plains
Of burning sand, or 'mid the crumbling fanes
Of pagan Asia,—still will yearn for thee—
Home of their childhood! home of Liberty!
And shall the glorious Fourth's effulgent light
Behold them on the Alpine mountain height,
Or ploughing 'mid the waves of polar seas,—
Still will their anthems mount upon the breeze;
Their hearts will hail fair Freedom, and the spot
Where Freedom's soul abides—where slaves are not;—
Where stands the battle Hill—the time-worn Hall;(7)
Where Freedom woke to life, and burst was Slavery's thrall!

THE NATIONS.

HARP of young Freedom! whose far-echoing wires
Thrill to the music of th' eternal choirs!
Swift, at thy summons, from their silent sleep
Within my heart, the long-pent thoughts will leap;
Mingling with mine own soul, each seraph-note
Bids it in holiest numbers upward float.
Now, in soft, silver accents, down the stream
Of Time—like music in a twilight dream—
My spirit hears an echo of the strain
That rose from hill and vale, from wood and plain,
When the young morning-stars together sang,
And with a joyful shout the laughing mountains rang.

It breathes of Freedom! Freedom's joyous birth
Lent its first accents to the silent earth;
Taught the rude savage of his viewless soul,
And bade it from his lips in language roll;
Clothed with a mighty power the rushing throng
Of thoughts, until his heart gushed forth in song.

Mankind was nursed in liberty! the warm,
Young heart of Being drew its primal form
From Freedom's mould; the deep and noble draught
Of mountain-airs; the leaping rills, that laughed
In wantonness of joy; the eagle's flight,
Piercing, impetuous, through the walls of light;
The wild, deep forest-voice; the thunder's tone,—
Woke in man's emulous soul the music of his own.

Nor hush'd the strain! around each mountain brow
Thunders and swells th' exulting anthem now;
Amid our vales the voiceful music thrills—
Across our plains—upon our templed hills;
O'er our wild waters, where the morning-beam
Wakes, 'mid the breakers' roar, the soaring eagle's scream.

Bird of our land! whose bright, undazzled gaze
Drinks in the fiery day-star's burning rays!
Now, as thy broadening pinions cleave the skies,
Hearest thou not the exulting anthem rise?
Lo! with his wild eye sweeping earth and wave,
Circling, he mounts the orient architrave;
Amid the heavens he marks thy glorious flags,
O Freedom! waving from the mountain-crags;
A million meteors, flashing in the light;
A million voices, swelling from each height;

A million hearts strained up; a nation's song
Arising on the breeze in accents strong;—
The voice of California's boundless woods;
The surging swell of Mississippi's floods;
Niagara's deep-toned chorus, and the roar
Of Ocean's hymn, along thy rocky shore,
From Florida's far reef to ice-bound Labrador!

'Tis thine own land, fair Freedom! where anew
Thy phœnix-form burst forth to mortal view!
From the new earth upspringing to the skies,
Here didst thou greet the world's awaking eyes!
On the wild mountain-breeze thy clarion rang,
And forth, to arms! an answering nation sprang.
Then, o'er th' Atlantic, at the mighty roll
Of Freedom's war-drums, shrank each tyrant's soul;
In their dark caves the despots of the earth
Heard the deep shout that told of Freedom's birth!
Trembling they heard it, and their golden thrones
Shook, at the echoings of those deep war-tones;
Slaves heard it, too; beneath his iron thrall,
Beat the stirred bosom of the wondering Gaul;
Italia's steel, within the pale moonlight,
Glittered, impatient, for th' avenging fight;
Hispania's serfs forgot their servile chain,
And from their panting souls swelled forth an answering strain!

Leave we the freedom-tree, to mark, awhile,
Where the dark upas-growth of power and guile
Poisons the fountains of the olden lands,
And twines its leaves in soul-enchaining bands.
The NATIONS are around me! in their might,
Monarch and priest sweep on before my sight;—
Sweep on in crimson glory, o'er the wrecks
Of truth—o'er gasping hearts and bending necks!

I may not now, with dulcet Pleasure's touch,
Strike the soft harp with tenderness o'ermuch;
Not now the strains of love shall wake its strings,
Nor song of dove-eyed Peace around it flings;
No whispered Fancy in sweet music floats:
Stern, truthful Clio strikes the jarring notes;—
Across the crashing octave of all time—
The world's sweet Infancy, its Youth, its Prime!

Far in the Vista sinks my soul!—Back! back!
Where the invisible ages leave no track!
Back, where from Babel's gates outpoured her crowds;
Back, where old Baalbek's temples smote the clouds;
Back, to bright Nineveh—to Tadmor's walls,
The shrines of Thebes, and Memphis' swarming halls.

Forth to the day once more—the Present's day!
Phantom-like flit the shrines and thrones away;
Behold! upon the desert's burning heaps,
Where round yon fallen tower the adder creeps;
Behold! amid that temple's ruined pride—
O'er the crushed altar—where the jackals glide;
Mark ye where once a woman's daring hand
Swept the invading despot from her land,—([8])
There the green lizard creeps, the scorpion crawls,
Around the levelled shrines, the shivered walls;
Behold! where Tyoth's gaze explored the skies,([9])
The wandering nomad's humble tents arise;
And where the sunbeam Memnon's strain awoke([10])
The hemlock's deadly roots a desert fountain choke.

And this the lesson—that the might of all
That man from vast Creation's fields can call;—
All that he proudly rears—must pass away!
The monarch of Creation is Decay!

Egypt! the Womb and Tomb of mightiest lore!
Egypt! whose giant guardians, gazing o'er
Thy desert plains, bring back the buried Past,
With all its awful shadows round it cast!—
Say, did thy Pharaohs from their cerements leap,
When Gaul's deep thunder broke upon their sleep?
Thro' the thick-gathered mists of withered years,
Saw they the Corsican's embattled spears?

Ah! vain were thunders of united zones—
Vain the world-echoing requiem of thrones—
To burst the sleep of death that over all
Thy Memory and thy Might hangs like a funeral pall!

Rome! thou vast shade of what was once a world,
Down from thy mighty throne in madness hurled!—
Still doth thy giant heart convulsive start,
Like some huge corpse beneath the surgeon's art;
Still, 'mid the mould of his self-hollowed grave,
Throbs, and leaps up, and pants, th' awaking slave!—
And, like the fiery mountain's deep-drawn breath,
Ere, with a mighty heave, it vomits death,—
In thy swelled soul have sunk thy woes and shames;—
Shall they not burst, O Rome! burst forth in Freedom's flames?

Ay! like a lava torrent—o'er the fanes
And palaces of those who forged thy chains!
Ay! like a lava-torrent, sweeping down
Cross, crook, and mitre,—sceptre, throne, and crown!—
Till, from the burning fields, to greet the skies,
Freedom's new Coliseum o'er buried thrones shall rise![11]

Where is Germania?—from their slumbers deep,
Will not thy buried sires start forth to weep?
Liveth the spirit of old Herrmann now,
When the stiff German necks in bondage bow?—
Bondage! a deadlier bondage, than the yoke
Of Roman power thy bold Arminius broke.[12]
Not now with iron chains thy tyrants bind:
Their manacles enwreath th' awaking mind;
Their yoke is on the soul, to bind it down,
Till its dull gaze is level with a crown.
In thy deep heart, O Germany! whose life
With god-like aspirations still is rife,—
Whose heaven-encircling vision breaks the clouds
Of Time, and dazzles Ages from their shrouds;
In thy deep heart, O, lives there not a gleam,
Of German light, in radiance now to beam?—
Then, from thy long-bowed soul the fetters shake!
From thy long sleep of death indignant wake!
Cast on thine Herrmann's shield of Truth and Right!
Shout Winkelried's loud summons to the fight!—
"Make way for Liberty!" and burst the slavish night!

Spain! must thy wrongs through all thy being last?
Spain! are thy golden days forever passed?
Shall not a Cid spring up,[13] to lead thee on,
Till chains are snapped and Freedom's peace is won?
Shall not some new Pelayo's war-cry swell?[14]
Some new Alphonso rise,[15] thy foes to quell?

Not till the last crowned robber bites the dust;
Not till is stemmed the tide of priestly lust;
Not till the cowl and ermine crown the pile
Of Freedom's altar-offering,—shall her smile
Shine forth on thee, Hispania! not till then,
The knife shall seek its sheath, and peace walk forth again!

England! proud despot of the chainless sea—
Long have the palsied nations bent to thee;
England! whose banners on each ocean float;
Whose language, from the cannon's brazen throat
Around the wide earth crashing, speaks thy might,
And drowns the pleading voice of ruth and right,—
Lo! thou art highest in the mount of fame!
Nations have paled and perished at thy name!
Still on thy temples beams the fadeless crown
Of thy unperishing and old renown;
Still on thy proud escutcheon brightly beam
The warrior's boast, the patriot's glowing theme:
Forth from their glorious graves, a mighty throng,
Pour thy old dauntless chivalry along;—
Up, from the burning plains of Palestine;
Up, from the borders of the rushing Rhine;
Up, from the banks of Guadalquivir's tide,
From Gaul's broad battle-graves, and from the ocean wide.

A grand and proud array! the iron race
Who gave thee 'mid the mightiest a place.
Yet vain their glorious and far-spreading fame;
Vain is the memory of each valiant name;
Vain are thy trophies and thy laurel-wreath,
To shield thee, England! from dishonor's death!
The memory of thy tyrant lust obscures
The brightness of a thousand Agincourts;
Thy grasping tyranny, thy broken trust,
Will shroud a thousand Cressys in the dust!
Ireland's fire-blasted fields, and ruined hearths,
Shall dim the lustre of thy triumph-paths;
India's crushed millions, in a wailing cry,
From many a crimson death-field rising high,
Shall drown the trumpet-note that Victory blew
O'er Nile's ensanguined wave, or deathful Waterloo.

Poland! thou art not fall'n! thy tyrants' wrong,
Heaped round thee, shall become an ægis strong,
To shelter thee when beats the storm once more;
Poland! thine iron ordeal shall be o'er.
By the unnumbered death-cries that arose
Where the bright Vistula in stillness flows!
By all the woes of Warsaw's martyr'd band,
Who last for Freedom raised the battle-brand!

By glorious Sobieski's deathless name!
And by those dear and patriot souls who came
To our new freedom-feast—Kosciusko brave,
And HE who found with freedom but a grave![16]
By these, and by the uncounted pray'rs that rise,
Unceasingly, to chill Siberia's skies!—
Poland shall live—shall rise! O Mighty GOD!
Hear thou those soul-sent pray'rs, and break the oppressor's rod!

A dark and ominous cloud is in the North;
From Russia's wastes a prophet-voice goes forth!—
Goes forth to warn old Europe—but in vain!
Yet what has been may, haply, be again!
Time was, when, o'er the necks of nations tranc'd
In slavery, the Assyrian's charger pranc'd;[17]
Time was, when he who overran one world
Wept that his conquering banner must be furled;
Time was, when on the huge old Alpine rock
The Carthaginian's thunders spent their shock;
Time was, when Roma's matricidal son
Leaped madly o'er his country's Rubicon;—
And where is old Assyria? where is Greece?
Say, did the sun of Carthage set in peace?
Where is old Rome? O Nations! know ye this!—
They lived—they rose—they fell! Time was—Time is!

And such may be *thy* fate, O Europe! thus,
When swarming from his deserts pours the Russ,
Thine ears may hear, too late, the iron tread
Of Asia's hordes above thy countless dead!
Ye saw when Gaul's defenceless capital
Heard on her parapet the Ukraine-call;
Ye saw when, o'er the ravaged fields of France,
Gleamed in the reddened sky the Cossack's lance,—
Aud ye may mark, from Moscow's crimson fire,
A flame enwreath your homes in one red funeral-pyre!

Back to our Freedom-home!—our souls again
Join in a happy nation's triumph-strain!
Our throbbing hearts, in cadence with the sound
Of trump, and drum, and cannon booming round!—
Our soaring spirits, on the golden air,
Springing to plant a star-lit banner there!
Joining the anthem, gush our swelling-hearts,—
Freedom her glorious life to every soul imparts!

O God! what mockery is this to him,
Whose eyes with death's approaching vail are dim—
The restless sufferer, on whose burning brain
Crashes the torture of each martial strain;—
The fettered wretch, within the dungeon gloom,
Hears the glad echo round his living tomb—
Hears the shrill trump arising wild and high,
And clanks his chains, in hopeless agony!

The Slave, too, hears it—'neath a cloudless sky,
He gazes round—bright banners meet his eye!
He listens—clarion notes, upon the air,
Speak to his bosom—Liberty is there!
Shout, shout aloud! 't is Freedom's birth-day!—
shout!
What! mute? the lash shall bring thy plaudits out!
The lash shall make thee hail our Freedom's name—
Freedom and Justice twined—Columbia's lasting
fame.

The first, faint streaks of Morning's mellowed light
Are checkering the sky—the shades of Night
Are fading into sunlight—hill and vale
In laughing loveliness the day-star hail;—
A stately form has reached yon mountain-steep,
Around whose base the circling waters leap;
His arm is raised to heaven—his bright black eye
Fixed sorrowingly upon the changing sky;—
And now it falls—across the wide-spread plain,
The fields all bending with their shining grain,
The waving woods that rock in living green,
The streams that leap and flash in silvery sheen,—
In one wide, sweeping glance, his spirit views the
scene.

Hark! from the valleys;—'tis the signal-gun—
Freedom, rejoicing, hails her natal sun;

Bright swords are flashing back the morning-beam;
Star-woven banners from each hill-top stream.
Child of a murdered race! swells now thy soul,
Responsive to the strains that round thee roll?
Leapeth thy heart when Freedom's shouts arise—
When Freedom's meteor banners kiss the skies?
Shout forth thy gladness, red man! let thy voice
With Freedom's accents blend! with Freedom's sons
rejoice!

His voice is raised—above the trumpet-tone,
The drum-beat, and the cannon-peal;—alone,
Above the shout of Freedom's joy that tells,
In its own strength upon the breeze it swells.
But not with joy! a curse—a gasping prayer
For swift and sure revenge! With bosom bare,
With lifted eyes and arms, behold him stand—
The avenging curse invoking on our land!
A curse upon the white man's tyrant race—
A curse upon his home and dwelling-place—
A curse upon his children and his land,—
War, pestilence, and blight—the battle and the brand!

That curse is ringing still! and now, again,
Comes the low murmur of the Slave's "*Amen!*"
Will ye not hear it—ye, whose voices guide
Our counsels and our country—ere the tide
Of ruin sweep ye from your pitch of pride?

When the Old World is riven, and despot-sway
O'er the rent states shall hold its crushing way;
When the dark Russian's vast and pall-like power
O'er Europe's prostrate monarchies shall lower;
When Asia's hordes upon the tide of war,
Shall bear the fetters of the conquering Czar;—
What hope may cheer the bosoms of the free?
Where shall the Nations look, Columbia! but to THEE?

Here—in the mighty West, my country—here,
Freedom to her omnipotent God may rear
Her proudest temple! Here, in grandeur nurs'd,
Till on the world His word shall bid her burst,
Let Freedom's soul abide! And when the cloud
Of tyrant-power the Nations shall enshroud;
And when the measure of their servile woes
The cup of Retribution overflows;—
Forth on the world once more her form shall beam,
To change the tide of grief to love's illumined stream!

And ye around me, whom no despot binds—
Rich in the freedom of your youthful minds—
The time may come when your firm hearts shall bar
The dreadful progress of the tyrant's car—
The tyrant Ignorance, whose iron hand
The free and generous may alone withstand;

The time may come when yonder column'd hill
In Memory's heart alone a place shall fill;
The time *will* come when ye, who hail this day,
Even like its sunlight shall have passed away;
But, onward to the fight—the glorious strife!
Buckle your armor for the field of Life!
Let your awakening souls, sustained in God,
Cast the enlightening spirit-food abroad;
Quaff the rich draught from Learning's mighty fount,
And on the wings of Knowledge heavenward mount!
Then shall the trumpet of the glorious West
Startle the world from slavery's sluggish rest;
And, like old Jericho, at the mighty sound,
The conquered towers of Crime shall crumble to the ground!

"FRANGAS NON FLECTES."

I WOULD not weep, nor breathe a sigh,
Though all the world should frown on me;
I 'd boldly stem the wintry sea,
And tempest high.

I would not teach my stubborn neck
To bend beneath a great one's frown,
Nor bid mine own free soul bow down
At monarch's beck.

No servile strain I 'd teach my tongue,
To win the ear of mighty ones;
Whate'er within my spirit burns
High up is flung.

And should they smile—as smile they may—
Should I their scorn and hatred feel—
I 'd wrap my tortured heart in steel:
Proud, careless, gay!

Ay! though the power of earthly wo
Should crush my frame in agony,
My soul, unbent, proud, stern, and free,
Would scorn the blow!

But if a soft, sweet voice should call;
A kindly heart should throb with mine;
A gentle spirit round me twine,—
Then, tears might fall.

The tears that sorrow ne'er could wring,
The sighs that pain might waken not—
The plaint that hate and scorn ne'er brought—
Love's look would bring!

BLUE EYES.

THOSE eyes of blue! those eyes of blue!
How many a beaming glance I knew,
Ere sorrow's cloud came o'er me;
Ah, me! methinks they darker grew,
As Fortune's favors fled before me.

Those eyes of blue! those eyes of blue!
They 've lost their mild, cerulean hue—
They 've lost their beaming glances;
Ah, me! they darkly gleam,—adieu!
False eyes, that change when gloom advances.

BELLS.

YE melancholy bells!
Ye know not why ye 're ringing—
See not the tear-drops springing,
From sorrows that ye bring to mind,
Ye melancholy bells!

Oh! doleful is your sound!
Your clear and plaintive knelling
Some sorrow-tale is telling;
Ye 're breaking now the hopes that twined
A mourner's heart-strings round.

And ye will ring again!
And ye will ring to-morrow!
Yet not in notes of sorrow;
But with a joyful wedding-peal
Oh! ye will tremble then.

And thus ye will ring on!—
To-day in tones of sadness;
To-morrow, peals of gladness;—
Ye 'll sound them both, yet never feel
A thrill of either one.

Ye ever-changing bells!
Oh! many ye resemble,
Who ever throb and tremble,
Yet never know what moves them so,—
Ye ever-changing bells!

EVENING.

EVENING has come! the distant hills grow dim
In lengthened shadows, and the vesper-hymn
Of flute-voiced warblers falls upon mine ear
In thrilling melody;—yet, lingering here,
I meditate. The setting sun's last ray
Falls mildly-brilliant over wood and stream;
'Tis gone! but mark the day-god's golden way.
Can fair Italia's boasted sunsets beam
With richer glories? All the western sky
Seems lit by flame! with living fire each cloud
Is tipped! the glorious brilliancy
Of Iris shines in all, and lights the proud,
Majestic city's domes that rise below,
Till spire and turret high with answering splendor glow.

THE FALLING STAR.

O WHITHER, now, thou wandering star!
Across the heavens gleaming?—
From all thy sister-lights afar
Thine errant soul is streaming.

Thy meteor-form ne'er met my gaze,
Amid the studded heaven,
Until I marked thy flitting rays
Adown the azure driven.

Ah, me! a fitting emblem thou,
O star! so bright and fleeting!
Of souls that shed a PARTING glow
When FIRST our spirits greeting.

The brightest and the holiest—
Who all our gloom might banish—
Alas! we know not they exist,
Until they gleam—TO VANISH.

HEART-SEEKING.

SADLY, in the city's crowd,
Wanders the stranger child;
'Mid the people's murmurs loud,
Lonely and wild.

Swiftly by, the people pass,
Jostle the weeping boy—
In the hurried, heartless mass,
Searching for joy.

Sadly prays the sobbing child,
Shelter and love to gain—
Plaintively, in accents mild;—
All, all in vain!

Tremblingly a music-voice
Greeteth his listening ear—
Bidding his young heart rejoice,
Soothing his fear.

Lo! the maiden's lily hands
Twine his dark, wavy hair;
Weaving glossy raven bands
On his brow fair.

Sinking on the maiden's breast,
Smiles he his soul away—
Brightly as when in the West
Sinks the sun's ray.

But an angel form remains,
Viewless beside the maid—
Whispers her in music strains,
'Mid twilight shade.

HEART SENSES.

IT met me—that cold and withering look—
Yet my brow was still unclouded;
Not a moment the smile my lip forsook,
And no gloom mine eyes enshrouded.
My song rang forth, and my laugh rose high;
But I saw that look with my HEART'S OWN EYE.

It fell from thy lips—that chilling word—
When my soul with joy was teeming;
And you dreamed not that by me 't was heard,
For mine eye was bright and beaming.
You heard no sigh, and you saw no tear,—
But that cold word reached my HEART'S OWN EAR.

MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT upon the waters! Heaven is gemm'd
With all the brilliant garniture of night;
And the waves dance, in liquid radiance bright,
As though the rays from Peris' wings reflected
Flash'd through the crystal element, and stream'd
Upon its surface in effulgent light.
My boat glides onward, silently—directed
By the invisible spirits of air, who throng
The viewless space, and mildly, sweetly fan
With soft and beautiful wings the brow of man.
The moon upon the lake her rays is flinging,
And calmly greets me as I glide along,
And seek with curious gaze her face to scan;
The music of the waterfall is ringing,
Mellowed by distance in my listening ear—
As 't were the warble of some wood-nymph fair,
Rising in notes melodious on the air.
All else is hush'd! save when, in whispers stealing,
A low and mystic minstrelsy I hear—
Like earthly echoes of some seraph's pray'r—
That soothes the soul to calm and holy feeling.

SONG OF LIFE.

SO MOTE it be!
If sorrow press our sinking souls—
If misery's tempest o'er us rolls,—
If wrecked we are on Fortune's shoals,—
So mote it be!
This merry strain the sexton trolls,
And so troll we.

So mote it be!
Is friendship false? is love betrayed?
Our being's sunshine turned to shade?
Do all our joys but bloom to fade?—
So mote it be!
The woe upon our hearts is laid:
We cannot flee.

So mote it be!
Shall death, in fearful guise, draw near,
And turn our brightest hopes to fear,
And friends shall o'er us shed no tear,—
So mote it be!
Through life our souls are wearied here—
In death are free.

So mote it be!
If there in truth should be a heaven,
If there our sins are all forgiven,
If there our hearts no more are riven,—
So mote it be!
To port, at last, we shall be driven,
From life's rough sea.

AFTER A THUNDER-STORM.

SOFT blows the freshen'd air! the gloomy clouds
That hung above the misty mount are breaking;
The birds are bursting from their leafy shrouds,
And hill and vale with minstrelsy are waking,
With gushing rivulets sweet music making.
Earth breathes again! for she has cast away
The nightmare Tempest, and in sunlight basks,
To drink its warmth, while kindly Nature tasks
Her art, to bring, beneath her gentle sway,
Our late-complaining souls to smile in gladness.
Thus, gladd'ning every bosom with his rays,
And bidding every tongue to shout his praise,
And drying Nature's tear-drops in his blaze,
The happy Sun can wake mankind from sadness.

SLEEP-LOVE.

WHERE is the maid with dark-brown tresses,
Ever with me in my dreams?—
Sweetly her form my spirit blesses,
Greets my heart in sunny gleams.

In my lone soul her voice is thrilling,
Like an angel's whispering;
Softly it cometh—passion stilling—
Dove-like, "healing on its wing."

Darkly, and yet in love, are bending
Over me those angel eyes;
Love and sorrowing joy are blending
In their holy mysteries.

Clasp me within thine arms my love, now;
Is it all a dream—a dream?
Angels! gaze ye from above, now!
Ye my love's own sister seem.

TOMB-FLOWERS.

WHAT boots it to the dead—
The marble mausoleum's sculptured woe,
That mocks the cold and silent one below—
The labored epitaph—chiselled praise
That greets so chillingly the mourner's gaze—
What boots it to the dead?

What recks the broken heart
Of all the tinsel pride, the splendor bright,
That falls like ice upon the mourner's sight?
Of all the pomp, the glitter, and the glare,
Of life's brief pleasures, fanciful as fair,
What recks the broken heart?

Oh! rear no massy tomb!
But let the friends—the loving ones—strew flowers!
The roses that I loved in life's sad hours;
And let their tears, if, haply, tears be shed,
Bedew the roses on my lowly bed—
But rear no massy tomb!

Oh! deck my grave with flowers!
The cold, dark stone would weigh my spirit down;
'Twould sink like Love beneath Misfortune's frown;
But flowers—sweet flowers—deep-rooted in my heart,
Would have their life in me, and be of me a part.
Then deck my grave with flowers!

SUMMER-MUSINGS.

SUNLIGHT around me danceth! shadows creep
Across my sight, and vanish; balmy airs
Float up and down around me; gentle flowers,
Green, waving trees, and golden-plumaged birds,
Painted and fanciful butterflies, and bees,
Buzzing and circling round;—all summer life!
All that can make the forest beautiful—
All that may speak of joy—is round me now.
There is a little brooklet at my feet,
Purling and whispering, as if its breast
Labored with some huge secret, which it fain
Would tell to me. And there, beneath the bank
All green and mossy, where the willows hang
In beautiful festoons—within that nook—
The silver-pinioned troutling glideth slow.

Yonder, upon a fall'n and mossy oak,
That once in majesty o'ertopped the scene,
Creepeth a lazy caterpillar, with a dull
And measured listlessness. Perchance, as now
With slow, monotonous march, he crawleth on,
He dreameth with a trusting hopefulness
Of light and beauty in his crysalis-birth;
And so plods perseveringly along,
Sustained and strengthened.

May I learn from him
To bear this caterpillar load of life,
Until from heaven shall fall my spirit-wings!

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON,

AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

NOT as a battle-gift,
We grasp our chieftain's sword,—
Not in the combat to uplift,
To light the battle's stormy rift,
Where Freedom's blood is poured.
We hail thee, O thou warrior-blade!
Of brighter days the sign—
Like that which armed the Gallic maid,
Whose hand the rushing foeman stayed,
With courage all divine.

Sword of the mighty Dead,
Thy light shall guard our land
And, even as the meteor dread,
That flashes round the Cherub's head,
Shall blast each foeman's hand.
Sword! thou art Freedom's chosen guest,
In her own festal hall;
At her right hand, in triumph, rest;
Thy point at each dark traitor's breast,
Who would his land enthrall.

Hail! falchion heaven-sent!
That armed our struggling land!
Hail! pilgrim-staff on which she leant,
Till Salem's shining battlement
Her eye in gladness scanned.
And, till that Sword from out its sheath
Shall leap — that Staff to sever —
So long around our hearts shall wreathe
Bright Freedom's chain—her accents breathe
In holy tones forever!

TO A FRIEND.

LEAVE me not, thou brightest one!
All is joy when thou art near;
Thou canst teach my soul to shun
Paths of gloom and thoughts of fear.

I am like the cloud of night,
Wrapped in gloom and mystery;
Thou the beaming morning light,
Causing all its gloom to flee.

I am like the airy kite,
Soaring in the sky above,—
Guided in my lofty flight
By the thread of thy sweet Love;—

Ah! should fate the thread divide,
That connects my heart with thine,
Wavering, then, without a guide,
Darkness and despair are mine!

TO A FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

WE think of thee!
In the lone midnight hour, when all around
Is hushed in slumber—when no waking sound
Disturbs the solemn silence—O, 't is then,
When midnight's pall hangs darkly o'er the glen,
We think of thee!

We weep for thee!
When in sad memory's glass we see thy form,
As once we saw thee, when, with pressure warm,
Thy hand was clasped in friendship's close embrace;
And, as each well-remembered line we trace,
We weep for thee!

We miss thee, too!
Miss thee at evening, in thy usual seat,
Amid the social circle—miss thy feet
In all the walks of life where thou didst stray,
And as we tread, without thee, each loved way,
We miss thee, too!

Yet, rest thee now!
We would not call thee from thy spirit-home,
To this dull earth; we would not bid thee roam
Once more the thorny paths of mortal life,—
But, free from earthly woe, and earthly strife,
Yet, rest thee now!

THE UNSTRUNG LUTE.

ALAS! my HEART is like a lute—
A lute, unused, unstrung;
Its melody is hushed, and mute
The chords that erewhile rung!

Yet there is one can bid it wake
To life and joy once more—
One gentle hand the spell might break,
And bid its sleep be o'er!

Alas! that hand strikes not its strings,
The lute forgotten lies—
Its chords are snapped!—no more it rings!—
The lute, unvalued, dies!

TO MY BOOT.

BOOT! that, trodden under foot,
Seekest not to change thy fate;—
Happy art thou, lowly boot!
Shining in thy humble state.

In thy patient usefulness,
Guardest thou my feet from ill;
Though full heavily I press,
Uncomplaining art thou still.

Oft the foot of Vanity
Teachest thou a lesson meet—
Yet no malice lives in thee,
Guardian of the tender feet!

Even as upon thy form
Cast they now a covering black,
So the clouds of earthly storm
Darken aye the good man's track.

Even as the driving brush
Rubbeth roughly over thee,
So the heavy tempests rush
O'er the good man's destiny.

Yet, as now each rougher blow
Makes thy form appear more bright,
So the storms of earthly woe
Clothe the good man's soul in light.

Fare thee well, my humble boot!
Even thou canst waken thought;—
Lowly though thou art—and mute—
Yet thou hast a lesson taught.

TO MY CIGAR.

BLESS thee, O friend!—as now, in wreaths ascending,
Twineth thy smoke a garland round my brow;
Even as those wreaths with Heaven's airs are blending,
So would my thoughts ascend in stillness now!

Even as thy folds are firmly knit together,
So are the hearts that holy Love unites,
And as thy smoke ascends in fragrant ether,
Mount their true thoughts to soar in Heaven's heights.

As to the ground, unnoticed, falls thine ashes,
So shall descend unholy thoughts to earth,
While, in the light of Virtue's spirit-flashes,
Upward will soar the thoughts of purer birth.

Even as the living element, which fires thee,
Sends from thy form its fragrancy above—
Even as its influence alone inspires thee,—
So is the soul alone inspired by Love!

Ah! if the living flame be from thee banished,
Where is the fragrance—where the soaring cloud?
Thus is the soul from which true Love is banished,
Darksome and icy cold amid the crowd.

So, as the breath, which sends thy smoke to Heaven,
And as the fire which gives its breath to thee,—
O! may the breath of God to me be given!—
O! may the flame of Love illumine me!

EPITAPH ON A POET.

MOCKED by the world, his spirit passed away;
Body and soul were starved;
This massy stone is raised above his clay—
Elaborately carved!

AMEN!

TO the mariner's midnight pray'r,
As he paceth the rolling deck;
As he treadeth the parting wreck;
God! thou art there;
Amen!

To the desolate widow's cry,
As she presseth the dead one's cheek;
When her spirit is faint and weak;
Hear thou her sigh!
Amen!

To the wandering orphan's moan,
As he prayeth in chilling fear;
Wilt thou banish the orphan's tear—
Merciful One?
Amen!

To the suppliant scorner's call,
As he bendeth in sorrow low;
On his spirit let mercy flow;
Let him not fall;—
Amen!

To the perishing traveller's voice,
When the tempest is swelling high;
Be thy succoring mercy nigh—
Bid him rejoice;
Amen!

To the desolate mourner's prayer,
In the palace or prison-cell;
Let thine answering mercy tell,
Thou, GOD! art there!
Amen!

AN ALLEGORY FOR A LITTLE FRIEND, WHO WOULD KNOW THE MEANING OF

"FAREWELL."

FLORIMEL was an artless, innocent child,
And loved all Nature. Every little bird
That chirrup'd in the wood, and every brook
That capered down the hill-side, she did love;
And often you might hear her carolling voice,
Waking the forest echoes with a song—
Flute-toned and musical, like her feather'd friends.

Well! 't was a summer's eve; and Florimel
(Chasing the butterflies) had wandered far,
And sunset fell around her. All at once,
She heard a fluttering, and, looking round,
Espied a beautiful bird, with golden neck,
And lovely violet eyes, and starry wings;
But he was prison'd in some fowler's net,

And could not rise—but, ever and anon,
His little wings would flap, and his breast heave;
And such a pitiful strain he did pour forth,
It grieved the little maiden's heart to hear.

Florimel ran to loose him, and the bird
Turned his soft eyes upon her, and was still;
For every living thing did love the maid,
She was so gentle.

Soon the net was loosed;
And with a joyous flapping of his wings,
The bird flew, singing, to a hawthorne-bush,
Close to the maiden's cheek, and rested there.
Florimel listened, and in wonder, too;
For he did call her name, and then, with voice
Sweet as the tinkling music of a stream,
He spoke, while tremblingly she gazed at him:

Farewell!
Beautiful child, gentle and mild,
Farewell!
And when, sweet maiden, thou wouldst seek
To bless the friends thy heart doth love,
Be this the word that thou shalt speak,—
And turn thy seeking eyes above,—
"Farewell!"
Well SHALL they fare who hear thy prayer.
Farewell!

Up, in the summer-sunset, flew the bird,
While Florimel gazed in tearful wonderment.

The maiden turned her to her cottage-home;
And, frisking in his gladness, came her lamb—
The dear pet-lamb—to meet her. Then she led
Her favorite, by his silken chain of blue,
Up to his little fold, and bade "Fare well!"

But the young lambkin gazed into her face
With a mute love-look, then lay down and—died.

Florimel's grief broke forth in passionate tears;
And, fleeing to her home, she told the tale
Of her young sorrow to her favorite friend,
A silver-throated humming-bird. "But thou!"
She cried, "THOU shalt, at least, fare well!"

The birdling flapped its little wings, and breathed
His dying sigh. Then, sad and sorrowful,
Florimel knelt beside it, and looked up
Into the twilight-heaven. "ARE they well?"
She murmured: "Then, too, farewell, Florimel!"
And, falling down with her mute favorite,
She sank to innocent death-sleep, while above,
The beautiful stranger-bird appeared in heaven,
And whispered, "ALL fare well!"

FINIS.

NOTES

TO

Poems of Boyhood.

Where he, the first, the morning-martyr, fell.

Allusion is here made to the battle of Bunker Hill, and the death of Gen. Joseph Warren, who commanded the American forces on that eventful occasion.

(2)

—— *or thrown the ringing duck.*

"Casting the duequ," is a rural pastime much in vogue in New England. The game is played with rough stones, and is quite distinct from quoits.

(3)

—— *Bloody Brook.*

This name commemorates the scene of an early Indian massacre, where a hundred youths—the flower of the land—were cut off by the savage enemy.

(4)

Thy Webster's voice o'erleaps the bar of zones—
That mighty voice which panoplied the weak.

DANIEL WEBSTER pleaded the cause of Greece on the floor of Congress.

(5)

Gave to the Pole his glorious flag, unfurled.

During the Polish struggle of 1830 a banner was presented by citizens of Massachusetts to the patriot Poles.

(6)

Avaria knows thee, and her despot-king
Plucks at the lessons from thy breast that spring.

The Massachusetts system of common schools has been imitated in both Austria and Prussia.

(7)

—— *the battle Hill, the time-worn Hall.*

Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall.

(8)

——*a woman's daring hand*
Swept the invading despot from her land.

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, (the ancient "Tadmor in the Wilderness,") defeated the armies of Aurelian many times before she was at last compelled to succumb to the Roman power.

(9)

—— *where Tyoth's gaze explored the skies.*

Tyoth is chronicled as an ancient astrologer and monarch of Chaldea.

(10)

—— *the sunbeam Memnon's strain awoke.*

The statue of Memnon, in Egypt, was said to emit musical sounds as soon as the rays of the morning sun fell upon it.

(11)

—— *Freedom's new Coliseum.*

These apperently prophetic lines were written ten years before the Roman Revolution of 1848.

(12)

—— *Thy bold Arminius.*

Arminius, or Hermann, was a celebrated German leader, who defeated the Roman general, Varus, in a pitched battle, A. D. 10, thereby expelling the invaders of his country.

(13)

—— *shall not a* CID *spring up?*

Roderigo, or the Cid, is a celebrated heroic character of Spanish history and romance. He fell at the battle of Roncesvalles, A. D. 778.

(14)

—— *Pelayo's war-cry.*

On the defeat of Roderick, the last Gothic king of Spain, by Tarik the Saracen, and subsequent overrunning of that country by the Moors, a small but gallant band of patriots, under the leadership of Pelagius, or Pelayo, held out against the invaders, maintaining themselves in valleys and caverns, and eventually founding the realm of Asturias.

(15)

Some new Alphonso.

Alphonso the Chaste, a descendant of Pelayo, was the first Christian ruler in Northern Spain who refused to pay tribute to the Moors, after it had been exacted for more than a century. Under his leadership, the Spaniards drove the Saracens from Asturias and Navarre, and compelled them to limit their dominion to Granada and Cordova, whence they were afterwards finally expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella.

(16)

He who found with freedom but a grave.

Count CASIMIR PULASKI, a Polish nobleman, who volunteered in the American cause, and fell at the attack upon Savannah, in 1779.

(17)

The Assyrian's ——

Cambyses.

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